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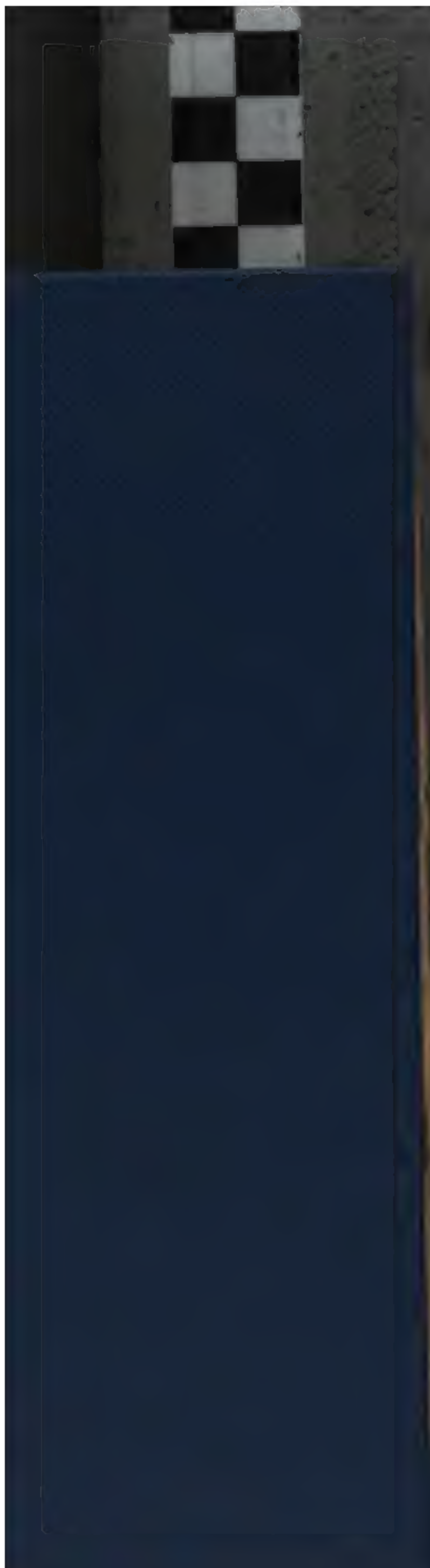
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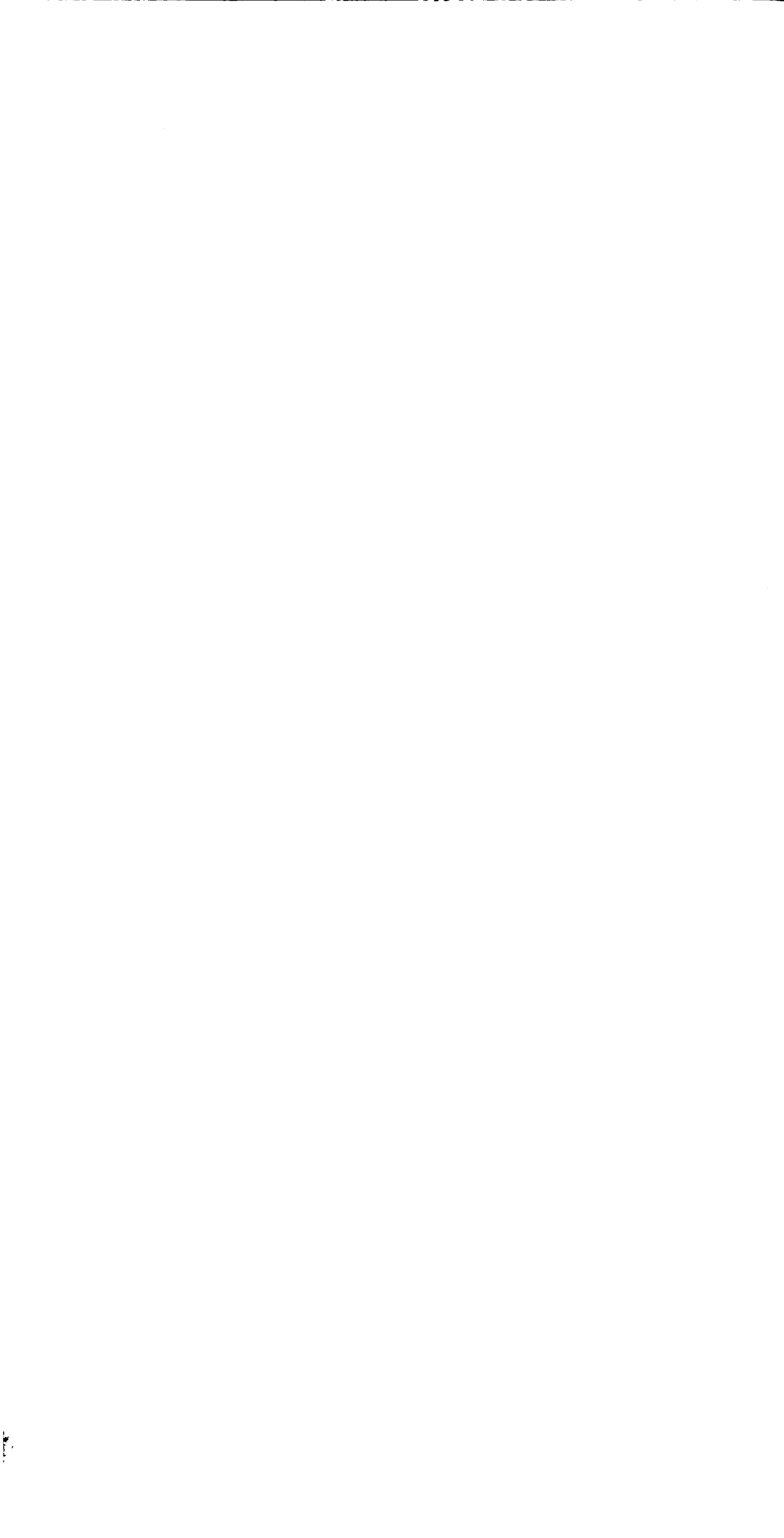
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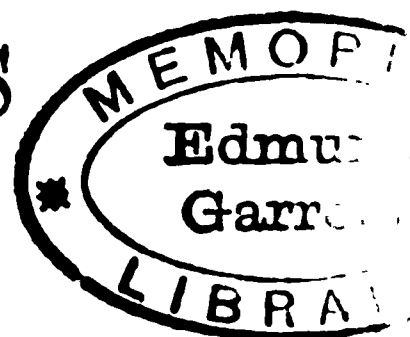






THIRTY-THREE YEARS

IN

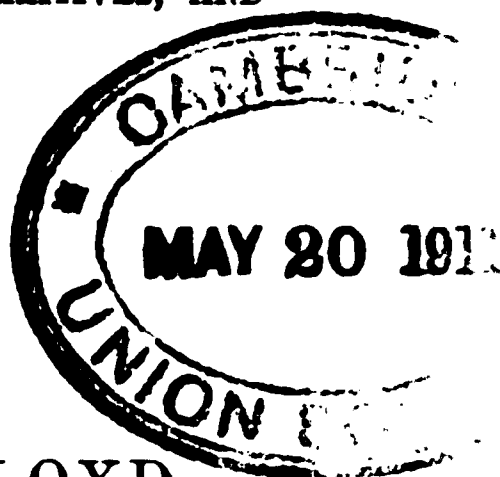


SMANIA AND VICTORIA

BRING THE

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR

**INTERSPERSED WITH HISTORIC JOTTINGS, NARRATIVES, AND
COUNSEL TO EMIGRANTS**



BY

GEORGE THOMAS LLOYD

LONDON

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW

MDCCCLXII.

PRINTED BY
SUNFIELD AND JONES, WEST HARDING STREET
FETTER LANE.

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DEDICATION.

LONDON, *Jan.* 1, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In publishing this humble specimen of authorship, I wish distinctly to impress on the minds of those who may kindly honour me with its perusal, that I do not attempt to arrogate for it the term *useful*, so far as statistical information is concerned, but rather to record the march of events and general position of Tasmania and Victoria in earlier times, than those of which more able contemporaries have written. In the relation of these recollections of long-bygone days, my object has been throughout, studiously to adhere to truth; both, so far as I can speak from personal observation, and also from the fact that my information on those matters which occurred previously to my arrival in 1820—or that I could not truthfully register as having witnessed individually—are nevertheless derived from such authentic sources, that I have no hesitation in committing them to the printer's hands. To you, then, one of my oldest and most valued Tasmanian friends, whom long residence in that beautiful and sunny clime will have made conversant with most things that are herein recorded, I have much pride and pleasure in dedicating these reminiscences.

Faithfully yours,

G. T. LLOYD.

To the Hon. WILLIAM DEGRAVES, M.L.C.,
Melbourne.

P R E F A C E.

ENCOURAGED in my desire to publish these Recollections, by the advice and opinion of several well-informed gentlemen, who have perused portions of them in manuscript, and pronounced them both amusing and instructive, I have much pleasure in submitting the Work to the reading public, with the hope that they may arrive at the same conclusion.

I have frequently heard it remarked that the works upon Tasmania and Australia, generally speaking—although unquestionably replete with useful matter — were not of a nature calculated to attract the attention of persons unconnected with the Colonies. With a view, therefore, possibly to create in their minds some degree of interest for those beautiful and

important regions, I have studiously avoided entering upon any dry elaborate description of Country, Statistics, &c., preferring to draw upon memory for the relation of matter, which I trust will afford gratification to those who may peruse it.

To render this Work generally useful as well as entertaining, I have, by arrangement with Messrs. Letts, Son, & Co., adopted their very valuable and comprehensive Emigration Map, which includes the latest Geographical corrections and Notes.

G. T. L.

LONDON, 35, LEADENHALL STREET,
January, 1862.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Departure of Writer for Van Diemen's Land—Incidents at the Isle of Bona Vista—Graceless Conduct of the Captain—Taken Prisoner — Arrival in Van Diemen's Land — Appearance of Hobart Town in 1820—Stock-rearing preferable to Farming ...	1

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS IN TASMANIA.

Lake of Pittwater—Fish in the Lake—Author's early Life in Tasmania—Destruction of Farm-house—Frogmore in the Antipodes—Assigned Convict Servants—Robberies, numbers of Undetected—Detection and Capture of Shepherd stealing 70 Sheep—Wool of no value	11
--	----

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERY, SETTLEMENT, ASPECT, AND RESOURCES OF TASMANIA.

Van Diemen's Land, brief Historical Notes of—Geographical Errors in Foreign Addresses — Lieutenant Flinders, unjust treatment of, and his Imprisonment at Isle of France—Trees and Timber — Proportion of available Land — Locusts and Manna—Beauty and Peculiarities of Native Cherry—Mineral Resources of Van Diemen's Land—Its Climate—Appearance on First Arrival—River Derwent—Mount Wellington—Mr. Degraes—Watering the city of Hobart Town—River Tamar—Launceston—George Town—Stage Coaches—Telegraphic Communication—Aborigines, Manners, Habits, and Customs of—Opossums, Destructive Character of	23
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE ABORIGINES.

Aborigines tracing Footprints—Their first Interview with the Commandant—Artful system of Plunder—Discovered with stolen Potatoes	43
--	----

CHAPTER V.

NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF TASMANIA.

	PAGE
Notes on natural Productions—Rarity of Atmosphere—Fish—Kangaroo—Narrative of a Search in London for—Various Kinds of—Power of Boomah—Kangaroo Rat—Doe Kangaroo specially favoured by Providence—A Joey tamed—Opossum and Bandicoot—Quadrupeds of Van Diemen's Land—The Dasyrus or Devil—Tiger, so called—Animals, none found dangerous to Man—Goanna—Oyster-shells, large Deposit accounted for—The Feathered Tribe—Snake ditto—Narrative of an Encounter with one—Animal Magnetism of, and Mina birds—Lady Franklin's liberality for destroying Snakes—Bite of snake cured by a Mother's devotion—Their prolific nature—Man bitten and cured—Comparison between things of old and new countries—Native-born Population—Home-sick Colonists	61

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP THROUGH THE BUSH.

Narrative of a Trip through the Bush in search of available Land—Alarm of Party—Scout sent out to reconnoitre—Chased by natives—The Result—Aborigines, Danger from, and Ill-treatment of—Missionary Society—Discovery of good Country—Joy of new Landed Proprietors—Drawing Lots for choice of Land—Dispute as to Homeward Route—Damper-making—Kangaroo hunt	100
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN FROM THE BUSH.

Advice in the selection of Lands in new Countries—Trip through the Bush resumed homeward—Danger of Captain of Party, &c.—Travellers surprised by the Blacks—Halt to smoke—Bush Tea—Spirited view of their Position by Hart—Hunters sent out—Pole for Drying Clothes—Humorous conduct of Hart in reference to—Success of Hunters—Flesh of Wombat—Two misty Days—Party arrive at Brown Mountain and discover smoke rising from a suspicious Valley—Scout goes in advance of Party, &c.—Their Alarm—Bushrangers—Hart's Dispute with them—Their Oath and sworn Motto—Party arrive in Hobart Town and their meeting at Surveyor's Office, and Reunion at the Macquarie Hotel	133
---	-----

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

	PAGE
Friends in Bush Trip proceed to settle on their Land—Lecture on the art of Bullock-driving—Upsetting of Dray—A new Farm—Settler's Life not always an enviable one—Treatment of Convicts at the Penal Settlement—Seizure of Boat by Convicts at Macquarie Harbour—Troops in pursuit of runaway Prisoners—Lost—Daring Offer to convey Despatches—Bushrangers land at South Arm—Alarm of Settlers—Brady's system of Attack—Defeated—His respect for females, and general character—Officer and Military Detachment quartered at Sorell Town—Message from Brady to Officer—Troops go in pursuit of Bushrangers—Visit of latter to Norfolk Farm—Gentlemen captives are marched to Sorell Town—Bushrangers surprise and tie the Grenadiers in the Gaol—Gentlemen imprisoned—Surgeon conceals himself in a Flour-bin—The Officer is wounded—Chief Constable escapes—Incarceration of Captain Glover—Sentinel at gate—Visit of Captain Walker to the Gaol, and Release of the Captives—Gentlemen return to Norfolk Farm—Brady in Condemned Cell—Appointment of wounded Lieutenant to office	167

CHAPTER IX.

COLONISTS v. NATIVES.

Aborigines alarm the Colonists—Grand Demonstration against them—Colonel Arthur, governor—Cordon formed across the Country for the Capture of Natives—Amusing Incidents in connection with Author's part in it—Reward to Mr. Walpole for capturing two Natives—Expense, Failure, and Benefit of Cordon to Settlers—Dialogue between two Contractors in reference thereto—Success of Mr. G. A. Robinson in conciliating the Aborigines—The Natives are sent to Flinders's Island—Their Number in 1803—Mr. Robinson insufficiently rewarded—His own Narrative	213
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVICTS.

Brief review of Prison Discipline—Comparison between French and English Laws—After-treatment of Delinquents—Lenient Treatment of Prisoners at Norfolk Island—Colonists suffered severely from systematic Robberies—Pittwater infested with Thieves above other districts—Exciting Adventures at Middle Hill—Chase, Shepherd <i>versus</i> Outlaw—Tale of Horror—Population of Van Diemen's Land—Lawrenny, Estate of Mr. Edward Lord—Author's happy Visit there, and its unfortunate Termination	257
---	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF TASMANIA.

	PAGE
Remarks upon Social Condition of Van Diemen's Land in early days—Appointment of Poor Men as Governors to new Colonies not advantageous—Progress of political feeling in the Colony—Races—Horses of Van Diemen's Land—Mr. Mezger—Theatricals, and Mr. John Philip Deane—Disparity of sexes in Van Diemen's Land	286

CHAPTER XII.

BATMAN'S EXPEDITION TO PORT PHILLIP.

Correspondence between Mr. Batman and the Governor of Tasmania in reference to Port Phillip in 1835—Opinions of Mr. J. T. Gellibrand—His practical Usefulness in colonizing Australia Felix—Right of Aborigines to sell Land—Association formed—Indenture of Agreement—Mr. Batman's departure with a general outfit—Sketch of the Company's first Doings at Port Phillip	308
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

COLONIZATION OF PORT PHILLIP AND EFFECT OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES.

Effect of the re-colonization of Port Phillip on the Tasmanian Community—Enterprising Association most illiberally rewarded—Their Letters to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Replies thereto—Instructions for the Treatment of the Natives—Original Settlement of Port Phillip by Colonel Collins—Discovery of Buckley with the Savages—Australia Felix, why so called—Discovery of Gold matter of Regret—Anecdote of Gold-finding—Results to Miners—Nature and Extent of Fortunes made at the Diggings—Gentlemen Diggers, Absurdity of—Coroner's Inquest upon one—Exciting circumstance at Mount Alexander—Diggers as a rule not reckless—Lucky Gold-miners and Servant Maids	331
---	-----

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER XIV.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.

PAGE

Advice to Emigrants—Estimate of Cost, &c. of a Sheep Station— Advice to Agricultural Labourers—Agricultural Pursuits— Australian Colonies a field for all classes of Emigrants—Self- reliance necessary to Success—Prodigal Sons—Vineyards a good Speculation—Squatters and Land-sellers—Value of Squatters' Produce to progress of Victoria—Land-sales Mania —Monetary Panics—The Colonies most advantageous for Immigrants—Home Truths to Emigrants of Helpless stamp ...	371
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

CLIMATE, ASPECT, AND PRODUCTIONS OF VICTORIA.

Wherein Victoria differs from Tasmania—Area and Description of Lands—Their depasturing and agricultural Capabilities— Kangaroo Grass, its luxuriance and necessity of preserving the seed of—Dews in early days—Supply of Water and singular facts in reference thereto—Lakes Korangamyte, Colac, and Purrambete—Mirage—Salt Lagoons—Volcanic nature of Country—Warrian Hills—Stony Rises—Mount Parndon— Messrs. Manifold—Narrative of a Trip through the Mallee Scrub—Rivers—Fish—Game—Turkey Bustard, and native mode of Catching—A Swan Feast—Birds—Beautiful Ibis— Dr. Liechardt lost—Spirited Explorers of Australia	387
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

AUTHOR'S FIRST RESIDENCE IN PORT PHILLIP.

Author's Observation, and Arrival at Point Henry, Geelong— Earthquake—Shooting for fresh Provisions—Anecdote of Hawk Pie—Annoyance from the nocturnal visits of Dingoes—Number of Brushes nailed to a Tree—Hunting Dingoes with Hounds— Poisoning—Dog poisoned with Strychnine and cured—Natives and Mutton Cutlets—Toothache, Cognac, and Diarrhoea— Search for Stations and Arrival of Party—Discovery of Game —Recipe for making a Choice Dish—First Chase after Kangaroo without Dogs	414
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

**PROGRESS OF THE COLONY, SPECULATION, MORALS, EDUCATION,
AND POLITICS IN VICTORIA.**

Victoria in 1835 compared with 1858—Squatters Desire to increase their Flocks, not always prudent—Diseases of Sheep— Melting down—Monied Emigrants—Moral and Social Condition of Victoria—Educational Questions—Modest Strictures upon the remarks of a clever Author, in defence of brother Colonists —Difficult Position of Colonial Governors—Legislative Arrangements—Home Officials, erroneous Views of.....	438
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

	PAGE
Gradual Disappearance of Aborigines—Attempt to civilize them, in certain positions useless—Their routine of Duties at the Mission Station and Dislike to Labour—Taught to ridicule their spiritual Mentors—Facts in reference to their Depopulation—Believe they become White People—Wounded native left on Author's Premises on a dark night—Their mode of treating Invalids—Sable Midwives and Treatment of Babies—A Native Orator—The Bunyip—Comparative Strength of Aborigines with Men of other Countries—Their Peculiarities, Mode of Warfare, and Punishment of Delinquents—The probable Source from which Australia derived its Black Population	452

CHAPTER XIX.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG—GEOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA—
THE SQUATTERS.

Melbourne—Geelong—Its Environs and general Advantages—Climate of Victoria—Distances of Countries, Towns, &c.—Squatter, why so called—Melting Sheep, Cattle, and Swine for their fat—Value of the two former—Increase in value, resulting from Immigration	472
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

LOSS OF MR. GELLIBRAND.

Narrative of the Loss of Messrs. Gellibrand and Hesse	483
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD AND THE NEW HOME.

Comparisons in reference to Disappointment of Returned Colonists	492
--	-----

APPENDIX.

SELECTIONS FROM OFFICIAL RETURNS.

Population—Immigration and Emigration—Births and Deaths—Live Stock—Exports—Squatting Runs and Pastoral Licences—Purchase of Land—Land Sold to Squatters—Prices of Town, Suburban, and Country Land—Counties and Districts—Bread, its Demand and Supply—Supply of Rice—Principal Crops—Landholders—Miscellaneous Returns	497
---	-----

THIRTY-THREE YEARS

IN

TASMANIA AND VICTORIA.

CHAPTER I.

MANY of the facts recorded in these pages occurred under the author's immediate observation. To recur to them is to realize each incident afresh, and to live over again those happy scenes of early life in Tasmania and Australia. At that period the rude hand of man had not changed the noble natural parks and luxuriant meadows into sombre fields of unsightly fallow, nor had civilization chequered the virgin sward with endless lines of dusty roads and blackened sheep-folds.

Few that have not revelled in the midst of nature as first created can justly appreciate the gratifications of the early colonist, yet what startling dangers, difficulties, and privations he had to encounter! Then was he taught how unnecessary to happiness and

independence are the endless requirements of refined life. Hardships which, had they befallen him in the home of his childhood, would have risen before his untried soul as an insuperable barrier, were met with manly cheerfulness, and one by one surmounted. Indeed, so marvellous were the self-reliance and energy of the pioneer of civilization, that he seemed as if led forward and sustained by the hand of Providence, to open up new worlds for the overgrown population of the elder countries.

The favoured nephew of Lieutenant Charles Jeffreys, a naval officer, I accompanied him, when in my ninth year, on his emigration to Tasmania. Whilst in command of the Government brig *Kangaroo*, on the Sydney Station, during the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the resources and attractions of our Australian colonies. Bright visions of rural life induced him, on the fulfilment of his official duty, to retire from active service and to become a peaceful tiller of the earth in the Antipodes.

In those days, however, the Australian colonies and Van Diemen's Land were but little known, even geographically. Educated home-folks would make themselves ridiculous to colonial postmasters and their subordinates by directing their letters "Mr. So-and-So, Van Diemen's Land, Australia, New Holland," or "Adelaide, near Sydney," or "Swan River, South Australia," &c. Even the Hon. Mr. S., who advocated

the interests of the colonies, made similar errors in his Parliamentary speeches. Outside the circle of the reading public, few were aware that these colonies presented an immense coast-line like the shores of a continent. Indeed, many to this day are disappointed at finding a returned colonist unacquainted with their brothers, sisters, and cousins.

The wholesale system of transportation, too, was little understood. Black as was the catalogue of crime, the lynx-eyed law sent men to a penal settlement for the most frivolous offences; the public horror was in proportion to the public ignorance, and an emigration of 15,000 miles to a receptacle for convicts was regarded as an almost suicidal adventure.

On the 25th of December, 1819, we sailed from the Downs in the good ship *Saracen*, of 300 tons burden, bound for Van Diemen's Land. After contending for five weeks with the brisk gales and mountain-waves of the Bay of Biscay, we arrived at Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in order to replenish our odoriferous water-casks and exhausted hen-coops.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Bona Vista was Senhor Susa, a Portuguese noble, blessed with an overflowing quiver of handsome dark-eyed daughters. With a father's eye, he observed among our passengers four or five available-looking young gentlemen, and became remarkably civil and attentive—endeavouring in every form to anticipate our wants,

and employing himself with apparent sincerity for our special entertainment. During the ten days that the ship lay in port, he kept open house, and gave an increasing round of delightful *réunions*. The principal display, as in most Roman Catholic countries, was reserved for Sunday afternoon. Boy as I was, every incident which passed before me in that little sandy isle lives fresh in my memory as an event of yesterday. Again I see the hopeful Senhor Susa smiling approbation on the merry circle of temporary boys and girls of all ages, as they joined in the game of hold-fast-and-let-go—a game too often played in real earnest. The pretty little Portuguese spinsters were, however, provokingly dull in comprehending this simple amusement, and were deservedly punished with “oceans of sweet kisses.” Not the least pleasant feature of the game was the interchange of happy feeling expressed in graceful pantomimic signs, neither party being versed in the language of the other. Thus, between the two acts of taking donkey-excursions in the broiling sun during the day-time, and making donkeys of themselves in the evening, the visit to the Isle of Good Prospect passed merrily enough, with one exception, as follows. Amongst other kindnesses the warm-hearted Governor placed a handsome cutter and its crew at the disposal of the passengers whilst in port. This, although highly appreciated by the lady and gentleman voyagers, met with the extreme disapprobation of our unamiable commander, who, in one of his angry moods, ordered the boatswain to cast off the

painter and "let the boat go to —, or any other place," with his compliments.

The indignant passengers protested, and threatened innumerable penalties against the sea-king; for such, indeed, were the merchant-captains of those times. The obedient boatswain, chuckling sailor-like at the chance of a glorious row, unloosed the painter, and, ere half an hour had elapsed, the Governor's valuable cutter drifted upon the rocks and was quickly dashed into fifty pieces.

Notwithstanding this insult to the head local authority, our self-willed captain with British pertinacity proceeded to the shore to superintend the watering of the ship, taking with him the two Portuguese boatmen. Having completed his survey, he was about to step into his jolly-boat to respond to the call of the dinner-bell, when he was quietly arrested and politely informed that the price of the cutter was two hundred dollars, and if it were not immediately paid he would be detained in the island prison. Whereupon he was quickly surrounded by some thirty or forty of His Excellenza's *corps d'armée* — a formidable body of infantry much like that commanded by General Bombastes Furioso.

After a few hours' detention, however, our surly commander was released from durance vile through the good offices of his more affable supercargo, Mr. W. A. Bethune.

At the expiration of the third Sunday, we took a last farewell of Governor Susa and his disconsolate

daughters. Our further passage was remarkable for nothing but the spirited rivalry that appeared to exist between the captain and his bonnie barque, as to which vessel could ship the greatest possible quantity of liquid, without foundering.

The history of a long sea-voyage is necessarily barren of interest; eating, drinking, and sleeping constitute almost the only agreeable break to its monotony. The mind is too restless, too full of the future, and at the same time too querulous at the tardy progress of the good ship—be her sailing qualities what they may—to find relief or instruction in perusing the thoughts of others. Ten times during the hour is the book closed in satiety indefinable. The fleeting glimpse of a strange sail, steadily gliding along the distant horizon, affords but a momentary pleasure.

Our sources of recreation were mainly comprised in hooking monster sharks from twelve to fifteen feet long, whose vicinity during a dead calm was always indicated by their faithful little jackal, the pretty pilot-fish, swimming two or three feet in advance of the ship's keel. When prey is in sight, it instantly vanishes and returns with its voracious lord, who invariably falls a victim to his love for salt pork, is duly hoisted on deck, and dexterously relieved of his oil-producing liver. This piscatorial sport, combined with rifle practice at Mother Carey's chickens, and occasional sparring with our quarrelsome commander, comprehended the sum of our amusements.

The snail will reach its destination by steady perseverance ; so with our wet and sluggish little barque. At the expiration of four tedious months, on the 24th day of April, 1820, with hearts brimful of gratitude, we cast our best bower-anchor in Sullivan's Cove, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land.

The harbour, although one of the safest and most capacious in the world, was not celebrated at that period for its convenient wharves or landing-places ; a small rock called Hunter's Island, separated from the mainland by shallow water and soft mud, was (as our domestic, O'Brien, sagely remarked) " the first blessed bit of land to thread upon." From thence those who would not wade were duly shipped upon the backs of brawny sailors, whilst the ladies were conveyed in sedan-chairs, made of the willing hands and sinewy arms of two able seamen. Upon the precious freight being comfortably stowed away, the lady proceeded to secure herself in accordance with the good-natured but interested advice of the jolly tars : " Now, miss, take a half-hitch round our necks, and hold on for your life." That agreeable process appeared to produce such a heavenly sensation throughout poor Jack's mortal frame, that he declared by his shivering timbers it almost riveted him to the very mud. Weighty mammas were transferred to *terra firma* in half the time that it somehow took to transport their pretty daughters. The latter freight invariably received on delivery the kind offer (with a side-wink between the two tars) to carry them

“back’ards and for’ards” all day long, if they liked, “and not charge you nothing, miss !”

Less favoured was the unfortunate wight who was not after the sailor’s own heart. Jack, plunging and rocking about, could not have believed that he was half so heavy, and contrived to sink so deep into the mud that “he was very sorry, sir, but he couldn’t wag another inch farther to save his life.” No bribe was equivalent to the inexpressible delight that such an opportunity afforded of serving out the scurvy snob his rations “who refused us eighteen-penn’orth o’ rum when Neptune came aboard,” as the avenged sailor significantly remarked to his comrades.

Thus, with variety of fortune, were all safely landed. Such inconveniences, however, no longer exist. The City of Hobart can now boast of first-class wharf accommodation for vessels of the largest tonnage, forming a crescent round the cove for nearly a mile.

The town then wore an exceedingly primitive appearance; there being in reality but fifteen or twenty buildings in it worthy the designation of dwelling-houses. The remainder, in number about 250, could only be classed as huts, being constructed of various materials, such as split palings, wicker-work bedaubed with clay, and log and turf cabins of all orders of low architecture.

It was nevertheless a busy thriving little place, and counted two or three firms of great honour and enterprise. Their dealings, however, were in ac-

cordance with the modest wants of the people, being mainly confined to slop-clothing, tea, sugar, tobacco, and Bengal rum, by the ounce-stick or gill; as some wittily remarked when selling, "Short cut, or long cut, 't was all the same to them, but show the money first."

One of the most amusing traits of Tasmanian commerce was the method universally adopted in financial arrangements. Every man in business, from the industrious cordwainer to the head merchant, issued promissory notes, varying in value from the sum of fourpence, to twenty shillings, payable on demand. These notes received the appellation of paper currency, and with few exceptions passed amongst the little community with all the confidence attending the best sovereign or shilling ever coined. The pound sterling, represented twenty-five shillings of the paper-money. A system of barter was also extensively dealt in, such as so many sheep or cows for a horse, or promissory notes to deliver so much stock in payment of goods from the merchant; and even labour was more frequently paid for in fat wethers, working bullocks, rum, tobacco, slop-clothing, and other articles, than in currency or sterling money.

From the earliest settlement of Tasmania to the year 1833, the Governor was vested with authority to issue grants of land to emigrants of character, if possessed of capital—either in cash, live stock, or merchandise—in the proportion (unless more favoured, as

in my own case) of 640 acres to every £500 of value; the largest grant was restricted to 2560 acres. It was not altogether a wise or just policy to refuse land to non-capitalists, but, as such was the fiat of the home authorities, the poor emigrant usually strove to obtain by stratagem that which should have been accorded to him in common justice. In the early periods of Van Diemen's Land, so little was authentically known of its real resources, that it required a stout heart for an honest man voluntarily to expatriate himself for its possible advantages. It seemed hard, indeed, that neither laudable enterprise nor the little savings of half a lifetime, coupled with all the sacrifices he had made, should have been deemed a sufficient claim to the consideration of the local powers.

The method adopted in such cases is as familiar to my old brother-colonists as "reading made easy." For instance, Mr. A. placed to the account of Mr. B., in the bank or other place of deposit, the sum (say) of £500 (at 10 per cent. or not, as agreed) for the period of two or three weeks. Mr. B. then presented himself and his bank receipt to his Honour the Governor, and forthwith obtained an order to the Deputy Surveyor-General for 640 acres of land; the happy selection of which, the quality and whereabouts, was a question mainly dependent on the manner in which the adventurer carried out the maxim of "throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel."

The temporary possession of £500 has resulted in obtaining thousands of acres of land, and thus founded the happy home of many a deserving family.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS IN TASMANIA.

THE beautiful Lake of Pittwater is an estuary of the sea, varying in width from one mile to a mile and a half, by about eighteen miles in length. It is almost in direct communication with the great Southern Ocean, from which it is divided only by a long narrow point of sea-sand, known as Seven Mile Beach, whereon rolls a grand and never-resting surf, whose briny thunder is reverberated through the surrounding hills and dales for many miles.

The lake loses much of its charming aspect at low water, when it presents a narrow and winding channel, bounded by miles of mud and sandy flats continuously from the Heads (or entrance) to the mouth of the Coal River, where it terminates. Thence, small craft of from forty to fifty tons can ascend that river three miles during flood-tide, reaching the prettily-situate town of Richmond. The lake, therefore, is only navigable by vessels not exceeding sixty tons, except immediately at the entrance known as the Lower Ferry, where there is a depth of eighteen to twenty feet.

Its waters teem with oysters, cockles, mussels, and other edible fish. As a proof of the extraordinary abundance of shell-fish, I frequently received a commission from my kind thrifty aunt to obtain a supply of fine oysters for pickling, and well remember the pride I experienced at having collected upwards of 800 in two hours, from a bay bordering on my uncle's farm.

I commenced life as a school-boy farmer and grazier, on the margin of this beautiful lake, in the fine English-looking district of Sorell, which, from its prolific returns to the agriculturist, was termed the granary of Tasmania. There my worthy uncle doffed his epaulettes, and converted his honoured sword into a ploughshare. With the spirit of a lion, he grappled with the giant gum-trees which obstructed his regenerating plough, and viewed with unfeigned delight his own first field of waving golden corn. But alas! the bright future which he had so vividly traced out for himself received a sad check at the termination of the first year. His comfortable farm-house was destroyed by fire. Its valuable contents, including articles of rare *vertu*, collected during the long term of his official cruise amongst the islands of Batavia, Java, Ceylon, &c., were either reduced to ashes or melted into ingots of silver or gold.

Nothing daunted, however, he speedily erected an humble thatched cottage, on a new site, chosen for its cheerful and commanding view of the Lake Pittwater, which numbered amongst its other charms a surface

thickly studded with an endless variety of ducks, geese, pelicans, and graceful jet-black swans. The beauty of our new residence inspired my patron with renewed vigour. Ere one month had elapsed, the foundation-stone of Frogmore Castle in the Antipodes was laid with the accustomed honours, and the high-sounding name of Frogmore assumed for his fine estate of 1300 acres.

But the hopes of mortals, like themselves, are composed of a very unsubstantial material. Providence deals with brilliant prospects much after the fashion that children deal with brittle toys. At the expiration of four years of arduous and incessant toil, the alarming fact became apparent, that the assets upon which he was wont theoretically to draw so liberally were always in ruinous arrear of the amount required for the liquidation of ordinary expenses. At last, all confidence forsook him, and he, like many of his naval brethren, learnt too late, not only that farming in Tasmania at that period was a fallacy, but also that, in any case, the avocation of an agriculturist was quite unsuited to the minds and habits of men whose associations are wedded to camps and quarter-decks.

His, however, was only one of countless cases in which the acquisition of land did not prove the foundation of a fortune. During the course of my practical acquaintance with farming pursuits, I was soon taught that neither parsimonious prudence nor toiling industry could possibly meet with success or receive any adequate return in a country where, if the farmer was

blessed with an abundant crop, the concomitant blessing was wanting, of a sufficient population to consume it. Another fallacy, too well and dearly proven, was, the exportation of the surplus corn in default of home consumption.

Pig and poultry feeding formed but a temporary resource for the relief of an overstocked stack-yard; for the demand for pork, bacon, eggs, and fowls, was totally inadequate to the superabundant supplies.

Wheat, therefore, in such a deplorable state of matters, became a positive drug, and ranged at an almost nominal price of 2s. 6d. to 3s. per bushel. These were the average rates, with little exception, for several years. After deducting expenses of production, the net return—allowing for the very best yielding districts an average crop of twenty-eight to thirty bushels per acre—left but a sorry balance to the credit side of the poor farmer's ledger.

My firm conviction, founded on years of personal experience and strict observation, is, that where one man has succeeded in making himself thoroughly independent by farming in Tasmania, fifty might be pointed out, who, in spite of unceasing and slavish devotion to their calling, assisted too by convict-servants—many of them good farm-labourers—at the mere cost of food and clothing, coupled with the most rigid economy, were seldom or never enabled to keep their heads above water.

On the other hand, all those wiser men, who locked up their ploughs and harrows in time to avoid the

fatal mortgage-deeds, and turned their attention to the growth of wool and the rearing of horses and cattle, soon became comparatively rich, and are now amongst the wealthiest and most honoured of the land. Naval farmers found that the prisoner-servant, although located on an isolated farm, far away from ordinary temptation—although subject to the lash and heavy chains for misconduct—was not so easily disciplined as the free and open-hearted sailor on board of a man-of-war. Notwithstanding that he was most liberally fed, well clothed, and comfortably lodged, the restless-minded convict of early days was ever brooding over the festering thought, that society generally looked upon and treated him as a low degraded being—that he was the involuntary and hated slave of a hard unfeeling taskmaster. This erroneous feeling of the assigned servant not only made him disobedient, but he was ever planning wild and impracticable schemes of escape. The natural desire to be free could scarcely be realized by one in his position, who, among other obstacles, lacked that talismanic passport—money. As a provision against escape, no wages were allowed him. To the hopeless convict, therefore, no method of storing his purse presented itself but deep-laid schemes to plunder his employer. It was unfortunate both for the settler and his faithless domestic, that robberies were so easily effected during Colonel Sorell's Government, which ended in the year 1823. During the entire term of his official career, seven acts of felony out of

every ten passed undetected. The police force appointed for the protection of the extensive district of Sorell and the lower settlement of Pittwater, comprising a wide-spread population of about 800 souls—four-fifths of them convicts — was one magistrate, Mr. James Gordon, a chief constable, Mr. Laing, and three convict constables. Incidents like the following were of frequent occurrence in the district :—

“ George,” remarked my poor broken-spirited uncle one day, whilst discussing our early repast, “ I have not seen our favourite, Hong Kong Bess, this morning; have you?”

“ No, sir,” was my reply; “ I presume she has marched to the Woolly Hut stubble in company with the other pigs.”

But poor fat Bess, the costly China sow, as was afterwards revealed, long ere that early hour had been so skilfully carved, and shaped into chumps of prime mess pork as to baffle all attempts at recognition.

Fat cattle and sheep, ewes, wethers, and lambs, were regularly abstracted from the herds and flocks of every stockholder in the district, and driven into unfrequented dells known only to crime and misdeeds. From those gloomy recesses the prey was duly apportioned amongst the numerous accomplices, who, generally speaking, were composed of small ticket-of-leave farmers, living without let or hindrance upon their wealthier neighbours, the free emigrant settlers.

Detection, however, followed, in the long run, in proportion as success emboldened the robbers to increase their depredations. Upon one occasion my poor victimised uncle was thrown into a state of frenzied excitement.

At two o'clock on a fine star-lit morning of the autumn month of April, a furious barking of our household pack announced the approach of a horseman at full speed and leading a spare horse. Perceiving a white-capped head peering out of a small square window, the rider hastily exclaimed, "A friend, a friend; silence, Jeffreys, it's Charles Rowcroft; come along, my boy, quick, quick as lightning; get up, mount this horse, and ride for your life to the Bengal Hills station with me; Riseley will meet us there. Put a brace of pistols and a few spare charges of powder and ball into your pocket. Make haste, my dear fellow, or the game will be lost. That's right, jump into the saddle;" and away they rode at a reckless pace through the dark-shaded pathless Bush.

Four miles at such a speed soon brought the friends together at the appointed rendezvous.

"Now, Captain Jeffreys," said Mr. Riseley, rushing towards my uncle in a state of feverish excitement, "pray keep yourself cool, my dear sir, and prepare to hear a budget of glorious news. Well, sir, last night at about eleven o'clock, on returning from Hobart Town by the short route *viâ* the celebrated Cut-throat Hills, I heard in a deep scrubby wooded gully very distinct sounds of chopping; so, tying up

old Grizzle to a bushy wattle, I stole down inch by inch until I arrived sufficiently near to distinguish by the light of his own lantern—whom do you think?—no other than your worthy convict-shepherd, Master Sims, exceedingly hard at work making a brush-yard large enough to hold about 200 sheep. In the same instant that I had satisfied myself and was on the eve of retiring, up rose a gigantic fellow from the ground, saying in a subdued tone of voice, ‘Well, Davy, then we’ll say half-past four to-morrow morning at the Black Hut, Brushy Plains. How many will you bring.’ ‘Oh,’ replied Sims, ‘not much above 100 this time. I’ve only the head of the flock,’ about 300, to choose from to-night.’ After this interesting colloquy, and a significant interchange of the words ‘all right, barring treachery,’ the tall stranger quickly vanished amidst the thick dark-leaved tea-trees, leaving the industrious and trusty flock-tender to complete his honourable engagements.

“Having now seen enough, I quietly and cautiously crept back to old Grizzle, mounted, and galloped home to Orielton, three miles from thence, in double quick time. There, fortunately, I found your worthy friend, Charles Rowcroft, fast asleep; who, on hearing the facts, sprang from his bed, jumped into his clothes, and started for Frogmore like a flash of lightning. My nephew, sharp-eyed Willie, has gone to the hills, armed to the teeth, to watch proceedings at the yard. Capital hit, eh? By Jove, we’ll have him dead or alive.”

BEGINNINGS.

MAY 20

19

"Now, then, Jeffreys," remarked Mr. Rowcroft, in great excitement, "we must devise a plan. Here are six of us, well mounted and well armed. The first thing to do on arriving near to the gully will be to dismount, separate, and regularly surround the infamous smooth-tongued scoundrel.

"Jemmy Sharp and the others must remain in charge of the horses, ready mounted for the chase, whilst we three will creep up to the yard, at opposite points, and clutch the villain there and then."

This arrangement being agreed to, off galloped the cavalcade in as high glee as if they had been about to join at a rendezvous for a fox-hunt. They received an additional stimulus from the fact that the shepherd, who, from his well-known fleetness of foot was called "the Flying Buck," might possibly afford them some exhilarating sport.

Fifteen minutes' fast riding through the Bush brought them to the spot appointed for dismounting, where, on hearing from Sharp that all was right, the three men quickly remounted and hastened to their posts, whilst the three gentlemen advanced upon the common enemy as agreed.

With beating hearts and nerves thrilling with vengeful excitement, they crouched, crept, and listened at every inch as they advanced, scarcely daring to breathe, lest the thief should be untimely warned of their approach. At length each had successfully wormed himself to the margin of the brush fence; when, rising with the spring of tigers, Captain

Jeffreys and Mr. Rowcroft bounded simultaneously into the yard. The culprit, whom the captain had seized by the throat, fell upon his knees imploring for mercy, but it was fortunate, both for master and servant, that less injured persons were near, for the captain could hardly be persuaded to release the villain from his death-grasp. At a shrill approving *cooë*, all hands speedily mustered in the yard, and whilst Mr. Riseley was occupied in binding the shepherd's arms with a spare bridle-rein, the others were engaged in unbinding seventy-five fine young ewes, of course the fattest and choicest of my uncle's flock. The number of sheep abstracted by this trusty shepherd during the three years of his service amounted to nearly 900. The capture thus cleverly effected was the happy means of breaking up one of the most extensive and desperate gangs of robbers in the colony. Sheep-stealing had become so prevalent and serious that it was deemed necessary by the Governor, and his executive council, to punish the offence with the last penalty of the law.

The shepherd, being the most consummate thief of the gang, was necessarily the greatest coward. He had not been three days in gaol when, in an interview with the head gaoler, the craven loon, praying that his life might be spared, offered to turn approver, or, to speak in his own dialect, to "split upon the whole boiling" of his robber comrades.

His offer was acceded to, on the principle that if there were no receivers, there would be fewer thieves.

Numbers of ticket-of-leave farmers, and very questionable characters were arrested, but to only one man could the charge of receiving, be brought to conviction. That one was the shepherd's tall companion of the night at the sheep yard, who was justly sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in chains at that regenerating purgatory, Macquarie Harbour; whilst the thin-skinned shepherd received, as a reward for his share of the plunder, the sum of three hundred lashes of the cat-o'-nine-tails!

One point for consolation, though a very sorry one—as my poor uncle remarked in his philosophical moods—was, that his most choice ewes were worth but eight shillings per head! And my readers will perhaps be astonished to learn that, by the majority of the colonists, sheep-shearing, usually looked forward to with such eager interest now-a-days, was up to the years 1822 and 1823 considered as one of the greatest nuisances imaginable.

In my uncle's case—which was almost the rule in our district—the flock in full fleece was passed through a salt-water creek, mainly as a sanitary measure; and the sheep being of African descent, their wool was so coarse, that it was regarded as an incumbrance about the farm-yard. If a slab or log hut was required to be erected for the shelter of man, beast, or fowl, a cart-load of wool was pitchforked from the wasting heap, wherewith to caulk the crevices of the rough-hewn timber walls.

Until the year 1823, no mercantile firm was enterprising enough to risk the purchase of an article

heretofore so dishonoured as coarse and middle-class wools. At length, however, Mr. Henry Hopkins, one of the most quiet-going and worthy citizens of Hobart Town, but wiser than those around him calling themselves head merchants, made extensive purchases, at the rate of fourpence per pound for good middle-class samples, and thus laid the foundation of a large and well-merited fortune. Little value, however, was placed on wools up to the years 1826 and 1827. The average price for ordinary samples did not then range above 6d. to 7½d. per lb., if sold in Hobart Town; but so much attention has since been devoted to the growth of the finer classes, that Van Diemen's Land stands, if not superior, at least quite equal to her Australian neighbours in the production of that staple commodity.

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERY, SETTLEMENT, ASPECT AND RESOURCES OF TASMANIA.

To enter into a detailed account of the history, discovery, &c., of Van Diemen's Land is needless; but, as a few brief notes upon the leading points may be acceptable to some of my readers, two or three pages may perhaps be profitably devoted to the subject.

Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania, lies due south of the monster island or rather continent of Australia. Taking its mean breadth from Macquarie Harbour on the west to Great Swan Port on the east, it may be computed as averaging about 150 miles in width, by a length of 180 miles, measuring from South Cape to the Heads at Port Dalrymple, north.

This island was first discovered by the adventurous Dutch, who so early as the 14th of August, 1642, despatched two vessels, the "Hemskirk" and "Zeehan," on a voyage of geographical research, under the command of Abel Jansen Tasman. On the 1st of December, 1642, he anchored in a bay south of Maria Island, which he named Frederick Hendrick's Bay. The

commander, however, contented himself with the mere form of landing officially, planting the flag of his country, and taking possession of it in the name of his sovereign under the title of Van Diemen's Land, in honour of the Governor of Batavia, from which island the expedition was fitted out. Upon its becoming a British possession on the 11th of March, 1773, the Government gave to it the more euphonious name of Tasmania, in memory of the original discoverer Captain Tasman. From that period the newly-found countries at the Antipodes were successively visited by those renowned navigators, Furneaux, the adventurous Cook, D'Entrecasteaux, Huon Kermadec, Flinders, and others, on the part of their respective governments.

Lieutenant Flinders and Dr. Bass, a surgeon in the navy, were despatched by the Governor of Sydney, in 1798, to explore the northern coast of Tasmania. On that date they discovered the broad but shallow estuary into which the River Tamar empties itself, and named it Port Dalrymple. It was also then ascertained by Dr. Bass in a boat excursion, that Van Diemen's Land was entirely separated from Australia. From the efficient services rendered by Flinders on this occasion, he was employed by the British Government in 1801 to make a thorough survey of the coast of Australia. Upon the completion of that important work, this eminent geographer sailed for England to deliver his valuable researches. On his voyage, however, he was unfortunately compelled from stress

of weather and want of supplies to touch at the Isle of France.

His mission becoming known, his invaluable papers, charts, notes, and log-books were seized upon some pretext by De Caen, the Governor of the Isle, and he himself detained a prisoner for nearly six years. The object of his detention was obviously to appropriate and publish, for the especial glory and benefit of the French nation, the valuable researches of Flinders as the result of the exploring expedition intrusted to Monsieur le Capitaine Baudin; who was contemporary with the English navigator on the south shores of Australia in the year 1802.

Flinders—though thus for so long a period shamefully deprived of his geographical notes, which he had acquired through perils such as none but men of indomitable courage and high-cast patriotism could hope to surmount—happily for his adopted country, recovered on his release so much of his memoranda as enabled him to present to the maritime world one of the most invaluable works ever published. Its maps and observations upon the prevailing winds and currents, and the rocks and harbours of our Antipodean colonies, were all so remarkably accurate in their details that, to a shipmaster bound to Australia, Flinders's book is deemed almost as essential as the chronometer itself. And how was he repaid?

As if in derision of these eminent national services, the British Government refused to endow his poor widow and daughter with the usual pension allotted to

the families of deceased naval officers; and this on the ground that the six years' imprisonment at the Isle of France of Lieutenant Flinders could not be reckoned in the term of service entitling families to receive Government aid. Should any of the heroic navigator's near relatives be still in existence, it would be a popular act of grace on the part of our enlightened Sovereign, to evince to his heirs the gratitude of a great nation in some substantial form, as a tribute justly due to the patriotic Flinders.

Tasmania was first colonized in August, 1803, by Lieutenant Bowen, who had been despatched from Port Jackson with a party of military, about fifty prisoners, and the necessary civil staff officers, to form a settlement. This was consequently established at Restdown (now Risdon), on the eastern bank of the River Derwent. In that pretty but circumscribed locality, the British ensign was first formally planted and unfurled, amidst the prolonged and hearty cheers both of bond and free, on the 19th of February, 1804, when Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, "the first Deputy-Governor of Van Diemen's Land," arrived from Port Phillip in the ship "Ocean," with a civil and military retinue, together with some convicts. After a brief sojourn of four months in that fine country, he most unwisely abandoned its supposed barren shores for the more inviting banks, as was alleged, of the noble Derwent.

Not approving, however, of the site selected by Lieutenant Bowen as being the most advantageous

position for the capital of Tasmania, Governor Collins removed head-quarters to the opposite shore of the river, and named the hallowed spot, Hobart Town, after Lord Hobart, the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Such, in brief, were the discovery and settlement of Tasmania.

Hobart Town—now the City of Hobart—viewed from the Derwent, presents a charming subject for the painter, its beautiful and romantic scenery leaving but little room for the imaginative touches of art. Unfortunately the plan of its general formation is not calculated to impress the beholder with admiration of its beauty or grandeur.

On the contrary, the design not only showed a lamentable want of foresight in its early projectors, but would have spoiled a very paradise. The philosophers who first sketched the plan of Hobart Town deserved to be classed with the chop-stick engineers and obtuse-headed surveyors-general of Hong Kong, Peking, Canton, &c., whose skill is appreciated in proportion as they possess the art of constructing narrow lanes, bounded by irregular lines, in utter contempt of comfort, or the rules of geometry.

Hobart Town nevertheless possesses most of the conveniences attendant upon modern civilization. An abundant supply of pure mountain water is laid on to such houses as desire it; the streets are lighted with gas, and the sanitary measure of thorough drainage is being rapidly accomplished.

Much as I admire the delightful little colony in which I spent upwards of seventeen years of my early and very happy life, with its host of recollections and agreeable associations that are ever flashing over my thoughts, I must as a faithful historian relate nothing in connection with it but that which I believe to be in strict accordance with truth.

It cannot be said of Tasmania, that it is a country remarkable for the richness of its internal resources. Its agricultural and pastoral capabilities are, in proportion to the size of the island, extremely limited. The area of Van Diemen's Land is estimated at 27,192 square miles; the amount of available land throughout the colony does not much exceed 6000 square miles; the remainder being composed of continuous ranges of sterile hills and mountains, clad for the most part with impenetrable scrub, stately gum, stringy bark, and peppermint trees, interspersed with an infinite variety of beautiful flowering heaths.

The death-like stillness of the gloomy sunless valleys, choked with an impassable undergrowth of vegetation, and studded with myriads of tapering trees, varying from 50 to 150 feet in height, so straight and close to each other as to resemble a forest of giant poles in a hop-garden, would seem to indicate that such lonely dells were haunts forbidden to any but those who wear the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. The timber is, however, of considerable value. The blue gum, so named from having occasional streaks of a pale blue colour mingled with its delicate white

polished bark, may be termed the oak of Tasmania. It has acquired a world-wide fame for its durability, and is consequently much prized by ship-builders at home and abroad. It possesses the singular property of annually shedding the outer layer of its bark one-eighth of an inch thick. It also produces large quantities of gum-kino, of a clear, brilliant red colour, a remarkably powerful astringent.

The stringy bark tree is so named from the ropy nature of its bark, which is frequently used for tying on the rods and thatch of sheds, huts, and barns in the country. Its timber is the most useful, in conjunction with Huon-pine, for general purposes. The peppermint tree is so called from its long narrow leaf partaking strongly of the flavour of pennyroyal.

The blue gum-tree has a peculiarity attached to it truly worthy of record, and which, as an observing lad, I was amongst the first to discover. Strolling about on one tropical summer's morning, my attention was suddenly drawn towards a favourite little sandy-hill—on which stood several stately branching old blue gums—by hearing an overpowering whurring burring noise; ending at every four or five seconds with a distinct word of two syllables, thus, “whu-r-r-r-r ke-loite, ke-loite, ke-loite.” The tones were of so musical a nature that, on arriving in the midst of the busy scene I fancied myself serenaded by such thrilling sounds as one might imagine would be produced by a concert of hundreds and thousands of Jews' harps; every nerve in my body felt as if so overcome with the tremulous

notes, that I found myself involuntarily joining in the chorus.

At first, the strange penetrating sound so completely benumbed the senses, that I was positively bewildered; but in the next instant, on casting my eyes above and around me, I beheld one of the most extraordinary and interesting sights imaginable. The massive trunks and wide-spreading branches of the fine old trees were literally clothed with the large jet-black locust; whose red eyes, and beautiful glistening leafy wings formed a truly wondrous and admirable scene. My curiosity in visiting this noisy colony of industrious locusts was still more amply rewarded, when, in accidentally looking upon the ground, I observed that the luxuriant sward was thickly strewn with particles of a snowy white substance, which, on tasting, proved to be manna of the very purest quality, strongly resembling in flavour the honied French composition called *guimauve*, and with which native *bon-bon* I speedily crammed my pockets to overflowing.

On revisiting the noisy community early the next morning, tomahawk in hand, I proceeded to chop steps up the trunk of a tree, with a view to ascend on a voyage of discovery; when, having reached the first large branch, I was most agreeably surprised to perceive considerable quantities of liquid manna oozing from the small apertures, which had evidently been made in the bark by the strong piercing proboscis of the locusts.

It is, therefore, a most remarkable phenomenon

that, whilst from the wood of the gum-tree exudes a brilliant red gum, an astringent of the most powerful nature, its polished bark distils a pure snow-white substance which for sweetness has no rival.

Whilst upon the subject of the trees and shrubs indigenous to Tasmania, I must not omit thoroughly to describe the little tree whose fruit excites so much incredulity in the minds of untravelled Europeans. Certainly, the routine of nature in the Old World seems to have been signally forsaken in the creation of fruits at the Antipodes.

“The native cherry-tree,” which seldom exceeds the height of fifteen feet, is spiral and jointed-leaved, and not unfrequently represents in shape a handsome well-proportioned cone. In the summer months, this little prodigy of the Tasmanian forests presents a remarkably engaging appearance. So pleasing a contrast as is there afforded by nature in its rich dense growth of pale soft green and gold-tinted foliage, thickly studded with myriads of bright ruby-red cherries, which are generated at the extremity of the spiral leaves, gives to the whole an appearance as if most tastefully decorated with an infinity of rosy coral beads.

The edible portion of the cherry is equal in size to an ordinary pea, but is of a cylindrical form in the tree, whose leaves grow perpendicularly. It possesses the properties of honied sweetness and excessively disagreeable astringency. The stone, of a pale mottled green, is one-third smaller than the fruit, and grows at

its lower extremity. There is also a species of this tree which, from its drooping foliage, we used to designate the "Weeping Cherry;" its fruit is generally a shade larger and of a deeper red than the other kind. There are several shades of red-coloured and one of a white cherry. The tree seems to flourish in most dry soils, but the finest specimens grow on rich sandy loam, and in situations well sheltered from the inclemency of the weather by surrounding trees. The cherry, the insignificant cranberry, and a small white berry found along the drift sands of the sea-coast, form the total of fruits indigenous to Tasmania.

The other trees worthy of note are, the "black wood" (of the *mimosa* class), which grows mostly on the richer soils, and attains to the average height of twenty feet, the timber of which is close-grained and excessively heavy. The sassafras tree is found in the most secluded valleys of the highest hills and mountains; the bark contains all the medicinal properties of its contemporaries of other countries. The "sheac" (perverted into the oak) or beef-wood tree, is very abundant, the trunk, seldom above fifteen inches in thickness, is converted into handsome drawing-room furniture, and much valued; its grassy-looking dark green spiral leaves, jointed at every inch, grow to the length of eight or nine inches, and are pendant, like the weeping cherry. The small apple of this tree is also dark green, and, growing in great abundance, resembles in some degree the seed-apple of the Scotch fir in miniature; both apple and leaf are as acid as the purest vinegar.

ASPECT AND RESOURCES.

L I B I.
55

The mimosa, or wattle, which prevails throughout the most fertile lands of Tasmania to a fault, ushers in the spring with its countless acres of charming and luxuriant yellow and highly-scented blossom, diffusing throughout the settled parts of the country so powerful and agreeable an odour that, as I have often heard it remarked, were a blind person, ignorant of his whereabouts, led into the Bush during a spring month, he would declare himself to be in the midst of an orange grove.

The tanning properties of its bark are nearly equal in value to those of the English oak. The tree as a general rule grows very irregularly, and never attains to a particularly large size; its wood, reduced to ashes, is useful as an alkali for the manufacture of soap. There are two kinds of this tree, the black and green wattle, thus named from the colour of their bark. Both produce gum-arabic in considerable quantities.

All trees and shrubs indigenous to the colony are in full leaf throughout the year; but the colour of the foliage is influenced by the cold winds and rains of the winter months, when it presents a decidedly brown tint. The word "evergreen" would seem to carry with it a continual feeling of cheerfulness and delight, but, from my own observation, I think it extremely questionable, after all, whether the return of beautiful spring is hailed with the same amount of joyous gratitude in the colonies of Australia as is unmistakably experienced at its happy return in the mother-country.

Tasmania abounds in a variety of delicate and

highly-scented little flowers. A very faithful representation of them, generally speaking, may be seen in Mrs. L. A. Meredith's truthful and interesting book, "Bush Friends in Tasmania."

The mineral development of Van Diemen's Land was, till very recently, confined to the coal-fields at Port Arthur, Tasman's peninsula. These are worked by prisoners re-convicted for violation of the colonial laws, many performing their daily tasks in single or double irons.

Coal has since been found in the suburbs of the city, sometimes called Hobarton, and several other localities upon the north side of the colony, some specimens of which are reported as being superior to that of Port Arthur. Indeed, the produce of the latter mine is scarcely fitted for engine-fuel, from the almost total absence of gaseous matter.

Gold has been discovered within the last nine years in the mountain-districts of Fingal, and other parts of the islands, but not sufficiently abundant to create more than a temporary sensation. According to the researches and deductions of mineralogists, however, Tasmania may yet one day be classed amongst the metal-producing countries; though, perhaps, not of gold in remunerative quantities, still, most probably, for the equally useful metals, copper, tin, and iron. Mining productions are not essential to the prosperity of any country, but, in my humble opinion, have the reverse effect of retarding their substantial and more wholesome progress. It is, however, very desirable

MAY 20 :

ASPECT AND RESOURCES.

35

that Van Diemen's Land should be rich in some such resources; for then, and then only, will that fine little island and its steady-going community be enabled to keep pace with her gold and copper-producing sister colonies.

One material advantage Tasmania will always enjoy over every other country in the southern hemisphere: the even temperature of its climate comes so near to the happy medium necessary for the renovation of prostrate constitutions, that not only do hundreds of officers on sick leave, from the wasting heat of India, invariably repair to that island-sanitarium and speedily become convalescent, but it is also admitted that most elderly persons who have emigrated to its genial shores, have rapidly experienced a remarkable change in person and constitution; in familiar words, they seem to have obtained a fresh lease of their lives. The mean temperature of Van Diemen's Land during the summer season may be estimated at about 60° to 63° of Fahrenheit. In towns bordering on the sea-coast the hot summer day is invariably attended by the cool renovating sea-breeze, which sets in from the south about four o'clock every evening. The hot sirocco winds, prevalent in Australia, are of rare occurrence in Tasmania.

Frosts are frequent visitors in their season; but the grateful and copious dews of early days are seldom witnessed in the settled districts.

The climate of Van Diemen's Land during the first eight or nine years of my residence there, was obviously of a more even character than it has ever been

since. The seasons were then more distinctly defined, and the general temperature of the settled parts of the colony was less fluctuating than of late years. My observations in reference to this circumstance have induced me to attribute the change to the following causes:—In the first place, the influence of forest lands in attracting or retaining the atmospheric moisture, as well as cooling the air in their neighbourhood, is an admitted fact. There cannot be a doubt, then, that a great and permanent effect must have been produced by the clearing and cultivation of upwards of 200,000 acres of land situated in the very heart of the country, all of which has, in a greater or less degree, been denuded of the thick canopy of verdure which in winter sheltered the ground beneath from the blighting effects of the bleak cutting winds, and in summer from the hot parching rays of the sun. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear at first sight, must necessarily have created a variation of temperature. If not, where are the genial morning dews of former days that used to glisten upon and bespangle the vernal-leaved kangaroo grass? The fact is fresh in my memory, when it was a source of pride to the early settler that he had cleared off, burnt, and destroyed, almost every tree from another fifty or hundred acres, for use as a grass-paddock. True, Dame Nature had been so chary in granting to Van Diemen's Land an overplus of open country that it was an absolute relief from the dull monotony of thick-standing trees occasionally, as the industrious settler remarked, to make a determined onslaught upon them, and "axe for seeing and breathing space."

Doubtless, the description of trees that most prevail throughout the better-class lands, such as the wattle (of the *mimosa* order) and the "sheac," or beef-wood tree, are not highly conducive to the growth of grass or herbs; but, on the contrary, the sward immediately beneath their foliage is ever remarkably scant and of a brown sickly aspect—originating in the fact, that the tanning property of the wattle-bark extracted by the rains necessarily impregnates the soil around, and from its astringent nature literally parches up and destroys all minor vegetation: whilst, from the spiral jointed leaf and apple of the other tree, possessing so singularly powerful an acid, the same result is produced.

A second cause for increased aridity and consequent alteration in climate may be traced to the circumstance, that the soft untrodden lands in new countries naturally become hardened by the continual depasturing of stock, and so are rendered less pervious to rains and dews. The innumerable pathways made by the daily marching of large flocks of sheep, horses, and cattle, across their unfenced pastures are by inevitable consequence converted into an endless number of water-courses, which contribute too rapidly to deprive the general surface of the requisite amount of absorption of the fertilizing rains.

Snow may be seen on the mountain-tops throughout the winter in many parts of the island, but rarely falls on the sea-board. The districts of Oatlands, Ross, and the Lakes, situated at the central and most elevated

point, are subject to severe cold and heavy falls of snow, to the great injury of the grazier—whose lambs, permitted to roam at large with no more shelter than their native hills and woods afford them, are frequently frozen to death in considerable numbers.

The Derwent is truly a magnificent river. On entering the port at South Arm, distant about eighteen miles from the final anchorage at Sullivan's Cove, Hobarton, the sea-worn passenger feels his heart bound with unspeakable joy and admiration at the beautiful prospect presented to his view. On both sides hundreds of acres once thickly studded with massive trees of a wild and uninviting aspect are now ornamented with picturesque villa residences and model farm homesteads; whilst in the adjoining meadows, to the delight of the new adventurer, he again beholds the same sleek Devon or Ayrshire cow, the same noble upstanding horse, and the same old black-mugged Southdown, so familiar to him in his own dear native land so far away. Thus happily do first impressions tend to clear away the host of doubts and fears which naturally pervade the mind that has been thrown back upon itself for three or four long dreary months of rolling and tossing on the solitary ocean. The average width of the Derwent, from South Arm to Sullivan's Cove, is about four and a half to five miles, varying in depth from fifteen to twenty fathoms. Would that England could boast of such a port upon her island shores!

Mount Wellington forms a noble back-ground to

the capital of Tasmania. Its altitude is 4500 feet above the level of the sea, and the summit, formed of table-land, is covered with snow during seven or eight months of the year. Its imposing aspect, when viewed from the ship within seven or eight miles of the port, inspires the newly-arrived emigrant with mingled feelings of awe and admiration.

At the base of its wild inhospitable region a scientific and far-seeing colonist, Mr. Peter Degraives, selected his maximum grant—2560 acres of land, timber, and rock—in direct opposition to the wise saws and suggestions of older colonists. Time, however, has proved what science, coupled with indomitable energy, can accomplish.

Mr. Degraives confidently established himself in that mountain wilderness, and from amidst its hosts of towering trees and thick-set scrub he may be said to have literally carved out one of the prettiest and certainly one of the most valuable establishments to be met with throughout the Australian colonies. From this he not only realized a large fortune, but conferred an incalculable benefit on the inhabitants of Hobarton and the colonists generally, by the erection of extensive saw and flour mills, large breweries, and—most important work of all—by arranging for an ample supply of water to the city and shipping, pure as it flows from the mountain rivulets.

Singular to say, in the accomplishment of so inestimable a boon to the public he had to encounter

much discreditable opposition from the jealousy of less gifted men in office.

There are few residents or visitors of the Tasmanian capital who have not shared in the public benefits or partaken of the open-hearted hospitality of that model English gentleman, "Peter Degraives of the Cascade."

I must now describe briefly the river forming the port of entry to Launceston, the Liverpool of Tasmania. The Tamar is the principal outlet for the surplus waters of the north side of the island, and is navigable, from the entrance at George Townheads, for the distance of fifty miles. The average rise of the tide is from thirteen to fourteen feet, and vessels of 700 tons burden can load within three-quarters of a mile of the town, but at ebb-tide they become deeply imbedded in the soft mud.

Launceston, since the colonization of Victoria, has increased fourfold in importance. It was founded by Colonel Patterson in 1804, soon after the occupation of the site upon which the city of Hobart now stands. The population numbers about 10,000. It is an agreeable and tolerably well arranged little town; and the inhabitants—of a universally energetic turn—take a considerable share in the commercial enterprise and general progress of the colony.

The northern districts which surround and trade with Launceston represent by far the finest portions of the country, and consequently contribute a larger proportion of valuable produce for export, such as wool

and grain, than is shipped from the capital. The progress of Launceston was considerably retarded by the indecision of the authorities, who in early days, after thirteen years' occupation, removed from thence the head-quarters of the northern side of the island, and the Government establishments generally, to the wretched sandy banks upon which in 1817 was founded George Town, which is situate on the margin of an insignificant little inlet, called York Cove. The sage heads appointed to direct the establishment and infant progress of their new and peculiar charge soon found how great a mistake they had committed. The sandy waste of which the whole surrounding country was formed, the inadequate supply of water, added to the circumscribed nature of the miniature port, left no other alternative but to abandon the locality: and Launceston was again selected as the final and most advantageous site for the northern capital, if I may be allowed so to call it.

The *city* of Hobart and the *town* of Launceston are distant from each other 121 miles. As yet daily communication is kept up in the good old style, that warms the hearts of our worthy grandfathers with many pleasing associations whenever they recur to the good old days of yore, viz. the veritable stage-coach of the English model, horsed with four handsome and high-bred bits of blood, owned and driven by a gentleman amateur, Mr. James Lord, whose style of handling the whip and ribbons often

elicits the approbation of experienced home-travellers; and, as I have often heard them remark, the pace reminds them of the fast coaches from London to York, Exeter, &c. A line of telegraph has been recently erected, and so far at least the two commercial towns are placed in immediate speaking proximity.

The enterprising colonists, determined to keep pace with the general progress of other countries, are about to establish a sub-marine communication with Victoria, by means of an electric cable across Bass's Straits.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ABORIGINES.

IN the few records I am about to pen of the Aborigines of Tasmania, I must unfortunately speak of them almost in the past tense, since there are so few survivors.

Of that unhappy race it may truly be remarked that their moral and intellectual energies were of the most inferior order. Their number, on the first settlement of the colony in 1803, was erroneously estimated at about 7000.

In their general features, they partook strongly of the African negro type, excepting that the under-lip was smaller. Their teeth were of exquisite whiteness. Their hair, blacker than ink, was coarse, short, and curly, and during the summer months was cut singularly close to the skin by means of sharp flint stones; but latterly, with the more artistic appliances of broken glass bottles. The tedious ceremony was accomplished by severing ten or twenty hairs at each incision. A similar process was adopted in native shaving, and performed with such skill and precision as seldom if ever to excoriate the skin; but it occupied

the sable barber at least three hours to turn off a moderate-sized head in proper trim for a grand *corroboree* or dance.

The men were of very short stature; their average height might be estimated at five feet three inches; they were artful to a degree and possessed of a most unamiable and morose expression of countenance, and were, from their mode of living, exceedingly active and muscular.

The married women were even more repulsively ugly than their lords. Their attenuated frames were comparable only to animated skeletons. The spinsters, however, of whom there were but very few, presented a marked and pleasing contrast to their mammas. As yet unmarred by the slavish exactions of savage husbands, possessing a tolerable amount of rounded limb, good nature, and sleekness of person, the gay young darkies had something winning about them that brought the poor creatures many gifts of bread and clothes from the charitable wives and daughters of the settlers. Hard labour is the matrimonial inheritance of the poor *gin* (wife). In travelling, the task of carrying her infant, the food, and all the worldly goods and chattels of the family devolved upon the wretched woman; whilst her lord, with head erect, unburdened except with the spear, the shield, and *waddie*, walked proudly in advance of his frail tottering slave. Plurality of wives was the universal law amongst them. Amongst the Oyster Bay tribe in 1821, I scarcely ever knew an instance of a native having but one gin. On the

contrary, two or three were the usual allowance. I have known a gray-headed old savage to possess three wives of the respective ages of thirty, seventeen, and ten years, all betrothed to him from childhood, and from the time of their betrothal became members of his family-circle, entirely dependent on him for support.

When but a boy, I passed many happy days in following the chase with those primitive children of the woods, who took great delight in teaching me to wield the quivering spear and whistling waddie, which I could eventually cast and throw with equal precision. In the use of either weapon, however, they were far behind the natives of Australia. Forty yards was the extreme range of correct aim, with either spear or waddie, by the blacks of Tasmania; whilst those of the former country could strike, with deadly effect, at seventy or eighty yards.

The method of capturing the forest kangaroo, which frequents the open lands, was exceedingly interesting and exciting. On sighting their prey, the most skilful hunter instantly dropped to the earth, and creeping alternately on hands, knees, and stomach, behind trees and stumps blackened by the raging bush-fires—now insinuating his supple body through the high grass, like a wily snake, until he had successively arrived within thirty or forty yards of the unwary victim—he would carefully raise himself up behind the trunk of a tree presenting the best point of attack, when, poising the fatal weapon, he bounded towards his prey with the agility of a panther, and, hurling the spear, seldom

failed in transfixing the poor animal. Their mode of hunting in the ferns, scrubs and underwood was by clearing a patch of about twenty feet square. Men, women, and children then distributed themselves in a large circle, and, advancing towards the cleared space, drove the game—brush kangaroo, wallabee, and bandicoot—indiscriminately to the slaughter.

The method of catching the climbing opossum, which invariably takes up its residence in some hollow limb of the very highest tree to be found, with a trunk measuring 80 to 100 feet in height without a branch, is, notwithstanding the imminent danger which attends it, an extremely interesting sight to mere bystanders.

The thrilling exclamation of “Wah! wah! wah!” denoting that traces had been discovered of the cat-taloned animal having very recently ascended the tree, soon brought other natives to the spot; whereupon—the most cunning in such matters deciding in council that the impressions made on the smooth bark were of the preceding night—one of the boldest and most agile of the hunters prepared to ascend the formidable-looking blue gum.

The flint tomahawk and the strong hay-band supplied the want of a ladder. The trunk—which, for eighteen or twenty feet upwards, seldom averages less than three or four feet in diameter, and consequently was rather beyond the compass even of those long-armed people—was scaled after the following method. The strong wire-grass rope, made into close three-strand plait, being passed round the tree and tied in a loop

sufficiently large, the native placed himself within it; then, with his tomahawk, he made a slightly roughed score in the bark, into which, inserting his muscular great toe only, he steadily and unerringly raised himself upright. The band was then dexterously jerked higher up the trunk; another score made, and so on, until he had succeeded in reaching the required height.

The scores or steps were never less than three feet and a half apart. Having scaled the tree, the next feat was to follow the tracks of the opossum along some bare projecting branch; upon which the native walked, upright and confident, as if he also resided amidst the boughs of towering gums and peppermints. The snug domicile of the opossum being discovered, the ticklish operation came of thrusting the bare arm into the hollowed branch, pulling him out by the tail, and tossing him from the dizzy height into the midst of the eager throng of hunters who were assembled around the tree. Frequently, however, the wary little animal, alarmed at hearing the chopping tomahawk so near, would retreat from its nest, and, perching itself in a thicket of leaves at the very extreme point of the branch, would remain until fairly shaken off by its ruthless pursuer. Those of the ring-tailed species are the most difficult to detach, as they curl their long fibrous tails around the twigs with such pertinacity that the hunter is generally compelled to fell the branch and its obstinate tenant to the ground.

The large sable and gray opossums, when disturbed,

will either await death in their dark nest or at once spring to the earth, from whatever height it may be; and, seldom hurt, would run in their slow and awkward gait, with tails swollen and erect, like the frightened cat; but never by any chance did they escape from the death-dealing waddie of the native. Their thick woolly-haired skins were extensively adopted by the colonists in the manufacture of warm sleeping-rugs. These, and the skin of the kangaroo formed the only description of garment patronised by the Aborigines.

This last-mentioned species of opossum, upon the retirement of the natives, and after their departure for Flinders' Island, soon became so numerous, that those farmers who dwelt near to their favourite haunts were, and still are, I presume, under the necessity of keeping packs of dogs to destroy them, as well as of placing a sentinel to watch over their corn-stacks during the night; for the cunning little animals, having discovered that the tendrils of the gum and peppermint trees were an exceedingly inferior food, would assemble by hundreds to pay their nocturnal visits to the newly-espied corn. Where they have enjoyed their midnight revellings undisturbed, the poor proprietors have suffered very serious losses.

Amongst the neighbouring tribes of Aborigines it was customary to meet at some time-honoured trysting-place at every full moon, a period regarded by them with most profound reverence. Indeed, judging from their extraordinary gestures in the dance, the upturned eye and outstretched arm—apparently in a supplicat-

ing spirit—I have often been disposed to conclude that the poor savages were invoking the mercy and protection of that planet as their “guardian deity.”

The assembling of the tribes was always celebrated by a grand *corroboree*, a species of bestial *bal masqué*. On such occasions they presented a most grotesque and demon-like appearance ; their heads, faces, and bodies, liberally greased, were besmeared alternately with clay and red ochre ; large tufts of bushy twigs were entwined around their ankles, wrists, and waists ; and these completed their toilet. They would then retire in a body to a short distance from the spot selected for the festive scene. At the extreme end of the tabooed space might be seen, squatted in Turkish fashion, the dark “Sultanas” of the respective tribes. When the preliminaries of fire-making and slightly bushing round the sacred spot were completed, forth strode from amidst the group of *fair* ones, looking as if she had untimely risen from the grave, a sorry loquacious old beldame, taunting at the top of her cracked screeching voice some noted warrior for his woman-like cowardice ; in bitter terms challenging him to appear and answer to the charge. The victim of her malice quickly responded to her call ; for, stung to the quick by her foul aspersions, he bounded in fierce rage through the midst of a flaming brushwood fire, proclaiming aloud with frantic gestures his many deeds in war and the exciting chase. When he paused from sheer exhaustion, the lay was taken up by his gentle female admirers. Fired by his savage rhetoric,

they soon turned the tide against his wretched accuser, and in loud and solemn chant recounted and confirmed his heroic career. Their minor tones and monotonous voices they accompanied by playing upon greasy kangaroo rugs, which were rolled up in some peculiar manner so that, when struck by the open hand, the sound resembled that of a muffled drum. Others joined in the rude concert by beating time with two short dried sticks, and that with a precision adapted for an orchestra.

Frequently, upon some inspiring allegretto movement of the thumping band, thirty or forty grim savages would bound successively through the furious flames into the sacred arena, looking like veritable demons on a special visit to *terra firma*, and after thoroughly exhausting themselves, by leaping in imitation of the kangaroo around and through the fire, they vanished in an instant. These were as rapidly succeeded by their lovely gins, who, at a given signal from the beldame speaker, rose *en masse*, and, ranging themselves around the fresh-plied flames in a state unadorned and genuine as imported into this world, contorted their arms, legs, and bodies into attitudes that would shame first-class acrobats. The grand point, however, with each of the well-greased beauties was to scream down her sable sister.

Thus was the savage reunion kept up until one and two o'clock in the morning. On one of these occasions, ere the green curtain was dropped upon the dark gay scene, the black and white auditory were informed by the head warrior, that a "big one fish-spear um" (fish-hunt) would come off on the following morning, after

breakfast, in a shallow salt-water bay bordering on my uncle's farm, not with the object of obtaining food but merely as a matter of sport. Indeed, throughout my hunting experience with the Aborigines, I never saw them capture an edible fish excepting of the shelly species. The task of gathering and cooking the latter description of food devolved entirely upon the gins. The culinary arrangements of those children of nature were most primitive. They lived in happy ignorance of any cooking apparatus save the bright red embers engendered from the wood of their native trees—and certainly the most relishable mode of preparing meats for human food.

But now to the promised fish-hunt. The ray is termed in the colonies the "stinging ray," from its possessing a barbed spear-bone, which frequently attains the length of twelve or fifteen inches, and is placed at the extremity of the vertebræ, extending downwards in a line with the fleshy tail. This fish is of the skate species, and has been caught as large as three feet and a half wide, by five feet long. It buries itself in the sand, and when trodden upon has been known to strike its barbed weapon quite through the calf of a man's leg, inflicting a wound from which death of a most painful character has ensued.

The locality chosen for the sport was called Sweet Water Bay. At high water, its greatest depth did not exceed three feet for upwards of one-third of a mile from shore. With the rise of the tide, its waters literally teemed with the dangerous ray-fish.

The preparation for the onslaught upon the finny monsters commenced by simultaneous entry into the water of the whole assembled tribes, men, women, and children, numbering upwards of 300, who, dividing, entered at two different points, distant from each other about 250 yards, and continued to wade out until they had formed themselves into a half-circle; then, with their long heavy sticks furiously beating the water, accompanied with frantic yells and other unearthly sounds, they generally succeeded in retaining within the goal numbers of the dreaded fish. The serried cordon having so far completed their work, a few of the most active and skilful young savages, each armed with the keen-edged tomahawk and two heavy barbed spears, boldly entered the scene of action.

Quickly discovering their devoted prey, they cast the deadly weapon; the awkward fish, writhing and plunging, darted along the surface of the water, lashing its tail and throwing up its own serrated spear-bone, as if to scare the unseen enemy. But the firmly-planted spear once grasped by the muscular hand of the excited hunter, the victim was soon hauled to shore and finally despatched. Not unfrequently, however, have I seen the ray effect its escape through the cordon of natives, carrying with it the spear with which it was transfixed.

After having satisfied their warrior-propensities by destroying numbers of those dangerous creatures, the hunters would retire to their camp-fires and regale themselves upon the usual coast-fare, oysters and steaming opossum.

The natural food of the opossum is the tendrils of the gum and peppermint, and its flesh tastes so powerfully of the highly-scented foliage of the latter tree that it seems as if soaked in pennyroyal-water.

The Aborigines possessed the faculty of tracing the foot-prints of men and animals to an extraordinary degree. Frequently I have enlisted a sharp-eyed native in search of strayed sheep. The invitation to hot mutton-chops, tea, and damper, before break of day, was always most punctually accepted by my dark-skinned friend Beenac, who invariably finished up with the short-winded remark, from his pent-up lungs, of "Ah! ah! berry good, Mitter Looyed, plendy big one belly pull me; 'im go well now." By the first gleam of morn—generally so clear and beautiful in that favoured climate for at least eight months of the year—we had traversed miles of hills, green forests, and fields of blooming heatherbell: our ears and eyes strained to the nicest point, listening to catch the early bleat, and scanning with anxious gaze every inch of rock or sward and each tender twig passed in our course. Suddenly the galvanic exclamation, "Wah! wah!" would imply traces of the wandering sheep—so slight, however, as to be almost invisible even to my practised eye, but so obvious to my aboriginal companion that he could instantly declare the hour of the night or morning on which the impression had been made. Once found, he would follow on their track at a quick-march pace—no matter what description of country the animals might have travelled over—until,

lo! to my great joy, there stood the truants, perched on the very summit of some rocky, sugar-loaf-shaped hill, gazing at us as if in perfect astonishment at having been discovered in such a capital hiding-place.

Such, indeed, was the skill of the natives in tracing foot-prints, that during the eventful days of Bush-ranging, of which I shall speak hereafter, the Government employed several of them as mounted police. In that capacity they were of infinite value; for, verily, the poor prisoner who by absconding vainly hoped to better his condition, was generally so hotly and perseveringly pursued by those black *gens d'armes* that he was either soon captured or, in despair of escaping, surrendered at discretion.

The unfortunate reception of the Aborigines in 1803, by an inconsiderate commander intrusted with the first settlement of the colony, was a fatal and most unpardonable mistake.

At the first interview with the Europeans the natives evinced the most friendly disposition towards the strange intruders, and would doubtless have continued to entertain the same amicable feeling had the Government selected an officer of ordinary humanity, prudence, and foresight for so critical a mission as the founding of a new colony.

A few days after the arrival of the commandant and his staff, a large body of natives—men, women, and children, to the number of about one hundred and fifty—approached the new-comers, holding branches

in their hands and making signs of their peaceful intentions.

Though the olive-branch was thus held out to him, the commandant, fearing to trust a race too truthfully famed for unscrupulous treachery, imperatively insisted upon their immediate departure from the vicinity of his camp. But all to no purpose; angry words and violent gestures were alike unheeded, most probably from being beyond their comprehension.

Little dreaming of danger, and apparently discrediting the idea that the white strangers could desire them to retire from the shores of their own little bay—whose waters, their natural inheritance from time immemorial, had ever afforded them abundance of food—the poor untutored and confiding children of the wood not only displayed little disposition to comply, but commenced preparations for the encampment of their tribe near to an adjoining water-hole of the Restdown Creek. Upon the commandant observing this, the troops were ordered to arms and most unpardonably directed to open fire upon the unoffending natives.

By that cruel and impolitic act the link of friendship was rashly severed, never again to be reunited.

Time and considerate kindness partially healed the wound, and for a few years the settlers and their sable neighbours lived upon tolerable though very questionable terms of friendship; but such an auspicious programme was not long in store for the colonist who had planted his isolated home in the back forest. In the

year 1818, an expatriated native of Sydney, known by the appropriate name of "Mosquito," and who valued the life of his fellow-man at a less price than the hatchet with which he brained him, was by a mistaken act of lenity transported to Tasmania as a punishment for his manifold murders. On his arrival, he was let loose to try his crimsoned hand in a new sphere.

The tendencies of his youth and the promptings of his demoniac nature soon determined his course of action. Though clothed and liberally provided with food by the authorities, he preferred his savage and erratic habits. He was erroneously permitted to join the Oyster Bay tribe; and much bloodshed on both sides was the result. Mosquito being a tall powerful man, the tribe unanimously elected him their chief; and two of their most comely maidens became his wedded slaves.

The poor deluded Aborigines little suspected that in his election they had laid the foundation for themselves of a reckless career of terror and bloodshed—and, as a sure consequence, their more speedy destruction.

Mosquito governed them with a rod of iron, punishing the slightest disobedience with the glistening tomahawk—severing wrists, arms, and skulls, with heroic *sang froid*. From this time may be dated the recommencement of rankling hostility between the Aborigines and the Europeans.

It must nevertheless be recorded, in mitigation of the

dark deeds of the blacks, that the thoughtless conduct of the farm-servants, stock-keepers, and others, in their immoralities with the "gins," embittered in the native mind a sense of wrong already unendurable.

Prompted by Mosquito, the natives commenced an artful system of depredation upon the crops and other portable goods of the settlers; potatoes were rooted up and carried off by the hundredweight; whilst the cunning fellows re-arranged the ridges so neatly as to hide all appearance of their having been disturbed, erasing their footmarks also with brushwood as they retired. In this manner many industrious farmers found themselves most unaccountably mistaken in the estimate of their crops.

A series of successes, however, produced a lack of ordinary caution. Observing, one fine summer's evening, the well-known column of smoke peculiar to native fires rising and spreading up the steep sides of our sugar-loaf hill, upon a green bank of which was a small spring of sweet water, I determined on paying my respects to our black friends during the night. Accordingly, at ten o'clock, shouldering my gun and summoning my faithful well-trained lurcher to my side, I set out. On arriving within seventy or eighty yards of their encampment, I discovered them all so deeply occupied, that by stealing behind trees and bushes I contrived to come upon them as if by magic. If the blacks had possessed a spark of "white" in their composition they would most certainly have displayed it on that occasion; all seemed paralysed at my

sudden appearance—but there was no change of colour visible.

The savage demeanour of Mosquito, the chief, seconded by the wily grins of his grim warriors, made me feel that I had put my foot into a hornet's nest. But I was a bold little fellow; so, loudly clicking the hammer of my gun—that the music might strike their quick ears—I cast my eyes around the illuminated space, and at once solved the enigma why my uncle's potato crop fell so far short of a fair estimate. At every separate brushwood enclosure, the most approved method of cooking that farinaceous production, roasting, was being carried out upon a most extensive scale. No less than twenty-three fires were well stocked with that esculent, each potato steaming and cracking its skin so invitingly that, to the evident relief of the black robbers, I was induced to taste, and for three other very forcible reasons to join in the feast with seeming feelings of pleasure: first, from motives of policy, lest I might be treated to a fractured skull; secondly, to baffle suspicion; and finally, because a roasted potato on a cold night is no bad thing, even though it be stolen and without salt, as in that instance.

The savages, to the number of 165, appeared to enjoy the entertainment exceedingly. They did not require butter and salt, to induce them to lay in a sufficient supply (as Dugald Dalgetty once remarked) “for three days provant,” for they positively ate until, like overfed pigs, they hesitated to move

even from the scorching fire. After quietly reconnoitring the whole native encampment and ascertaining that their commissariat department was abundantly stocked with our lost potatoes, I bade them good night and pleasant dreams; not forgetting, during my walk home through the dark gloom of the Bush, to scan with searching glance every tree that lay in my route, fearful of treacherous spears and tomahawks.

On my reaching home, our available forces were speedily mustered and we set out under my worthy uncle, who, sword in hand, was boiling over with indignation at the ingratitude of the blacks in return for his great liberality towards them. Stealthily advancing under cover of a steep bank, we took their camp by a *coup de main*; when our farm-servants, who had been suspected as the thieves, belaboured the flying savages with their flaying stock and long bullock whips, to their hearts' content. One or two, moreover, received a slight token of disapprobation behind, from coming into contact with the point of some instrument sharper than an ordinary stick.

Great was the confusion, as may be easily imagined; but, having on a pitch-dark night to deal with adversaries of a still darker hue, we made but one male prisoner. One of the arrangements for the assault was, that each of our party should be provided with an empty sack for deporting to the homestead any stolen property that might be recovered; seven half-sacks of fine grown red potatoes were allotted to as many of our men, together with missing axes, tomahawks, and

a host of sundries; whilst a well-filled sack was firmly tied to the brawny shoulders of the prisoner, who, to prove his oft-repeated assertion that it was "blendy too big one bag," took the liberty of lying down at every twenty yards. Knowing how utterly useless it would be to arraign him at the local bar of justice before the burly official from Yorkshire, Mr. James Gordon—who knew no law or precedent as to petty larceny committed by irresponsible savages—it was resolved to adopt the more summary process of Mr. Lynch. A slip-knot, skilfully arranged by one of our men who had himself narrowly escaped a similar fate, was thereupon coolly circled round the neck of the terror-stricken culprit, and the other end having been passed over the branch of a tree, a serious lecture was read to him in his own tongue as to the certain results of his predatory career—the homily being enforced by sundry significant tugs at the rope. This serio-comic performance was of short duration, the prisoner being of course relieved of his uncomfortable necklace, respited, and finally discharged; upon which he took to his heels and never made his appearance again on our farm. As I deem it better to diversify the relation of my reminiscences, I shall postpone to another chapter further reference to the Aborigines and the terror which their bloodstained career spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

CHAPTER V.

NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF TASMANIA.

EXCEPT the crow, the lark, and the gray quail, there is not a single animal, Bird, Fish, or Reptile, indigenous to the Tasmanian and Australian colonies, that displays the least similarity to those of Europe.

As a general rule, the edible fish found in those Antipodean waters are inferior in quality as compared with those caught in the home fishing-grounds. The "trumpeter" of Tasmania, however, and the "snapper" and "sand mullet" of Victoria, form noble exceptions to the rule of inferiority; indeed, their singularly agreeable flavour would doubtless gratify the appetite of the most critical connoisseur.

For grotesque shape and admirable ugliness of visage, the non-edible fish found along the shores of the colonies may fearlessly challenge those of any other country under the sun. Amongst their various classes may be found caricature likenesses of many members of the terrestrial creation, from the physiognomy of man down to that of the lowest quadruped.

It may perhaps be considered superfluous to attempt a re-description here of animated nature in Tasmania;

but as natural history is always more or less amusing and edifying, and as, from my having lived in the Bush so many years, I am practically familiar with the form and peculiarities of every bird, reptile, and animal indigenous to that country, I will venture briefly to touch upon so interesting a subject. Of that beautiful and singular creature the kangaroo everybody knows somewhat now-a-days; yet in reality how little is known of its specialities. Truly in this animal we behold every possible opposite to the general order of created things.

First, however, let me trespass upon the patience of the amiable reader, whilst I relate my "adventures in search of a kangaroo," in London. Shortly after my arrival there, in the year 1853, I received a commission from the municipal corporation of Geelong, Victoria, to obtain an iron tower, suitable for the placing and reception of a handsome town-clock, value £200, "presented by Mr. James Austin, on his retirement from the mayoralty."

I determined to adorn the column with the figure of a kangaroo in gilded metal; but, to represent the extraordinarily-shaped animal upon paper, "there was the rub!" The worthy men of curves, straight lines, and angles—clever as they were to a degree in designing the tower—produced such wonderful specimens of unknown phenomena, as threw our poor indigenous curiosity quite into the shade. Not being sufficiently master of the pencil to draw the required animal to a nicety, I visited innumerable book and picture shops,

in the hope of setting the knotty point at rest, by purchasing a pictorial representation of one. "Have you a good print of a kangaroo?" demanded I. "Um! well! I really don't know, sir, but I'll see. What's it like, sir?" "Why it's like no other animal but itself," was my reply, "unless you could affix a long twenty-five pound tail to a half-grown fawn, and cause it to sit upon its new appendage in a bolt upright position." "Oh, Mr. Sharp!" exclaimed the young master, "Step forward: have we a picture of an animal sitting on its tail?" "Sitting on its tail, sir! oh, yes, sir! scores of them!" "Find some for this gentleman." Sundry portfolios were immediately searched, when suddenly Mr. S. announced in a loud self-approving tone, "Here they are, sir!" producing, in the same breath, to my great disgust at so unpardonable a libel, a packet of lusty old orang-otangs! Seeing that Mr. Sharp was not amiably disposed at my risible reception of his monkey pictures, I felt called upon to draw a kangaroo as well as I could for his special edification; when, on my exhibiting a rough sketch of the animal, all present burst into peals of laughter at Mr. Sharp's boasted knowledge of natural history.

Despairing, however, from this time, of obtaining a true picture of the graceful creature, I returned home, and after destroying several sheets of card-board and double-milled foolscap, I succeeded in tracing out a tolerable representation of the animal adopted in our colonial heraldic crest—not an orang-otang, but a

noble forest kangaroo. But the architect draftsman—after all my trouble, anxious to please no doubt—took the liberty of coiling the tail, unpliant as a weaver's beam, several times round the shaft-iron; which tail I caused to be rubbed out—never having met with a ring-tailed kangaroo.

There are various kinds of this beautiful and useful animal; first in the list stands the fine forest kangaroo, so called from its frequenting the open park grounds. In colour it is of a light grayish brown, somewhat resembling a leveret, but it is shorter furred. They congregate in flocks, varying in number from fifteen to thirty, but are more frequently met with in threes and fours, which may be accounted for by the quarrelsome disposition of the males, who, when worsted in battle, with split ears and excoriated skins, usually retire from the main flock, and are generally followed by two or three kind sympathising maiden does. The kangaroo, like most wild animals, conceals itself during the day, and comes out through the night. Its food is the broad sweet-leaved grass which takes its name. It also browses upon herbs and the tendrils of young gum-trees. When erect, the kangaroo, with its conical shaped body, presents an exceedingly graceful appearance, but I cannot bestow upon it the same amount of admiration when in the act of depasturing; since, whilst its nether parts are supported on the hind legs and tail, the animal, bending its fore-quarters to the ground and resting on its short five-clawed paws, thus feeds—propelling itself forward at will, by means of its

enormous muscular tail, presenting at such moments the most ludicrous and inelegant appearance imaginable. Its dental formation approaches that of the hare or rabbit. In disposition nothing can excel its docility and good temper. When young, it is easily tamed, and will follow its master, on foot or horseback, to any distance.

The male forest kangaroo, when full grown, is termed a "Boomah."* I have met with them measuring, when sitting in their natural upright position, as much as five feet six inches in height; but when excited or fighting, they can raise themselves nearly to seven feet and a half high. The flesh of the boomah is extremely tough and coarse-grained, but nevertheless is full of rich brown gravy, and certainly makes most delicious soup; so also does its nether appendage, which, from its containing a considerable quantity of glutinous matter, bears a great resemblance to, but far outrivals in quality, the celebrated ox-tail. If you wish to escape a bore, never ask an old Bushman if he admires kangaroo-tail soup, for most assuredly, upon the mere mention of such a tasty text, he will go off into an ecstasy, and entertain you with so elaborate a dissertation in its praise as will teach you to avoid such questions in future.

I recollect having read, in *Household Words*, the narrative entitled "A Day of Terror in Victoria," called "Black Thursday," which certainly seemed to portend the speedy dissolution of all terrestrial things.

* Native name.

Amongst other matters, the writer remarks, "How delicious is a steak cut from the hind quarter of a boomah kangaroo!" I am extremely sorry at having to differ from him in such an assertion. The major part of the events he has there recorded in connection with that fearful day are true; but the narrator should have remembered, that the tale would certainly be perused by old practical colonists, who can not only read, but, having from necessity partaken largely of the *delicious* viands in question, will bear me out in the counter-statement, that, so far from its being of a palatable nature, it is a well-authenticated fact, that the rumpsteak of a boomah kangaroo would set at defiance the best masticating powers of any ordinary human being, and might be put in happy comparison with a slice cut from a similar part of a wild bull.

The physical power of the boomah is very considerable. When hunting them, I have witnessed my finest and most powerful dog (a cross of the stag and grey hound), firmly clutched in the animal's short muscular fore-arms; and before I could come up to the rescue, the poor dog's chest and side were fairly ripped open by the cutting claw of his antagonist's hind-leg. To perform this feat, the kangaroo falls on its side, having thus full command of its muscular limbs; it then draws them close up to its stomach and chest, still holding the dog, and then strikes out with fearful effect.

When chased, the boomah invariably seeks refuge in some lake or water-hole; instinct teaching the animal the great advantage it possesses from its superior

height over every quadrupedal adversary. The last one I killed was in Victoria, in a small fresh-water lagoon, near the great salt-water Lake Korangamyte. The boomah jumped into it until he had reached the depth of four feet, and my two dogs boldly sprang in after him. On reaching the kangaroo, he dexterously plied his powerful arms, and ducked his assailants alternately, until he had half-drowned one of them, called "Eightpence" (his original cost), who had only strength enough left to reach the shore. He then embraced the other, and a mortal struggle ensued, which unfortunately resulted in poor Spring's reaching the bank with his left shoulder literally severed from his body. Upon seeing this, my wrath was kindled, and fastening my horse to a branch, I instantly waded into the water. The dog "Eightpence," on witnessing my intention, took fresh courage, and again flew to the attack. On my nearing the boomah, he raised himself to his full height, and sprang towards me with distended jaws and outstretched arms; but the dog having at this critical moment created a diversion by a nip in the rear, I seized the left arm of the animal, and, with a well-told blow at the back of his ears with my wild-dog-killing club, settled all further dispute; dragged the prey to shore; skinned the fore-parts as far as the loins, and placing the ponderous hind-quarters with great difficulty upon the shoulders of the horse—after a quarter of an hour's hard work—I managed to scramble into the saddle, and soon arrived with my booty at Lake Colac, on the borders of which was my

sheep-station. Curiosity prompted me to hang the cumbersome hind parts of the animal on the steelyards, when, to the astonishment of us all, it turned the pea at ninety-two pounds; being the largest boomah we had ever seen or caught. Its massive tail, at the butt or root, measured twenty-two inches round, gradually tapered to the extremity, and measured forty inches in length. The skin underneath the tail is usually so thick and horny as to afford a valuable substitute for shoes, commonly called mocassins, which, in the Bush, when far away from the sons of St. Crispin, we were only too glad to wear.

The method of running by a succession of flying leaps affords the kangaroo great advantage in clearing the holes and thick underwood, which offer great obstruction to the speed of hounds. I have frequently measured several successive leaps of a boomah on a slight declivity, and found them to average the almost incredible length of thirty feet each, bounding at the same time, over branches and dead trees, to the height of five and six feet with perfect ease.

So numerous were these animals in the early days of Tasmania, up to the years 1822 and 1823, that an Irish gentleman, Mr. John de Courcy Hart, a settler at Oyster Bay, maintained a large pig establishment—numbering upwards of 300—upon potatoes mixed with kangaroo soup and bouilli. This circumstance I remember, from having, when on a visit to him, personally enjoyed the pleasures of the chase for the noble purpose of feeding swine.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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69

Thousands upon thousands of those beautiful and harmless animals were hunted throughout the colony of Tasmania for their skins alone, which were either tanned for use in the country or exported to England, and were worth, in the raw state, from 1s. 9d. to 2s. per skin. There are five distinct species of kangaroo, varying both as to size, shape, and colour. That kind which frequents the open forest lands I have already described.

The brush kangaroo, so called from its inhabiting country abounding in heath and ferny scrubs, is in colour of a dark iron gray, and is much smaller than the forester. The largest buck I ever saw of this kind did not exceed two feet three inches in height when sitting erect, and the hind quarters weighed only twenty-eight pounds. This is the species which stands in such high reputation, and is so much prized amongst connoisseurs. From its flesh, which is of a dark brown colour, full of rich gravy, and, when well kept, deliciously tender and palatable, is produced that very celebrated and most savoury dish, known as "a steamer." It is made of the meat well minced, to which are added a few slices of fat bacon, pepper, salt, and onions; and cooked by stewing in its own juice. The skin of this kind is also of greater value in the manufacture of dress boots, &c. The fine sinews of its tail are much used in the sewing of skin rugs, being of an almost imperishable nature.

Next comes the Wallabee kangaroo, which, from its remarkable beauty and symmetry, I have always con-

sidered bears the same degree of comparison with the other species, as does the beautiful gazelle with the various classes of its kind. The height of this graceful little animal when erect does not exceed fifteen inches; but the colour of the fur is not so agreeable to the eye as its form, being of a chocolate or indefinite brown cast.

The flesh of the wallabee does not possess the same juicy richness as that of the two first-named species, but is nevertheless of an extremely delicate and unexceptionable character. This description of kangaroo is met with only in the most secluded dells, overgrown with scrub and copsewood; but always on the banks or in the vicinity of some rivulet. The well-furred skin of the wallabee is more valuable than all others for the manufacture of large sleeping rugs, in the folds of which the tired bushman wraps himself at night, and bids defiance to cold and dew.

The species I am now about to describe is shamefully libelled by the epithet of the "forest kangaroo rat." It frequents the open park lands, and is equal in size to a rabbit. This class is of a similar shape and colour, and is in fact a miniature representation of its more noble archetype, the boomah, with the trifling exception that the head and ears are proportionally shorter, and its tail is longer (with bushy hair at the extremity). Its flesh resembles that of a rabbit in every particular.

Fifthly, and lastly, comes the "brush kangaroo rat." Certainly it is not so admirable a miniature represen-

tative of the animal from which it derives its name, as its little compeer of the forest; but in every respect—in its squat shape, its food, habits, and places of habitation—it is a true exemplar of the brush kangaroo, except that its colour is of a dingy brown.

White albino kangaroos* have been caught, but they can be regarded only as a mere freak of nature. There is also found in some parts of Australia a species of yellow-haired kangaroo.

I must not omit this opportunity of correcting an erroneous impression current, in reference to the massive tail of the kangaroo. That unwieldy member is evidently given to the animal to enable it to keep its equilibrium when sitting erect, and to act as an equipoise to the upper portion of its body, when in the act of grazing; at such times performing the office of a propeller. So far from affording any assistance to the animal when at full speed—as is generally supposed—the tail never by any chance touches the ground, unless it be the very extremity at the termination of each leap.

But the most wonderful fact in connexion with the natural history of the kangaroo is the little inconvenience attending the duties of maternity.

Not being sufficiently versed in, nor desirous to entertain my readers with an elaborate detail of minutiae bearing upon the delicate avocation of an accoucheur or *sage femme*, I have neglected to charge my memory with the ordinary professional hard words essential to a scientific description of so important an

* Red eyed.

event as an accouchement. In touching, however, upon so interesting and tender a subject, I will endeavour to enumerate the several particulars as delicately as a truthful relation of facts will permit.

It is well known that the female or doe of the kangaroo has a large pouch attached to the exterior of the abdomen, which is so well screened from casual observation by an overgrowth of soft white furry hair, that we used to term it "Joey's hidden sanctuary." In this original and elastic asylum the mother carries her young one, until it has arrived at maturity.

How many times, on my hunting excursions, have I painfully witnessed the poor doe—when hard pressed by the hounds—hastily pull from her pouch the almost hairless, and utterly helpless little Joey (as its offspring is called), and cast it, whilst at full speed, into a tuft of high grass, or clump of thick fern-plants, as the last resource whereby to save herself from the ruthless fangs of her hungry pursuers! And hundreds of times have I seen our magnanimous dogs spring over the Joeys, as if such puny prey were unworthy of their notice, and continue in hot pursuit of the poor panting mother; who, if so fortunate as to outstrip the hounds, in one hour's time would instinctively return to the spot where she had left her young one; and, on recovering her dear Joey, would hurriedly replace it in its sanctuary, and retire far away amidst the hills and valleys for many successive weeks.

But Master Joey is frequently captured by the huntsman, reared up by hand, and invested with a

bright scarlet collar, to distinguish him from his uncivilized brethren. I brought up one, which formed a great source of mirth and admiration to us all. To witness gentle unsophisticated Joey turn out of his warm crib at daylight, and join the hounds and half a dozen huntsmen, displaying his great agility and delight by clearing dogs, buckets, and iron pots at a single bound, added considerably to the fun and good-humoured witticisms which always enliven an early hunting party, even in the green forests of the Antipodes. In the heat of the chase, gentle Joey—arrived at the age of two years—could keep pace with the swiftest of our pack: invariably took his place leaping in the midst of them, and was always in at the death.

But now as to the singularly happy manner in which Joey is brought into the world.

The kangaroo has two teats, which are situate within the *marsupium* or pouch. Soon after conception, a small fleshy excrescence, resembling an ordinary wart, is observable, adhering to the extremity of one of the nipples. However incredible it may appear to the sceptical reader, it is nevertheless a remarkable and incontrovertible fact, that the little shapeless pimple—as I may truthfully term it—is in reality no other than the Joey kangaroo in its truly wonderful and peculiar embryo state. I have killed hundreds, I may say thousands, of kangaroos, dressed them, and seen the young in the pouch, and there only, in all its stages; and notwithstanding that I have read the opinion of that eminent naturalist, Professor Owen, as recorded in the Penny Cyclopædia, in reference to

the birth of Master Joey at the expiration of thirty-nine days, &c., I must repeat in all submission, that I never saw a Joey in its primitive state elsewhere than in the marsupium. But to return to my description of the young one in its unfinished state.

When this *lusus naturæ* begins to assume the slightest approach to shape, you may distinctly observe the mouth as it were hermetically attached to the teat, from which it could be severed only by violence. Thus it is generated, and thus it vegetates, until nature having perfected each member releases it from the nipple, when it may fairly be announced to its leaping compeers, that another Joey kangaroo has been born. It continues, however, as I have before remarked, to inhabit its snug quarters, jumping in and out of the marsupial abode at discretion, until it has learnt the art of bounding, providing for, and taking care of itself.

The opossum and bandicoot tribe generate their young in the same peculiar manner, but are more prolific, having generally two at a birth: whilst the kangaroo has never more than one annually. From this circumstance, added to the fact that every bushman kept his couple of fast dogs, and hunted the kangaroo mainly for the value of its skin, it has resulted that this noble and useful creature is now rarely to be met with in the settled districts.

Tasmania cannot boast of possessing a large variety of quadrupeds; there is one, however, significantly termed the "Devil," of which I have killed numbers. It is in size equal to a short-legged terrier, its skin is

nearly equal in thickness to that of a pig, and is covered with coarse jet-black hair; it is of the bear species, and possesses a power of jaw scarcely inferior to that of the bull-dog. This repulsive-looking creature truly deserves its satanic cognomen, as it certainly "plays the deuce" with lambs, cocks, hens, geese, and all such innocent and easy prey.

The two little animals called the native and tiger cats, are of the pole-cat species, minus the disagreeable odour. The colour of the first is light brown, with white spots interspersed over the whole body. That of the latter and larger animal is grizzly brown, with a few black stripes over the back. Both are extremely destructive in their nocturnal visits to the poultry department.

There is also a meagre specimen of the porcupine, scarcely worthy of the name, approaching nearer to the hedgehog. It is found in rocky, mountainous localities. In colour it is of a russet black, and is equal in size to the last-named animal.

The Wombat, a species of badger, of a grayish-brown colour, is generally so inconveniently fat as to render escape impossible, if discovered in open ground. They are clumsy-running creatures, and are sometimes caught of fifty pounds weight. The wombat is less numerous in Tasmania than in the sister-country. Situate upon the sheep-station which I selected for my little flock, at Lake Colac, in 1837, there was located a very numerous colony of these animals. The entrance to each dwelling-place was first prepared by digging a large conical-shaped pit, from

about four to five feet deep, and five to seven feet in diameter at the surface. A hole formed at the bottom of the pit, always under a flat shelving rock, was the place of entry to this domicile; from which they sallied forth in flocks during the night in quest of food. Riding over this part of the sheep-station at any other pace than a walk, was utterly impracticable, as one of my Bush friends once found, to his great edification, when he and his gallant steed suddenly vanished from our sight by falling into one of those inverted cones. This community of wombats occupied at least three and a half square miles of my first station, comprised in part of the stony rises, described in my notes on Victoria.

The Van Diemonian tiger has no resemblance whatever to the royal Bengal animal, beyond having a few stripes across its back. It approaches rather to the wolf and hyena kind, and is about the size of those ravenous creatures, but with legs shorter in proportion to its body. The species is not very numerous, and is but seldom seen. The native tiger occasionally makes an attack upon the neighbouring flocks, and will destroy three or four sheep at one visit. It always flies from the presence of man; indeed, it is very remarkable that neither in Tasmania nor in Australia does there exist a quadruped of a character dangerous to mankind. Consequently, the Bush traveller bivouacs in any and every locality, and sleeps and wakes in perfect security.

With the exception of a few water-rats, and a small description of otter, with a skin yellow under the

stomach, and a slight cast of the same colour mingled with a bluish gray over the rest of the body, I know of no other animal in Tasmania, excepting the Sloth and that wonder of nature, the *Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus*, or Platypus. This animal is oviparous, yet, singular to say, suckles its young. It is of a brownish-black colour, and in shape resembles a small otter, of which it is a species, varying, however, in the very material point, that it possesses the head and bill of a duck. It is amphibious, and to be found only in fresh-water creeks and rivers. From the rapidity with which they dive, it is a difficult matter to shoot one of those animal-ducks, as we used to term them. The platypus is armed with a spur on the foot, which contains a poisonous liquid. The Emu of Tasmania, as I have before stated, is much smaller and darker in plumage than that of Australia; but, never very numerous there, that noble bird is now nearly extinct.

The scaly, grim-looking, four-footed reptile, the Goanna, or Gwana, is of a dull green colour, traversed with black angular stripes. It sometimes attains to the length of fifteen inches by five inches round the body. Like the snake tribe, it is ovoviviparous. I have every reason to believe that the gwana gives ingress and egress to its offspring, by the inviting process of opening its blue-coloured mouth. Immediately upon the approach of danger, it is said that the juveniles spring down the mother's throat with uncommon rapidity; and that they seek refuge in that

matronly asylum until they have grown to be so inconveniently large, as to make such arrangements objectionable.

The gwana possesses great courage; on being attacked it opens its wide mouth, and, with a low hissing noise, displaying its dark-blue quivering tongue, will savagely seize the barrel of a gun, and firmly retain its grip whilst carried, thus suspended, to the distance of a hundred yards. From my dog having been bitten several times by them unattended with any prejudicial effect, I can safely affirm that the gwana is not venomous. Their food is frogs, grasshoppers, and sundry other insects; and their place of abode is generally amidst rocks, logs, and dead timber; they are also found in the open forest lands and country covered with heath scrubs.

If in Tasmania no indigenous quadruped exists destructive to man, unfortunately it is not the case with the finny tigers of its waters. The shallow lake of the Pittwater, whilst it abounds with edible fish, abounds also with sharks of a most peculiar and ravenous nature. Of their qualifications in the latter respect I can speak with only too much certainty, from having once been an eye-witness to a scene of the most painful and exciting character.

In those primitive times, almost every particle of lime used in the colony was obtained by burning oyster-shells, firmly knit beds of which were discovered on the bay shores of my uncle's farm, to the extent of one chain (twenty-two yards) from high

water-mark, and varying in depth from six to eight feet, imbedded in rich black sandy loam.

I must here claim to be excused for digressing from the narrative I purpose to relate of the shark for a few moments, in order to record an idea that occurs to my mind, originating in the discovery of those dense and extensive deposits to which I have alluded. On closely examining the oyster-shells, there was nothing to indicate their having been thrown up by any volcanic agency or extraordinary action of the sea; on the contrary, they were promiscuously mixed together like to those opened at an oyster-eating rendezvous; thus affording incontrovertible evidence, in my humble opinion, that Tasmania has been peopled from time immemorial; and many other places along the shores of that colony exhibit the same proofs in support of such a suggestion.

The Aborigines, on visiting those localities, existed mainly on shell-fish, of which, as I have before remarked, there was ever an abundant supply. The banks wherein those large deposits of shells were found, are fifteen to twenty feet above the level of the sea; and many an oyster-roasting feast have I gladly joined in with the natives, on those very spots, whereon their ancestors must have revelled in like *réunions* for ages past.

But now I will return to the subject of the shark. Upon one occasion, whilst occupied in superintending the work appointed to four of our men, who were employed in erecting a temporary kiln and collecting

shells to burn into lime, at Sweet-Water Point, I observed three men—partly undressed—enter into the wide shallow sheet of water, which separated us from the opposite shore. Each was provided with a sack, evidently to be filled with oysters, of which they were in search. For a considerable distance the depth did not exceed one foot, but imperceptibly deepened by a few inches, as they approached the narrow channel, which at that spot was about 100 yards in width, and five to eight feet deep. Not having been very successful in their collection of shell-fish, one man, more courageous than his companions, with a loud *cooë* notified his intention to swim over, get some of our oysters, and tell us the last news of the Bushrangers. He was, however, earnestly cautioned against entering the channel, by our lime-burners, some of whom had been attacked by a shark, nearly opposite to the spot where he was then standing. The poor fellow—who was called “Amphibious Jack,” from his skill in the art of swimming—declared he had no fear, and that he would come over and bring on his back the few oysters he had collected, saying which, he plunged into the channel. The narrow strait was nearly passed in safety, and the self-approving man, laughing aloud at the alleged danger, was then wading in four feet water, when he was suddenly attacked by two of these ruthless monsters. One of them seized the poor victim by the calf of the leg, and instantly shook him down, whilst the other, in the heat of the desperate struggle, seized the oyster

sack, and bore it off in triumph. The heart-rending cries of the unfortunate sufferer—who was violently and almost hopelessly contending for his life, and was visible above water alternately with the flashing tail of his fierce adversary—were quickly responded to by the lime-burners, who, seeing that the shark had accidentally floundered with his human victim into shallow water, instantly armed themselves with pickaxe, spade, and crowbars, and rushed to the rescue. The finny monster was too deeply engaged to notice his own danger; and notwithstanding that he had severed and devoured the entire calf, he continued to hold the mutilated leg—repeating at every instant the powerful and peculiar jerks which all fish can give in their own element. Added to the blind desperation of the shark; the water, rendered turbid with blood and sand, effectually obscured his vision, and thus favoured the approach of the man with the avenging pickaxe, which, with a hearty curse, and a powerful arm, was sent clean home through the head of the formidable fish. The shark, upon this, instantly released his hold of the almost lifeless man, and escaped into deep water; but with the avenging implement firmly fixed in his broad skull. The poor sufferer was rapidly conveyed to the shore, but the main arteries of the leg were so effectually severed that the scarlet tide of life had finally ebbed; and ere the mangled victim could be conveyed to the shore, the vital spark had fled!

The shark narrative is concluded; and, as I have

started the point of comparison between the works of nature in the Tasmanian and Australian colonies and those of the old country, I must again resume that subject, by attempting a brief description of the feathered tribe. The birds, unlike those of Great Britain and Europe, generally present every variety of beautiful plumage that a happy blending of agreeable colours could possibly combine; exceptions to the rule of deviation exist only in the world-wide crow, the gray quail, and the dull-brown-plumaged lark, whose vocal powers, however, are but a poor apology for the thrilling morning carols of its British rival.

It has been remarked that the great United Kingdom can truly boast of possessing its share of donkeys, biped and quadruped, but has no indigenous bird of the air entitled from its natural and peculiar qualification to be included in the same category. The "laughing jackass" (of Victoria) is about the size of a pigeon, with a speckled gray and drab plumage, an extremely powerful bill, long and hooked in the upper half, and with a singularly large head, too large indeed in proportion to its body, to add beauty to its generally ordinary appearance.

That of Tasmania being too insignificant to notice, I introduce the aërial jackass of Victoria. They are inveterate enemies of the snake tribe, and prey also upon the eggs and young of other birds. No man, however stoical, was ever yet saluted during his peregrinations through the Australian forests by the

ridiculous cachinnations of a pair of laughing jackass birds, without being constrained to join in the exciting chorus. Their infectious and overpowering mirth produces much the same feeling as is experienced by the individual who, at the same time that he expresses an extreme degree of contempt for such exhibitions as Punch and his pugilistic spouse, lingers nevertheless to catch a stealthy glance at the ludicrous performance, and so finds his better nature surprised into a hearty laugh.

The magpie, equal in size to a pigeon, is an extremely sleek and handsome-shaped bird. Its plumage is piebald of a jet-black and snow-white cast, with a moderately short tail. It always carries an air of neatness in its appearance, and walks and struts like a Paris beau fresh from a bandbox. Their peculiar but most melodious note, when congregated to the number of a dozen or more upon the branches of an old dead tree to hail the return of a bright sunny morning, is truly charming.

The plumage of the stately swan of the Antipodes, of a deep glossy black, shows in agreeable contrast with its bright rose-coloured bill. In beauty it far excels its white compeer of Europe. How singular, that under so jetty a covering should be found an undercoating of such magnificent snow-white down! The waters of Lake Sorell and others in the interior, and the Big River at Swan Port, Oyster Bay, are at times literally covered with whole fleets of those graceful birds. On a fine moonlight night—a time

which they invariably choose to perform their evening and midnight flights—although scarcely to be seen, their course may be marked by the concert of soft clarionet tones, with which they seem to delight in filling the air whilst on the wing. How few ladies, who luxuriate in comfortable boas, tippets, and other articles of dress, composed of or adorned with the beautiful snowy down of this noble bird, can be aware of the cruel and most painful process usually adopted for obtaining it in its highest state of perfection! At one period of the year, not only does the swan moult the ordinary feathers of the body, but nature (I presume, taking into account that its special element is water, and that it has therefore ample means of escape from danger and of procuring food) has ordained that the wing-feathers, unlike those of birds of the air, should be shed and renewed also. In the moulting season, men in swift whale-boats pursue and capture the helpless creatures in great numbers, confining them in large pens, where they are kept without food, until reduced to the very last stage of existence. The poor harmless bird is then killed, and so happily freed from the further cruelty of its inhuman gaolers. The noble and graceful black swan is thus barbarously treated, for the purpose of thoroughly exhausting and eradicating every particle of its abundant oily fat from the skin, and thus rendering it easier to clean, and of course all the more valuable.

When we reflect on such things as this, how applicable to the impassive philosophy of human life is that

little text from the most sage of poets, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung!" Look again at "live feathers" and "dead feathers:" who does not know the one to mean the plumage which is annually plucked from the living writhing body of the poor martyr-goose by remorseless housewives, and that feathers thus obtained are considered to possess a greater amount of elasticity than those taken from a dead bird? Doubtless, by the same rule, how much more valuable and natural in appearance would human hair be for wig-making, if plucked out by the roots from the head of a living subject!

There are no singing birds indigenous to Tasmania, with the exception of one little species of titmouse. It is brown-feathered, something like the lark, and has an upright tail; it is found in dry high-grassed marshes. Some of its varied notes are really beautiful, and very similar to those of the canary. Many a time, when traversing Frogmore in the far south, I have been constrained to stop and listen to the thrilling strains of this ugly little bird. "Thus has Dame Nature, in her wisdom, appointed the order of most earthly things." Those birds adorned with exquisitely beautiful plumage in Tasmania, are not only devoid of one agreeable note, but make the woods re-echo with the most discordant tones imaginable. From the lower order of created beings, man learns the lesson that so closely applies to his own more favoured species, namely, that rare beauty, either of face or figure, does not constitute intrinsic worth; but that

mind, manners, and agreeable accomplishments, make the most lasting and indelible impressions on the hearts of lovers, friends, and acquaintances—indeed, on all around, us; whilst for fleeting beauty, unsupported by useful, mental, and other charms, alas! 'tis quickly gone, and with it goes the unction of sweet admiration.

The snake tribe of Tasmania is very numerous, and it is now generally ascertained that every species of this insidious reptile is of the adder kind, varying in size, colour, and different degrees of deadly venom. “As an illustration of the effects of the venom of the black snake, *Naja Porphyriaca*,” remarks Mr. Clement Hodgkinson, C.E., M.B.S., in a letter to the *Argus*, “I beg to state that I was myself very viciously bitten, many years ago, by one of this class; and as my mind was perfectly clear whilst suffering from the effects of the bite, I can describe the symptoms I experienced. I may first mention, that within about a quarter of an hour after I was bitten, some of my aboriginal friends sucked the punctures, which were soon afterwards partially excised and touched with nitric acid. The symptoms experienced were as follow:—First, numbness of the muscles in the vicinity of the bite, but no pain; second, uneasy sensation, similar to that producible by a nauseating dose of tartar emetic; third, partial loss of power in the muscles of the neck; fourth, comparative insensibility of the olfactory nerves to the influence of strong smelling salts; fifth, extreme dimness of sight—when I was in the worse stage—attended with an impression on the

optic nerves of black spots floating before my eyes. Within about three hours after the bite, the foregoing symptoms had disappeared, leaving an uncomfortable sensation of great lassitude, but no pain. If there be any truth in the homœopathic principle of *Similia similibus curantur*, which I doubt, then the application of chloroform would have exercised a beneficial influence on the symptoms of nervous insensibility which I experienced." Fortunately every species of serpent in the colony possesses an inherent dread of man; and, as I have before remarked, flies from his presence with lightning speed, unless the person be so placed as to intercept its flight to the accustomed place of refuge. In the latter case—should the adder be of the large diamond or black kind—it will boldly advance towards the intruder, with its head and neck inflated, shooting out its forked sting-like tongue, and, raising its lithe body in a curve, would certainly leave the marks and effects of its deadly poisonous fangs upon any one who persisted in obstructing its rightful path.

I remember once, whilst tending my uncle's flocks (numbering 1800 sheep) in a locality notorious for the large size and number of snakes to be met with there, that, sauntering on, intent only on the book I was carefully studying, I became suddenly conscious of the proximity of a dangerous neighbour. To hurl Mr. Lindley Murray's verbs, syntax, and prosody at the grim visage waving so gracefully before my eyes, and to spring yards from the spot, was accomplished almost before I was aware of my own performances.

I had intruded upon the tabooed path of a monster diamond snake, so as to obstruct its direct course; the reptile, declining to go round, had advanced towards me unperceived until within three feet of my person, when, presuming that I had no intention to decamp, the snake elevated two-thirds of its body as before described, and with a low hissing noise politely warned me that I stood on forbidden ground. In return for this act of grace, however, I hastily seized a good tough wattle, gave chase, and finally closed his earthly career. He was six feet three inches in length. The battle had ended, when, observing that an eagle was hovering over the scene, and apparently taking great interest in my terrestrial operations, I suspended the lifeless carcass of my late antagonist upon the branch of a dead tree, as an offering to the monarch of the air. He was not long in accepting the proffered boon, for immediately on my retiring to some forty or fifty yards distance, the noble bird swiftly stooped upon his prey, and striking his powerful talons into the body of the scaly reptile, rose with it—writhing and dangling in the air—higher and higher, until he was soon lost to sight amidst the fleecy golden clouds, speeding his way doubtless to feast therewith his ravenous eaglets.

A current impression prevails among bushmen, who profess to be versed in the natural history of the snake, that however much the creature may be battered in the act of destroying it, yet that until the sun shall have set the carcass will retain its vitality. The snake, we know, is extremely tenacious of life; and I

have certainly witnessed on many occasions, in those I have killed — notwithstanding that the head has been cut off, or literally crushed to atoms—that for upwards of six hours afterwards, the body, when touched, would instantly describe several curves, as if in the act of creeping through the grass. During my long sojourn in the colonies, I must have destroyed at least 1000 of those treacherous enemies of man. I was always under the conviction that the diamond adder possessed animal magnetism, and had the power of fascination to a degree beyond any other of its species. Often have I seen a terror-stricken little bird hopping from twig to twig, uttering the most plaintive cries, and twittering its nervous wings in trembling agony; caused, as I have invariably discovered, by the overpowering attractive gaze of a diamond adder. In this opinion I was one day most unmistakably confirmed; for, whilst passing through the locality referred to, for the purpose of hunting the diminutive animal erroneously termed the kangaroo-rat, my favourite highly-trained lurcher, Pat, hearing the well-known alarm call of the ever watchful Mina birds, immediately ran to the spot where they were assembled; curiosity induced me also to hasten to the place. On arriving, I perceived from certain twitchings of Pat's sensitive foot and nose, whenever she touched any doubtful substance in the long grass, that the subtle enemy, the deadly snake, was somewhere in the vicinity, and had been espied by the little Bush police birds—as the minas are termed—and of whom there must have been at least six or seven

hundred, screaming at the top of their voices, and uttering cries of distress from the branches of an adjacent tree. In vain did Pat and I search every clump of grass, dead bush, and black log around us; nothing could be found. At length, however, after quietly watching at a little distance for about ten minutes, from a small hole in the branch of a hollow gum-tree forth peered the grim visage of a very large diamond adder.

Pat's keen eyes discerned the hideous monster first, and rushing towards me in undisguised terror, with bristling hair and standing erect on her hind legs, she showed me the serpent—which had artfully crept up the inside of a tree, the heart of which had been destroyed by Bush-fires. Being some thirty feet below, I was compelled to be a mere spectator, and seeing that the cunning snake was somewhat shy of acting his part before so unwelcome an audience as myself and my intelligent dog Pat, we concealed ourselves behind a clump of thick bushy wattles. Upon our retiring, the serpent regained confidence, and instantly creeping from his dark hiding-place, proceeded to entwine himself around a small branch of the tree; whereon, firmly fixing himself, he uncoiled the upper half of his scaly pliant body, and commenced a series of the most graceful movements imaginable. The poor infatuated minas continued to scream, moan, and flutter round their insidious adversary; gradually drawing nearer and nearer, perching themselves within twelve or fifteen inches of him, with outstanding feathers, and

is cries, and panting as if at the last stage of life, yielded one after another to the tender mercies of the voracious swallow of the horrid reptile, which devoured feathers and all, until he could absolutely hold no

but not the least exciting part of the scene was to come, for the wily mesmerist, though he could find no means to destroy other created things, had not foreseen the possibility of his own destruction. He had satiated his appetite—had revelled in the death-pangs of his poor victims—but, being as he was, he proved his deficiency in military strategy.

Wise generals always see their way clear for retreat before proceeding on an enterprise. Not so the outwitted adder; he had luxuriated to such an extent upon innocent minas that, when desirous of returning to his stronghold, the small aperture through which he had so cleverly squeezed his yielding body, being of the same elastic composition as his own, refused him admittance to his now bloated and over-gorged body.

After repeated trials, however, he became weary of his dilemma, and commenced his descent by wrapping his nether extremity around the lowermost branches and twigs successively, until he had reached the ground; then, swinging, head downwards, apparently in every undecided mood as to the propriety of casting himself to the hard ground beneath, he waved about for several minutes. In the mean time I had rapidly secured three or four good waddies (native throwing sticks) and forthwith commenced a sharp fusillade at the lurking foe. One lucky hit brought him down by a

run, and in the next minute the flock of bereaved minas were deeply avenged.

The lives of many persons, when bitten by an adder, have been saved by the courageous and Samaritan-like devotion of friends, who have immediately sucked the poison from the wound. Such a proceeding may be effected without the slightest danger or chance of suffering to the operator, if due precaution be taken not to allow the venom to come into contact with any sore place; as, in the event of its doing so, the impregnation would be equally fatal to the friend. I remember well a forcible illustration of this, where a very esteemed lady, the wife of a puisne judge, in the early days of the colony, whilst walking out with her children in the suburbs of Hobart Town, was suddenly almost panic-stricken by the sight of a whip-snake fiercely seizing the little bare leg of her youngest son. In her uncontrollable desire to preserve the life of her darling boy, the mother rushed towards him in frantic haste, and applying her lips to the wound, succeeded in saving his life.

In relating incidents connected with these reptiles I must not omit to record the fate of my faithful and inseparable friend Pat, who, after sharing with me the pleasures and dangers of the chase in the wild Bush without intermission for upwards of six years, was at last bitten on the cartilage of the nose, whilst in the act of pulling a wretched adder from its hole, into which it had half entered. Alas for my sagacious and trusty companion, she survived the fatal wound but a very few hours! Shortly after her death, I lost a noble-

and intelligent Newfoundland dog precisely in the same manner.

In proof of the prolific nature of the snake tribe, I will mention, that on one occasion, when conveying the contents of a small corn-rick from the stack-yard to the barn, upon the last sheaf being hastily removed, thinking by so doing to catch mice, a large black adder was discovered coiled up in several folds, and the surrounding space was literally swarming with its diminutive offspring. The reptile, giving a suppressed hiss, opened its capacious jaws; and the young ones rapidly dived down their mamma's elastic throat. The creature was, however, fortunately killed, and no less than twenty-six young serpents were taken out of her.

Although I cannot altogether vouch for the veracity of this assertion, yet I have every reason to believe that, from the man, Francis Juby, having called to my uncle to make haste and witness the extraordinary sight, there may be some truth in it. I certainly once saw, within sixty or seventy yards of my sheep-station at Lake Colac, Victoria, a red whip-snake, as I supposed, with two tails; upon a near approach I observed, on touching it, that one half evinced signs of life, whilst the other was perfectly inanimate. Conceiving that the singular appearance originated in some billing and cooing process peculiar to the adder, I stood for several minutes in passive contemplation; then, cutting a rough stick, thought myself fortunate in having the opportunity of killing two of the most venomous species of adders, as it were, at one blow.

After administering a sufficient number of cuts, I proceeded to detach them, when I found, to my utter astonishment, that the part of the snake which had been swallowed, to about one foot in length, was in a state of decomposition.

As a further proof how numerous these creatures are in Tasmania, in some parts of the Bush, comprising marshes and acres upon acres of small clay water-holes, about three inches deep and five feet in circumference, abounding with frogs, the exuviae (cast skins of the snake) may be met with at almost every fifty yards' distance. These reptiles, however, have been extensively destroyed throughout the settled districts. That excellent lady, the amiable and intelligent partner of poor Sir John Franklin, whilst resident in Van Diemen's Land, became the generous representative of the snake-charming emissary to Ireland of old, the good St. Patrick. Thousands upon thousands of adders were killed, and their heads brought in to Government House to the agent of Lady Franklin, who paid at the rate of one shilling each for them. Although to the readers of natural history the following fact may be well known, yet there are a far greater proportion of persons in the world who are unaware that the deadly venom of the adder is seated at the root of the fangs, which are tubular. Upon the compression of the jaws, in the act of biting, the little bags emit their poisonous contents, which, passing through the tubular fangs, are thus deposited at the very deepest point of the wound.

Whilst upon the subject of adders, I am reminded of a remarkable circumstance, which can be verified, I believe, by hundreds of Tasmanian colonists, and which was related to me by an old friend, upon whose veracity I have every reason to depend.

A few years since, a man announced to the public of Hobart Town that he was desirous of proving the infallibility of his remedy for the bite of an adder before any number of medical gentlemen, or others who might honour him with their patronage, giving them the option of bringing their own adders, or of selecting one from amongst the number he had caught and confined in a large cage. A day being appointed for this novel exhibition, two or three worthy *medicos* assembled at the appointed rendezvous; when the snake-man and his wife—together with their collection of writhing adders—arranged themselves in order upon the platform. The man, having bared his arm, was directed to take out a large vigorous diamond snake, which he did, dexterously seizing it by the back of the head, that its fangs might be duly inspected. The dental arrangement was pronounced perfect; upon which the snake-man, firmly grasping the serpent by the tail, released his hold of the head. The reptile now coiled and tightened himself round the bare arm, inflating his broad head to double its size, and darted about with demoniacal fury. In less than one minute, however, it savagely seized upon a portion of flesh below the elbow, and inflicted four distinct wounds, from each of which issued one or two

small drops of blood. The man again caught the adder by the back of the head, and replaced it in the cage with the others.

Now came the anxious and exciting moment. The spectators were moved with a feeling of regret, and deeply reproached themselves with having consented, and encouraged the poor victim to the commission of a suicidal act. Two, three, five long anxious minutes elapsed: at length the man grew pale, nervous, and languid, and presented an indescribable appearance of vacant stupor and giddiness, from the effects of which he soon fell to the floor. Immediately upon that ensued a series of fearful convulsions, heaving of the chest, frothing of the mouth, and stiffening of the limbs, the wife standing all this time by his side perfectly unconcerned. The consternation, however, became so intense at last that the doctors, dreading the consequences, rushed around the suffering man, to see if they could devise some means of saving his life, and strenuously urged and implored the woman, if she really possessed the alleged remedy, instantly to apply it. Yielding to their request, she proceeded to untie his cravat, then, opening his waistcoat, and baring his broad chest, she vigorously applied some oily-looking fluid, alternately to the wound, the throat, and the heaving breast, when, after about ten minutes' hard rubbing, to the utter amazement of the spectators, the resuscitated man, evidently much enfeebled, rose to his feet, certainly not so animated as before, but nevertheless to all appearance cured!

The adventurous man offered, on receipt of a certain sum of money, to reveal his important secret. But those were not the enthusiastic days in which we now live, wherein, if a man conceives and is bold enough to give a public birth to some fantastic project, he is soon beset with willing dupes. No! those were the days when scepticism formed the rule, and governed the conduct of the majority of mankind in anything like progressive action. In the same ratio that a proposition for an obvious public good approached the truth, so did it experience a corresponding depreciation. The revelation of the cure for the bite of an adder, although thus incontestably proved, was not considered of sufficient value to be bought, either at the expense of the state treasury or by the incredulous public. The constitution of the man ultimately gave way, from a too frequent repetition of his snakish propensities; and himself and his invaluable secret were buried, since he had never wholly disclosed it, even to his better half.

Tasmania affords but little amusement to the lover of field sports, in comparison with the mother-country. The kangaroo, however, is not the worst substitute in the world for a fox, and will sometimes give a run of seven to eight miles. Mr. Gregson of Risdon, on the Derwent, a highly talented and spirited colonist, kept, during a portion of my time in that colony, eight or ten couple of fine hounds, and generally speaking met with very great success.

The birds indigenous to the colony, which may be

classed under the head of game, are very unimportant in comparison with the production of home covers ; they are comprised in the large brown and the field or gray quail; the snipe, nearly approaching in size to the woodcock; an endless variety of wild duck; the Cape barren gray goose; and the spur-winged plover. The bronze-winged pigeon is an exceedingly plump brown-fleshed bird, and very abundant. I have seen as many as three or four hundred of these fine birds in one flock, feeding on a favourite little sand-hill, famed for cherry-trees, on our farm. My uncle, Lieutenant Jeffreys, was the first to introduce the pheasant and partridge into Van Diemen's Land, in the year 1820. Mr. Adolarious W. H. Humphreys, the then police magistrate of Hobart Town, kindly erected a lattice-worked house in his garden, and undertook the care and management of the few brace of either kind that arrived safely after our four months' voyage. To that gentleman they were ultimately given, who thereupon removed the birds to his fine country estate, Bushy Park, situated on the banks of the River Derwent, now the property of Mr. John Kerr, who espoused the amiable relict of the former proprietor. It is many years since I heard any reference made to the probable numbers of the game at Bushy Park. I fear, however, that so long as the woods are infested with those natural enemies to the feathered tribe, such as the Bush Devil, the two little animals called the native and tiger-cat, together with the endless variety of hawks, to whom all ground birds form an especial

and easy prey, but little hope can be reasonably entertained that much progress will be made in the breeding of pheasants or partridges either in Tasmania or Australia—unless by hand and in equally secure places with domestic poultry.

The lovers of piscatory sports find but little scope in the inland waters of this colony for the amusing art of fishing. Singular to say, notwithstanding there are several large lakes, lagoons, and fresh-water streams to be found in many parts of Tasmania, there are absolutely no fish worth noticing to be taken with the fly rod, with the exception of those caught at the falls and rapids of the Derwent, Shannon, and Lake rivers, which are sometimes called the cucumber fish, from the similarity of flavour which it possesses to that agreeable vegetable; others, however, call it the fresh-water herring, from its resemblance to that useful and delicious fish. The largest kind seldom exceeds a pound in weight.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP THROUGH THE BUSH.

A TRIP through the Bush in search of new and undiscovered country adapted for pastoral and agricultural purposes, was not only a source of well-merited profit and gratification to the enterprising pioneer, but, in the undeveloped state of the colony, was productive of much public good. I shall endeavour to describe the sayings and doings of a Bush party—of which my poor Irish friend, Hart, formed one—on this laudable errand.

The preliminary arrangements for so exciting a tour were not the least agreeable part of the undertaking. The absolute requisites were, a good supply of arms and ammunition, good kangaroo or opossum skin rugs and knapsacks, a commissariat liberally stocked with damper, flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, spare dudeens (wooden pipes), mutton-chops, and prime mess pork; not omitting a small purse of the needful—although, in travelling through the Bush in those times, an opportunity of spending money seldom occurred. Several members of the party being resident at considerable distances from each other, it was agreed to rendezvous at a point some forty miles from Hobart Town, at the “Little Bush Inn,” one of those primitive

miniature hotels professing to afford rest and accommodation for man and horse. This much-prized and well-ventilated hostelry was prettily situate at the Lovely Banks, and was constructed of rough-hewn gum slabs. There the band of spirited adventurers punctually met, and last enjoyed for a season those luxuries of civilized life, sheets, blankets, and highly-scented mutton feather beds; being also most warmly entertained, as usual in such huts, by a superabundance of voracious matronly-sized fleas.

From this little house of very poor refreshment, and, as my poor Irish friend complainingly remarked, "divil a bit of rest at all at all!"—after having been effectually bled both in purse and person—the enterprising travellers first struck off from the accustomed haunts of men, courageously to face the dangers of the densely-timbered forests and lonely dells so prevalent in Tasmania.

The exploring party, being fully equipped and having partaken of sundry platters of reeking hot chops, pounds of unleavened homely damper, and copious draughts of invigorating tea, might have been seen before daybreak seated around a rude slab-table, lighted by the lurid rays of a mutton-suet lamp. They were earnestly poring over the almost blank colonial map of the time, and, by the aid of the mariner's compass, were tracing out the line of their intended route and the supposed geographical bearings of the locality on which their hopes were centred.

All was now ready; the double Mantons and other

notable guns were effectually charged, and with the well-lined knapsacks lustily shouldered by their owners. At the welcome summons of their master forth bounded the Bushman's inseparable companions, a brace of noble-framed kangaroo dogs, trembling with eager delight at the prospect of an early morning's sport. Tobacco-pipes were emitting into the pure air volumes of fragrant tobacco-smoke, like the funnels of so many steam-boats preparing for departure; and away the sturdy adventurers started by the first glimpse of day, determined to override every obstacle (as the Scottish minstrel chants, "To stay not for brake, to stop not for stone"), for such an idea as "can't be done" was seldom admitted into the Bushman's category. To follow the beaten tracks of others was not the object of high-spirited men who were in search of good lands whereon to establish a permanent home. On the contrary, they usually traversed unexplored country, over rocky uninviting hills and dark scrubby gullies, in the hope of discovering and having first choice of new pastures.

At the termination of a tedious and trying day's journey, the travellers decided on encamping by the side of a mountain-rivulet, which was silently pursuing its course to swell the waters of the river Jordan.

The weighty knapsacks were speedily dislodged, and a massive gum log was selected, against which to kindle a cheering fire. All hands then set to work with their keen-edged tomahawks, and in less than

half an hour with sheets of bark or boughs of bushy trees erected an effectual shelter against the chills and dews of evening, besides collecting a store of firewood to last through the night. Pounds of rosy steaks, quickly sliced from the ponderous legs of mutton and skilfully rigged after the usual approved fashion (termed in Bush phraseology a "sticker up"), before the brilliant wood fire, soon sent forth odours most grateful to the hungered way-worn Bushmen. Sundry tin quart pots of water, too, bubbling and steaming over, having received the random handful of real Pekoe and Hyson-skin, Jemmy Dux (the cook *pro tem.*) thrilled us with the announcement "Tea's ready, boys"—a call most promptly responded to by his reclining messmates.

Seven or eight high-spirited and light-hearted colonists—gentlemen adventurers—of liberal education and wide experience of the world, always constituted a goodly and desirable company, particularly in the Bush, on missions such as I am about to describe.

The tea-service was neither extensive nor brittle; the cup was a tin pannikin, the platter a royal slice of damper. Each squatted himself around the blazing fire upon his well-furred rug, like a tired Turk, and could boast of possessing a sense of independence ten times in advance of the Grand Sultan himself. The steaks were cooked and served up at the end of forked sticks in a style calculated to tickle the palate of the most fastidious epicure; and it was proved to

demonstration that none at that festive *al fresco* scene had the slightest dread of suffering blue devils from wretched dyspepsia. Whilst plying and replenishing the tin pots in right good earnest, they liberally indulged in that far-famed decoction of Chinese origin which often scalds and fires the tongue, but, happily, never prompts mankind to deeds of alcoholic folly. There, far away from the busy hum of life, each in turn cracked some pithy joke upon his writhing neighbour; and so the stream of mirth and fun lit up every happy face with a lively sense of pleasure that clearly showed no cankerworm was tenant there. With the beautiful blue starlit canopy of heaven above them, satisfied with the labours of the day, and every reasonable want gratified, animated also by the brighter hopes of the future that crowded upon their minds, there remained nothing to complete the evening's enjoyment save the soothing influence of the ever-fascinating dudeen.

After some half-hour's recreation, sweet sleep came gradually stealing over the senses of the wearied travellers, the Bush dormitory was comfortably arranged, and each happy fellow but was too glad to wrap himself up in his martial rug and speedily occupy the particular berth of six feet odd by one foot six which the drawing of long straws and short straws had placed at his disposal.

Thus depositing themselves in parallel lines, packed like so many mummies under shelter of the temporary barrack, and with their feet directed towards the

glorious redheated back log, do Bushmen fearlessly yield themselves up to Morpheus. The outsiders, however, during the chilly hours of the night frequently received a frosty admonition that the fire was on the wane; when they would promptly turn out, illuminate the surrounding woods with a grand bonfire, and after again courting the narcotic powers of strong tobacco resume their narrow berths with a determination to sleep on till cock-crow.

But time brought round the little hour for men of stout hearts to be "up and doing."

"Holloa there! Barracks ahoy!" shouts an early bird. "By great Jove, what jolly chaps you are to snooze! why, you'll have no senses left if you continue to doze like that! Come, rouse out; 'arouse ye then, my merry merry men,' for it's nearly opening day." "Daylight be hanged," responded a gruff voice from under the folds of a warm rug; "what a common nuisance you are, Jemmy Dux! Can't sleep yourself, and won't let anybody else." But the announcement, however unwelcome to the heavy sleepers, met with a cheerful and general response.

The duties of the toilet in such cases are comprised in resuming hobnailed boots; shaking out the innumerable wrinkles impressed on the person from sleeping on the ground in double-ribbed corduroys and red twilled shirts; and then a liberal use of soap and water. Shaving was quite out of the question.

The morning's ablutions completed, once more the travellers assembled, a jovial throng, to partake of an

early and substantial Bush breakfast; threatening the reeking viands with utter demolition, as they declared they had never felt so hungry since the day on which they were born. By way of accounting for so agreeable a circumstance, it was resolved unanimously that it was attributable to the extra quantity of pure oxygen imbibed during their slumbers through the clear frosty night.

The black, strong-scented, oily, pipes were again charged, and clouds of smoke, the usual signal, denoted that all were ready for the start.

“Now boys,” said one to whom instinctive deference had been shown throughout, “don your knapsacks, bowse up rugs, sling pannikins, and let’s be off with the sun.” “Ay, ay, sir,” was the hearty reply. In less than twenty minutes the snug encampment was broken up. The route lay over steep rugged hills, through a country so densely overshadowed with towering trees and tea-tree scrub as at times to render the sun invisible. The Bushmen once more appealed to the compass, that useful and faithful little pilot, which has been the means of preserving so many myriads of human lives both at sea and on land. Having consoled themselves with a composing smoke, the energetic land-seekers went on. Another slow day’s journey was performed, the night rolled quietly past, and daylight saw them again start.

But on this morning’s march no sooner had they cleared the desolate wilderness and prepared themselves to enjoy their entrance into a small patch of

open country than one of the party cried, "Hark! hark!" His quick ear had detected an ominous noise. The dogs pricked up their ears and sniffed the air; guns were instantly placed in make-ready position; and, although absolute fear found no place in their hearts, a temporary feeling of surprise and apprehension impressed upon them the necessity of great caution.

Again the chopping clicking sound of a tomahawk was distinctly heard proceeding from a deep gully, apparently but a few hundred yards distant.

The friends assembled in council at once determined that Stanmore, being well versed and cunning in Bush strategy, also more fleet of foot than any of his companions, should sneak down the valley and endeavour to reconnoitre. The Aborigines at that period slaughtered the Europeans indiscriminately; and a desperate band of Bushrangers had recently escaped from exile at Macquarie Harbour, of whose deeds and wild career due mention will be made hereafter. The remainder of the Bushmen selected the trunk of a fallen gum-tree, four feet in diameter, behind which to entrench themselves. Upon its broad surface were placed together, in form to represent an obtuse angle, two long sheets of dead bark as a beacon to the deputed spy, in the event of his being pursued. Having carefully taken the bearings of the Bush fortress from the position of the sun and surrounding hills, he departed on his dangerous mission unencumbered with firearms, that he might enjoy the free use of his active limbs in creeping or running.

At the expiration of the first quarter of an hour, each minute seemed an endless period, but all doubt was suddenly dissipated, and the nervous thrill of manly courage rapidly superseded all other thoughts, on hearing the woods and gloomy vales resound with the well-known murderous "war-cry" of a hundred raging, naked savages. One of these with keen ears and eagle eyes had unfortunately noticed a slight rustling of leaves, and discerned the visage of the worthy scout peering from behind a bushy musk-tree. "Wah! wah! wah!" halloed the native. Our courageous scout, having unwisely left his trusty double-barrelled gun in the keeping of his friends, naturally evinced but little disposition to parley or stop to ask for mercy at the hands of his adversaries. With a magical spring, he rose from his recumbent attitude and shaped his flying course towards the entrenched position.

Knowing his extraordinary speed of foot, his comrades only feared that he might possibly miss the appointed refuge, and perhaps in the excitement of the moment would not hear the preconcerted signal, the mina-bird's alarm-cry, to be given by one of the party. Not much time was lost in consultation or suspense; in two minutes from the first sound of the "war-cry," the fugitive, bounding like another Uncas, was viewed at about 600 yards distance, approaching nearly in a straight line towards the gum-tree fortress with the speed of a flying buck, now springing over the ponderous trunks of dead trees, now impetuously rushing through clumps of close-standing young

wattles, parting and crushing them before his stalwart frame like so many matches. Thus, by his superior strength and speed, he kept well in advance and beyond the death-dealing reach of showers of spears and waddies vengefully hurled at his devoted person.

But, as Stanmore afterwards remarked in his cooler moments, the course of no man ever did run smooth, for, just at the instant when his confident and admiring companions considered him to be quite out of danger, and when he was within 300 yards only of the position they had taken up, a tall powerful savage, cunning in hunting strategy, who in some extraordinary manner had succeeded in outflanking him, suddenly emerged from the thick scrub, and with malice aforethought whirled after him a heavy barbed spear thirteen feet in length, fatally poisoned by plunging it into some decomposed carcass.

Stanmore had timely discovered his enemy, and avoided the danger by running in a zigzag course. The deadly weapon, however, passed completely through the folds of his pea jacket and pinned it to the waistband of his patent corduroys, fortunately grazing his right side only in a very slight degree.

The writer of these humble reminiscences has been often asked, when relating this adventure, why the party did not advance towards their friend and at once rescue him from his danger. Now it had been previously determined, that if the chopping noise in the gully was caused by the blacks, and if in the event of discovery Stanmore could keep well in advance of his

bloodthirsty pursuers, the Bushmen would have a fair opportunity of reading these murderers of women and children an effectual lesson. Moreover, the chase, which would take at least twenty minutes to recount, did not occupy more than five minutes.

Hard pressed by the savage, our friend swerved for a moment from the direct course, but the mina's shrill warning call restored him to confidence, and responding with a hearty "Yoicks! yoicks!" he stoutly resumed the desired route. On came the impetuous and persevering horde of naked savages, with hideous yells and fiercer countenances looking like veritable imps of darkness loosed for a season; whilst the main body was preceded by some twenty of the fleetest warriors—headed by the giant tactician. But, fleet as they were, the swift and enduring Englishman increased the distance between them at every bound, and by previous understanding continued to run past his concealed comrades, as a decoy to his dark pursuers. On, on, came the reckless savages, yelling and encouraging each other with the war-cry, "Wah! wah! wah!" but little dreaming of the warm reception they were so soon doomed to meet.

When they had approached to within thirty yards of the "Pah," the avenging moment had arrived. "Ready! Present! Fire!" was as quickly executed as the words were uttered; and the telling delivery of seven double-barrelled guns, heavily charged with good duck-shot, left such a wholesome impression upon the notoriously cruel Big River tribe that most of them, more or

less severely wounded, immediately retired to their rocky fastnesses in the vicinity of the undiscovered Lake country; there they remained in perfect security, undisturbed by land-seekers, for many months afterwards. A few of them, however, as will appear hereafter, were bold enough to haunt the steps of their formidable adversaries, hoping no doubt by some fortuitous chance to be amply avenged. This lecture, however, tended to impress them with the necessity of greater caution and better behaviour for the future.

The successful Bushmen now busied themselves in extracting the spear from the habiliments of the panting scout and departed from the painful scene without delay—in order that the poor wounded wretches might receive immediate assistance from their dark doctors and relatives—carrying the gun and general kit of Stanmore. The party halted at the end of a mile, upon which they instantly proceeded to examine more minutely the extent of damage sustained by their companion, who, thoroughly exhausted, quickly reclined his weary frame on the welcome sward amidst his sympathizing comrades. These speedily stripped him to the skin, and there, behold, were proofs innumerable, “black, green, and blue,” of his having been in violent contact with the whizzing bruising waddies of his pursuers.

“Two inches and a sixteenth to the left, my boy,” was the consoling remark of one who examined the jagged scratch on his side, “and your grant of land, instead of comprising an area of 1000 acres, would have

been comprised in the reduced space of six feet by three. But never mind, brave comrade," he continued, squeezing the narcotic juice of a moistened fig of negro-head tobacco over the wound, "poison to poison, nothing beats such an external application, especially when backed up with an internal restorative like this, old fellow, eh?" remarked the doctor, as he was afterwards termed, producing at the same instant a pocket-pistol of stimulating *Cognac vieux*. "There," continued he, proffering a "tot" filled with neat brandy to the exhausted man; "toss off that exhilarating draught medicinally, and drink to your lucky stars."

The scout was speedily himself again, and on recovering sufficient breath to blow a genial cloud, was as a matter of course urgently requested to relate his recent critical adventure. "Soon told," responded the assenting Stanmore. "The first point on which I must enlighten you all is that the black choppers were much farther off than we supposed. They were ensconced in a thick scrub of fern and tea-tree. However, I determined not to return until I had found out the real colour of their skin, either by sight or by sound. When within fifty yards of them, I crouched, with my ear to the ground to listen, at every foot I advanced. But no! not a syllable would they utter; not a sound could I gather that would tell me of what stamp they were.

"Nevertheless, I continued creeping and writhing through the tea-trees; and at last coming to a thick

musk-bush I partly rose up, and making a long neck through the midst of it I soon discovered a small open patch bristling with spears, stuck into the earth like pins in a pincushion; and within a few feet of me, seated in tailor-fashion, about forty grim naked savages were occupied in making spears. To ascertain what tribe they were, I leant forward, but, breaking a dry twig in the attempt, I unfortunately arrested the attention of a wily young native; and in a moment he saw me peeping through the leafy opening. Panic seemed to have seized both of us; we eyed each other like two basilisks. The watchword was immediately re-echoed by every member of the alarmed tribe; and each rushed to the trunk of a large tree, from behind which to reconnoitre. They knew that a party of policemen was on the look-out for a black wretch who had murdered a settler's poor wife, two children, and female servant.

“Never in my life before,” continued the spy, “have I been in a situation where coolness and presence of mind were so essential; the least flaw on my part, either when advancing or retreating, would have been certain destruction.

“I felt as if endowed with the cunning and pliancy of my little ape, Cæsar.

“When the savage turned his eyes from me, I dropped into cover, put my ship about, and beat a hasty retreat—feeling specially uncomfortable, in, that nothing short of a miracle could save my precious carcass from spears and tomahawks. I succeeded, however, in propelling myself on all fours for at least forty

yards, before the savages discovered that I was a poor solitary victim of imprudence.

“ I rose to my feet, and, scudding off at full speed, endeavoured to regain the place from whence I came. Then did the chase, accompanied with heart-stirring yells and the savage war-cry, commence in earnest; but it infused pounds of quicksilver into my quaking limbs. Every hill seemed literally alive with the vengeful blacks. How I ever reached the winning-post is a mystery. I cannot remember having touched rock, land, or any other substance in my whole flight. At the first start, from the thickness of the bushes, the spears and waddies were thrown at random. Thanks to their panic, it gave me two chains ahead; and I’ve escaped their barbed skewers—at least for this bout. I guess they’ll not get such a chance of spitting a scout again in a hurry !”

“ By the powers !” remarked Hart, the stout son of Erin, “ but the bould black warriors have got something to amuse them for the next six months to pick out the peppercorns before the fresh mate can be thoroughly cured.”

“ Ay, indeed,” rejoined Lynnot, “ excepting in the case of the poor outflanking giant. I rather think he has received his last cup of gruel.”

“ Now, then, to the road ! to the road, brave boys !” shouted the leading spirit; “ we’ll leave the happy survivors to the enjoyment of their own reflections.”

The last shades of evening were faintly glimmering o’er the western mountains, and at a point many miles

distant from the late painful scene our friends assembled around a blazing fire, enjoying their cup of fragrant tea, damper, and mutton-chops, under cover of the ordinary leafy domicile. The day's adventure with the Aborigines constituted a subject for very animated discussion, especially in reference to the unprotected state of settlers located with their families in lonely and distant districts far away from the aid of their fellow-colonists.

"In the present state of the country," remarked the captain, "it is no matter of surprise that your ploughman and the driver of his oxen-team should demand arms to protect themselves whilst pursuing their employment in the open fields; nor that the shepherd should refuse to follow his daily vocation in the woods, declaring with truth that he could not tend his flock unless well armed and accompanied by a fellow-servant. Indeed," continued the speaker, "so great is the terror which prevails throughout the whole community, whether resident near towns or in the settled districts, that the white man traverses even the main roads in constant fear and trembling."

"Soho! Avast there! Avast there! my noble captain," rejoined a sailor companion; "the relation of such unpleasant facts for the special edification of new chums is quite out of season; so pray, my worthy shipmate, coil up, coil up, and belay all that. It's well there are no white chicken-hearts here, or the picture you paint in such glowing colours would soon make them take in a double reef of their search for rich inland territory. We are all too well versed in

the unpleasant fact, that in the present state of feeling between the two races the only method of reasoning with our unreasoning and merciless adversaries is by the persuasive rhetoric of best double-milled powder and buck or canister shot. But the day will come, and is not very distant, when a Tasmanian black will be viewed in the light of a *rara avis*."

"Unfortunately, there is too much truth in all you have said," responded Lakeland, "but we know at the same time of another line of argument which is also unhappily too true.

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tomahawk, they could lay their hands upon; together with all their little worldly possessions, valuable to none but themselves. We can scarcely wonder, then, at the desire of the Aborigines, ungifted with reasoning powers, to exterminate the white man."

"Ah! good mercy-loving friend, Lakeland," rejoined Stanmore; "to turn the other cheek is a grace but rarely to be met with—at least, I am free to confess, not in erring mortals like myself.

"Your truthful illustration strikes home to the root of the evil. Whilst, however, admitting the existence of those evils and other facts alike deeply to be regretted, I cannot forget that I have suffered more than once severely and most undeservedly from the wanton attacks of the Aborigines. I have been smitten not only upon both cheeks, but in every form that mischief, fire, and robbery could devise.

"Unfortunately," continued the last speaker, "there is no opportunity of explaining to the unreclaimed savages, that we would willingly protect, rather than inflict the slightest injury upon one of their unhappy race, and ought consequently to receive more lenient treatment at their hands. No alternative is left to us, but either to take the law into our own hands or to submit to be robbed wholesale, and at once quietly yield ourselves, our wives, and children, to be slaughtered with impunity."

"Bedad, and the case is admirably summed up!" remarked the Irish Bushman—the Bush-lawyer, as he was called for his loquacity. "Truly, then, boys," he

TASMANIA.

~~continued~~, while scouring the soot off sundry quart ~~kn-pots~~ in his character of cook-elect for the day, "according to the Codex Aboriginalis, cap. 4, sec. 3, we may conclude that Lynch law is to be the orther of the day; and sure, then, as that eminent lawyer was a near relation of my own, it's myself that'll study and abide by its equitable clauses. And, by the same token, wouldn't it be better for the naked rascals to have been upon such honest terms with us, that, in place of our presinting arms to them in honour of their late visit, they could have conscientiously sat down and scalded their grim chops with a dish of swate Hyson tae? Och! na bocclish gie foliah!* but they're a set of deluded spalpeens, rest their sowls! that is, if the indigenous imps have any sowls to rest at all, at all."

"Bravo! bravo! Old Woolsack," rejoined one of his edified auditors. "If you could instil such views into the obtuse skulls of the dark-skins, even though the lecture should be delivered in a fiery red shirt, why then, Gab, my son, you would indeed become a shining light and revel in a nation's gratitude."

"Arrah, boys, stop now; let a poor divil spake! Sure, if I gave the sons and daughters of Ham a lecture on brotherly love, I'd smoke a hurricane all the time," exclaimed the cook, otherwise Jemmy Dux; "for then, my brave comrades, if I failed in striking their muddy brains by the force of truth and raison, by

* Oh, never mind it now.

the powers of Brian Boru I'd produce such a pleasing narcotic effect upon their olfactory senses as 'd win their hearts clane through their broad-brimmed noses. For where lives the man, civilized or uncivilized, who could withstand the mellifluous influences of bewitching cavendish? Or—"

"Well, well, friend Gab," rejoined his sailor companion, interrupting further discussion; "we don't require lecturing; so, as they say in Parliamentary language, belay all that to this day six months."

"Everybody knows what the Government and the Missionary Societies have done in the humane endeavour to compensate the Aborigines for the loss of their patrimonial rights," said Stanmore, "by clothing, lodging, and feeding them with bodily and spiritual food, but all to no purpose; it is too evident that they much prefer wandering over their scrubby hills, free from all restraint, and stealing tons of potatoes from the settlers' fields, to receiving them without price or risk at the hands of the charitable missionaries." "Where's my tea-pot, Dux?" continued the scout; "this is a dry subject, so let's sling the kettles, and indulge in supper; for that little running match has sharpened my teeth, and made me as slim in certain quarters as an Italian greyhound."

After supper it was deemed a necessary precaution, under the circumstances, to chain a dog at each side of their rustic barrack, to put on a sentinel, and keep up a roaring bonfire throughout the night. All hands, with the exception of the watchman, now turned in,

and were instantly buried in that profound and peaceful slumber, which only those possessing a clear conscience and vigorous health are capable of enjoying. Each sleeper, however, was awoke in turn to take his hour as sentinel and stoker until daybreak.

“Arrah, boys!” shouted the last sentry, the loquacious Bush-lawyer, “is it waking ye are? By dad, my brave bogtrotters! but ye may all thank me and your lucky stars for the light of another day.

“Sure now, ye’s all paid such attention to puffing and snoring, that the throats of every mother’s son of ye might be slit, only for the big blazes I’ve been making since five this blessed morning to scare away the inimy. Och! and it’s yer own kind parents that gave ye’s mighty sowls and noses for music! an opera is it? Why then, since I left ould Ireland, mavourneen, I’ve niver heard such a discoorsing of swate sounds, and widout a single bar’s rest, too. But sure it’s not to be wondered at, when we reflect that no less than four of ye’s may be classed in the distinguished orther of *Proboscis Trombonia*.”

“Put your head in a bag, Mister Linnæus,” retorted one of the injured parties, “we don’t allow unshipped cooks to make personal remarks upon our unpersonal proportions: so coil up that refractory member of yours, or you’ll get paid after the peculiar classification to which your own iligant nasal belongs.”

“Holloa! holloa! hold hard there, shipmates,” enjoined the captain, “here’s better sport on hand than sparring at empty words; breakfast! breakfast ahoy!

MAY 20

A TRIP THROUGH THE BUSH.

121

I'm cook to-day, so tackle to with a will, boys, and address yourselves to the smoking tea-pots. Look, we've no time to lose, for yonder come the scarlet tints of our daily friend; and we've promised to start with him every morning."

The early meal was quickly discussed, and again the commanding voice of the leader was heard, good-humouredly shouting, "'To horse! to horse!' as Dick Plantagenet said; or in our case, friends—To shanks! to shanks! But first let's serve out rations to our brace of trusty hounds. Yoicks for the steaming 'possum, Yarrow; it's well you caught him last night, or you'd have had short commons this morning; soho Gwenn. *Voilà!* there's your share! Now then, brave comrades, for a further dive into the wilderness; and perhaps, as friend Stanmore's shoulders and loins are rather the worse for yesterday's encounter, we had better ease him of his kit until he's himself again."

Once more the sturdy Bushmen, amidst clouds of fragrant smoke, glowing with rude health and abounding in animal spirits, departed for their unknown destination.

A brisk march of two hours brought the land-seekers to the foot of a conical-shaped hill, which the captain decided on immediately ascending, in order to ascertain the nature of the country around and in advance of them. Accompanied by two companions learned in Bush lore, he quickly scaled the rugged eminence, and in a very short time hailed his comrades from its summit with the grateful cry of "Land ho!"

The coveted news was received below with rounds of applause, and created such an amount of ecstatic feeling, that the vote to celebrate the cheering event with a general smoke was carried unanimously.

The map and mariner's compass were again produced, and all hands complimented each other upon having proved such talented Bush navigators. The land-order holders were congratulated on their special good fortune in discovering an apparently good pastoral country in a locality marked in the official map as composed of barren and scrubby ranges.

The next seven or eight miles were quickly told off the score; and the travellers were deservedly rewarded by finding themselves upon the green and luxuriant banks of a fine running stream—hitherto only partially discovered.

The general aspect and extent of the country immediately around them, admirably adapted either for agricultural or pastoral purposes, was so inviting that it was decided by general acclamation not to prosecute any further search for land. The order was thereupon given to encamp. “Never,” said Stanmore, in relating the trip to me, “shall I forget the intense degree of satisfaction that now prevailed throughout the minds of the roving party.” Good fortune seemed to have fired the wit, lit up every lineament in each approving face, and made them all proud and delighted in the knowledge that, by dint of perseverance, they had come near to the realization of their best hopes, and conferred a public

good in opening up new country to their fellow-colonists.

The Bushman's midday meal not being comprised of luscious turtle-soup, an alderman hung in sausages, or other such artistic dishes—nor garnished with generous port or Burgundy wines—is generally a process confined to minutes only. Neither is there a precious moment lost in the spreading of snow-white cloths, converting *serviettes* into bishops' mitres, or fancy linen fans. But, on the contrary, rude simplicity prevailed in those early days of which I write, in every phase of life in the Tasmanian woods.

The midday repast was even more rapidly concluded on this occasion than usual. Overflowing with joy and excitement, up rose the land-order men, eager to complete the darling cherished hope of their lives—the free and unshackled possession of a fine estate.

Leaving four of the party, who were least interested in the tour of discovery, to make a damper, and complete the necessary arrangements for the coming night—the others, guided by the leader, sallied forth in high spirits, with a view to explore the most advantageous spots for the selection of their respective “grants” of land.

Not until the shades of evening had closed upon the peace-breathing landscape, did the contemplated lords of the soil return to their leafy abode. The flashes of wit and merriment of the morning now gave place to the all-absorbing subject nearest to their hearts; and

each man, brim-full of gratitude, drew largely upon the probable prosperous results of his future career.

To him, in such visionary moments, it seemed to present nought but a succession of unclouded sunshine.

Yet—alas for the innate selfishness and cunning of poor humanity amid all this newly-created happiness!—each would-be lord of the soil, casting furtive glances at the singularly beautiful country around the camp, studiously avoided dropping the slightest expression tending to confirm his admiration for it, but rather strove to depreciate its actual merits, in comparison with other strips of land which they had traversed during that morning, and in the course of their afternoon's walk. The truth must be recorded, that human nature in the extreme southern hemisphere forms an exception to the rule of variation in all other things, and is, unfortunately, not at the antipodes of human infirmities prevalent in every other sphere; so that, notwithstanding the intrusions of that truthful little monitor—the mind's consciousness of right—self, as usual, prevailed over every other feeling, and no one heeded how his comrade fared so that he could call the envied spot his own.

But now the evening meal was served, and the leader, being cook for the day, piped all hands to mess.

In those early days, tea was so exceedingly cheap—say 84 pounds Hyson-skin or Souchong for 70s.—and formed so essential an article of life to a party of Bushmen, that to run short of such a luxury would have been tantamount to the signal to return home. Four

or five times in one day, during similar excursions, was the ever-welcome command, "Spell O, and sling kettles," responded to with marked satisfaction. And with every degree of truth it may be asserted, that if, of the three necessities of life, bread, meat, and tea, the Bushman was restricted to two, tea would certainly be selected as one of the indispensables. Give him his pipe, and quart pot of generous well-sweetened Hyson-skin, and upon their cheering influences alone he would perform almost fabulous journeys.

"Now then, my worthy comrades," remarked the ever-animated captain, "although bodily enveloped in perfumed clouds from dudeens and nigger-head tobacco, we must show that our mental energies are still clear and unclouded. Every moment is of infinite value to men so far away from home and help as we are now. Therefore let's haste to complete our important work. Having, as you are all aware, selected my grant, and I trust permanently established myself and family near the Lovely Banks, I must, as a matter of course, be deemed a disinterested party. So then, 'friends, brothers, and countrymen,' advance, advance to the poll, and at once decide the knotty point that lies nearest to your beating hearts. Who shall win first choice of rich pastures, on the margin of the brave little stream?" "Here ye are, my bonnie laddies," exclaimed a canny disinterested Scot, who, well up in Bush usages, was holding out his hand containing three stems of grass partly concealed from view; "draw away, my bonnie bairns, the langest 'll hae the faerst choice." "What!"

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"Unfortunately," continued the last speaker, "there is no opportunity of explaining to the unreclaimed savages, that we would willingly protect, rather than inflict the slightest injury upon one of their unhappy race, and ought consequently to receive more lenient treatment at their hands. No alternative is left to us, but either to take the law into our own hands or to submit to be robbed wholesale, and at once quietly yield ourselves, our wives, and children, to be slaughtered with impunity."

"Bedad, and the case is admirably summed up!" remarked the Irish Bushman—the Bush-lawyer, as he was called for his loquacity. "Truly, then, boys," he

continued, while scouring the soot off sundry quart tea-pots in his character of cook-elect for the day, "according to the Codex Aboriginalis, cap. 4, sec. 3, we may conclude that Lynch law is to be the orther of the day; and sure, then, as that eminent lawyer was a near relation of my own, it's myself that'll study and abide by its equitable clauses. And, by the same token, wouldn't it be better for the naked rascals to have been upon such honest terms with us, that, in place of our presinting arms to them in honour of their late visit, they could have conscientiously sat down and scalded their grim chops with a dish of swate Hyson tae? Och! na bocclish gie foliah!* but they're a set of deluded spalpeens, rest their sowls! that is, if the indigenous imps have any sowls to rest at all, at all."

"Bravo! bravo! Old Woolsack," rejoined one of his edified auditors. "If you could instil such views into the obtuse skulls of the dark-skins, even though the lecture should be delivered in a fiery red shirt, why then, Gab, my son, you would indeed become a shining light and revel in a nation's gratitude."

"Arrah, boys, stop now; let a poor divil spake! Sure, if I gave the sons and daughters of Ham a lecture on brotherly love, I'd smoke a hurricane all the time," exclaimed the cook, otherwise Jemmy Dux; "for then, my brave comrades, if I failed in striking their muddy brains by the force of truth and raison, by

* Oh, never mind it now.

the powers of Brian Boru I'd produce such a pleasing narcotic effect upon their olfactory sinces as 'd win their hearts clane through their broad-brimmed noses. For where lives the man, civilized or uncivilized, who could withstand the mellifluous influences of bewitching cavendish? Or—"

"Well, well, friend Gab," rejoined his sailor companion, interrupting further discussion; "we don't require lecturing; so, as they say in Parliamentary language, belay all that to this day six months."

"Everybody knows what the Government and the Missionary Societies have done in the humane endeavour to compensate the Aborigines for the loss of their patrimonial rights," said Stanmore, "by clothing, lodging, and feeding them with bodily and spiritual food, but all to no purpose; it is too evident that they much prefer wandering over their scrubby hills, free from all restraint, and stealing tons of potatoes from the settlers' fields, to receiving them without price or risk at the hands of the charitable missionaries." "Where's my tea-pot, Dux?" continued the scout; "this is a dry subject, so let's sling the kettles, and indulge in supper; for that little running match has sharpened my teeth, and made me as slim in certain quarters as an Italian greyhound."

After supper it was deemed a necessary precaution, under the circumstances, to chain a dog at each side of their rustic barrack, to put on a sentinel, and keep up a roaring bonfire throughout the night. All hands, with the exception of the watchman, now turned in,

damper like this?" "No, no," responded the individual unlearned in the chaotic mazes of real law, "no, my worthy doughy friend, by the powers of St. Patrick there was niver any statute passed to oblige the brave Gintiles to live upon bread widout yaste in it." "How on earth," demanded Lynnot, "do you propose cooking that whacking lump of dough?" "Ah!" replied the skilful baker, with an approving air, "you've made a happy hit this time, in such a question, for 'on earth,' and in 'dust and ashes' only, can it be baked. Now, it's ready; and as you're a decent chap, a new chum, and likely to see lots of Bush life, I'll enlighten your long understanding, and teach you how to bake a damper. So then, off with those burning logs and sticks, and clear away the ashes until you come to the ground! There, that done, take this dust of flour, and sprinkle it over the cleared space. Ah! you see it burns; shows it's too hot; two minutes more to cool:" and with a flop, on went the well-kneaded dough into the rude Bush-oven; and in less than half another minute, to the dismay and disgust of the astonished novice, the apparently dirty baker, after having smothered it with a mountain heap of hot dust and ashes, commenced kindling a small fire upon its summit. Two hours, however, sufficed to produce an unrivalled specimen of beautiful home-made bread.

Whilst the damper was in progress, Stanmore and Hart sallied forth to the woods in quest of a supply

of fresh meat; accompanied with their couple of swift and well-broken kangaroo dogs. Scarcely had an hour elapsed since their departure, when those who remained at the camp were suddenly aroused and delighted, by the soul-inspiring sight of a numerous flock of fine forest-kangaroos leaping and bounding across the flat open land with a wondrous speed, to within three hundred yards of their temporary abode. Now came into view, also, the fast and never-failing hounds, in full and vigorous pursuit, gaining upon the noble game at every rapid stride.

Fortunately for the necessities of the party, the dogs singled out, and marked as their victim, a fine tender-fleshed young buck. Prompted by their excited feelings and love of sport, all but the chief baker joined in the spirit-stirring chase; and, after a sharp run of a mile, two succeeded in being close up at the death.

The kangaroo was now hoisted on the brawny shoulders of Paddy Hart, and conveyed to head-quarters. To dress it was a work of great delight to the useful captain, who displayed his skill alike in the art of butchering, as well as baking.

The hunters, Stanmore and his companion, had followed for some distance on the line of chase, and then waited, as was the custom, for the return of the dogs—who were always trained, on killing their prey, to lead their masters back to the scene of death. But as the hounds were long in returning, the hunters decided to

continue their advance upon the plainly-marked tracks of the kangaroos; and only hove in sight, as the animal was about to be suspended on the branch of a small sheac-tree. An approving "Yoicks, boys! yoicks!" soon explained matters, and brought them to the gipsy camp.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN FROM THE BUSH.

So recently as the commencement of the year 1824, much of the second-class pasture and arable land of Tasmania, although claimed by avaricious settlers, was actually available for selection. Many adventurers, however, who had an early opportunity of choosing, were not content with land of fair average quality in the settled districts, but chose rather to penetrate into undiscovered parts, hoping to meet with some veritable "Land of Canaan."

They learnt too late, however, from sad experience, that land with easy access to the capital or to the principal towns, although of inferior quality, is always of infinitely more value to the farmer in new countries than land situate in the back districts.

Practice taught them that the settler who resided within a few hours' drive of a market-town was enabled to convert into gold the entire produce of his farm, even to the blade of straw: whereas, one who has to perform a weary journey over seventy or eighty miles of unmade Bush roads, over steep hills, across deep ravines, creeks, and marshes, is mulcted in at least the half of his hard-earned gains, in the increased expense

of carrying his produce to market. Much, therefore, that constitutes a marketable article to the former is utterly valueless to the latter.

The inconvenience of remoteness from market is doubtless not felt so much by the grazier as by the agriculturist; but so many advantages attend the possession of good second-class pasture lands, close to the chief marts of a new country, that the net returns from them are perhaps far in advance of those derivable from an equal amount of richer land far in the interior.

A moderately fat sheep or ox, fresh from its green pastures within a few hours' drive of the shambles, is not only more wholesome food, and more cheaply converted into money than the heated and over-driven stock from the back settlements, but will also command more remunerative prices, and a ready sale at all times.

The landholder near towns has greater facilities also in engaging mechanics and labourers at short notice, and without extra expense, and in rapidly and inexpensively transporting supplies, and other requirements of everyday life, seldom to be obtained but at the sea-port towns of new countries. Not the least advantage to thrifty colonists is that of being enabled, on the completion of business matters, to return in the evening to their own cheap and happy fireside, instead of idling away their valuable time or perhaps rioting at an expensive hotel for days together, waiting the arrival of their slow travelling teams, which, most probably galled and foot-sore from the long journey, are unfit to return with a heavy load of supplies for some time afterwards.

I have thus slightly digressed from my narrative of a Tour through the Bush, in order to illustrate the various considerations that should guide emigrants in making choice of lands upon which to establish themselves and their descendants, perhaps for all time to come. As my opinion is based on practical knowledge and general observation, I trust that it will be found of some little value to those who may cast their lot in new colonies. I will now resume my relation of the continued progress of the land-seekers.

We left them rejoicing over the providential capture of a fine young buck kangaroo. The fore parts of the animal having but little flesh upon them are always appropriated to the hounds. Time pressed so urgently that, ere the carcass was well cold, the lean brown meat from the hind quarters was served out to each of the party in equal portions. So far, the grand object of the expedition was accomplished beyond their most sanguine expectations; and now, with light hearts and in high spirits, they set forth upon their homeward route to Hobart Town. Each aspirant for the broad acres burned with a desire to secure without delay the chosen spot of his bright day-dreams; and fifty times ere he had traversed the extreme bounds of the newly-discovered El Dorado, did each contemplated lord of the soil turn to admire and take a parting glance of the place of his future home and honest labours.

Soon, however, the fertile country of their selection, with its cheerful meadow-like aspect, was changed for

the desolate wilderness. The energetic travellers were again enveloped in the mazes of black pathless forests, still more formidable than those they had passed on their upward journey. Their progress was, therefore, at variance with the express train of their thoughts, for, on calculating the distance they had attained at the close of a ten hours' fatiguing march, it was computed as not exceeding eleven miles from the last starting point. This formed but a small item in the estimated total of ninety-five miles; added to this was the serious reflection that their commissariat was nearly exhausted.

The dearth of provisions was little heeded during the excitement of travelling, but when the hour arrived to encamp for the night, it was matter for grave consideration, and tested the moral courage of the hardy adventurers. Verily, with the slight prospect of obtaining food in the recesses of that interminable wilderness, there was, indeed, infinite cause of alarm, even to the bravest. Yet how often do we view the ordinary "ills that flesh is heir to" as being of overwhelming magnitude, and beyond the power of human nature to endure, until it pleases an all-wise Providence to test us in some more grave and potent form, and thus to show, how much grief and disappointment we are capable of sustaining.

Misfortunes always come in floods. The discouraging state of the commissariat was soon to be regarded as of minor importance in comparison with the announcement about to be made by their indefatigable comrade,

the captain. Unobserved, he had remained behind to extract a thorn from his foot, and was not missed for some time. Upon his absence being discovered, a most anxious search was immediately commenced, accompanied by cooëing and firing off guns at short intervals. After an hour of painful suspense they beheld, to their great joy and relief, their bland and athletic leader approaching, but apparently walking with considerable difficulty. On reaching his companions, to their great astonishment he related the following incidents:—

“Well, you must know, brother-shipmates, that after I’d succeeded in extracting the large gum splinter from my foot, I thought that, by diverging a couple of hundred yards to port, and descending by those rocky steeps we saw in the distance, I should soon overtake you; so away I started, when I was suddenly brought up all standing by a ‘Wah! wah! ah, ah, mitter white pella!’ One glance served me to recognise Stanmore’s giant friend, Brian Boru. Immediately “whizz” came three long barbed spears, coursing past my ears like flying snakes. I sought to return the compliment, but unfortunately both caps of my faithless gun snapped; after that, there was nothing left for poor Pilgarlic but to cut and run with all possible despatch. Shaking out the reefs from my topsails, I scudded before the wind like the Flying Dutchman, cargo and all on board, until I was unluckily run up to a steep outstanding rock of at least twenty feet in height, down which, however, I speedily let myself drop as softly as I might. How long I dozed at the

bottom, goodness knows, but your stirring *cooës* and firing, no doubt saved my life, and brought me to my senses ; which, as Hart would say, ‘by the same token, tell me that bones and muscles are not much improved by such harlequin leaps.’ But hair’s-breadth escapes are all the more to rejoice at ; so thanks to my tabooed fate, I’m still Joe Steel, without either spear or scratch in my groin, brother scout in affliction. And since the niggers have left me wind enough to blow another cloud, we’ll e’en indulge in the fragrant weed once more,” continued the captain, unbuckling the strap of his tobacco-pouch from his waist.

On proceeding, however, to unclasp the leather bag containing all his travelling wealth, what were the horror and dismay of his new chum fellow-travellers on beholding the utter destruction of their little pilot guide, the pocket mariner’s compass, literally crumpled up, and crushed to atoms.

“By Jove ! that’s ruination,” exclaimed those inexperienced Bushmen. “If from this wretched wilderness our party should ever reach their destination, they will, indeed, be specially favoured by kind Providence.”

“Holloa, shipmates. What ! mutiny on board, eh ? I’m not the man to flinch from my duty, though I should have to walk the plank for it,” coolly remarked the Bush captain : “I’ll say, shiver and split the compass, that’s but a small matter ; it’s this beautiful pipe that troubles me—my esteemed companion and source of all consolation, in sunshine or in storm, for the last

five years of my life. Look at the jetty blackness of that bowl, crushed and gone in a moment, past all redemption. Blessings on those cunning savages, who have doubtless been following on our trail ever since that agreeable meeting at the White Marshes. I shall yet live, perhaps, to smoke in their wigwams when they least expect it. Come, Henderson, give us a draw out of your prime meerschaum, like a good fellow, to console my wounded feelings; for verily would I have preferred the loss of a five-pound note to that of such an old and valued friend as my worthy pipe, now defunct."

"Soho there, avast heaving, my brave skipper; *nil desperandum*, as we say in the classics," rejoined another son of the ocean; "haul in the slack of that sentimental piping. How often, just at the moment when the last strand of Hope's faithless cable has parted, does good Providence raise up some unforeseen and gracious remedy to lighten our greatest sorrows, and avert appalling dangers. Cheer up, shipmate! cheer up!" continued the weather-beaten sailor, "and run up your first chop ensign, for 'mongst other loose traps I carry a spare little meerschaum pipe; and there it is, a gift of consolation to you, old fellow, with all my heart."

"Bravo, bravo, my noble tar!" re-echoed the deep mountain caverns around, in response to the loud applause of his admiring messmates. "And I," rejoined the delighted chief, "have only to say, thanks, ten thousand thanks, good brother sailor. In the hour of need I'll not forget a true friend either; and, as for

the compass, my worthy comrades, those who would traverse these ironstone hills must put their trust in some more certain guide than the treacherous needle. The sun shall be our unerring guide, as it ever has been mine when travelling through wild and scrubby hills like these. Make its course your careful study, my friends; and, unless you're destined to a cruel fate, you'll be sure to make some friendly port."

The cheerful confidence of this experienced Bushman soon restored the spirits of his alarmed companions. "Come along, my hearties," continued he; "our future compass tells us that it's time to move on our homeward march."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied his sailor friend, who thereupon struck up his favourite sea-chant,

" 'The captain walks the quarter-deck,
It's time for us to go;
Hurrah! hurrah! my hearty bonnies,
It's time for us to go.' "

Allons! once more to the breach, dear brethren. Yet another draught from the limpid stream, and we'll bid a last farewell to this scrubby paradise."

On went the hopeful pilgrims, wending their way through fields of fern and flowering heaths, overshadowed by the dense foliage of thick-standing peppermint and other towering trees, that at times obscured the rays of their adopted guide, until he left them to recruit their tired frames in grateful sleep, to awake with renewed vigour, and hail his return at

early morn. Night now speedily set in, and the customary arrangements were accomplished with an increased amount of energy and spirit; each feeling it to be his especial duty to rise above a cowardly display of despair. The exhilarating bonfire soon crackled, and illumined the dark green canopy of the silent wilderness, forming, as it were, a charmed circle of pedestrians around the gipsy camp.

“Now, Mr. Commissary Dux,” demanded the chief Bushman, “what of the viands? what of the cheering beverage?”

“Verily,” replied the culinary official of the day, “for the general stock in trade, I cannot say much. My report, sir, is briefly told in the words, ‘a Flemish account,’ viz. very short commons of damper, last half-pot of tea, but oceans of delicious kangaroo.”

“Hurrah, hurrah, boys! three cheers for the worthy commissary,” responded his delighted auditors; “there’s a shot in the locker yet.” And ere many minutes had elapsed, the grateful odour imparted from the grilling and sputtering rich brown steak of the kangaroo gave ample promise of a hearty meal.

Although the circumstances of the party were extremely unpropitious, the hearts of the Bushmen were too full of hope to let such matters destroy their hilarity, or ordinary peace of mind.

“By the powers of your own mothers’ sons, my darlints!” exclaimed Lawyer Hart, “sure it’s perfectly astonishing what noble specimens of the human species are produced from the following ingredients, viz.

TASMANIA.

Philosophy, Experience, and Short Commons. Sure now, who'd iver think of finding eight such happy spalpeens, squatting at the roots of big gums in this model hop-garden—and themselves too, without the knowledge of what's for dinner to-morrow? Och! na bocclish gie folia! but it's myself 'd refuse a kind invite to feed with King Billy afther this iligant supper."

"Right well said, brother Pat!" remarked Stanmore; "and if I'm not mistaken, with the exception of tea and damper, we'll have an equally glorious meal every evening till we find some friendly haven."

"Bravo, bravo, my plucky comrades!" exclaimed the captain; "he'd be but a poor apology for a Bushman, that couldn't dine well every day from the fruits of his dog and gun. And now be advised; look well to your arms, boys; for, notwithstanding that I never as yet heard of a midnight attack, on the part of the natives, upon Europeans, yet the event of the morning tells us that certain black friends are close upon our trail. Fleming," continued the chief, "you're sentry No. 1; so now for a luxurious draw at De Burgh's consoling meerschaum, and then to sweet repose."

The minds of the travellers were soon freed from the cankering cares of life, in sound and peaceful slumber; whilst the lonely sentinel slowly paced around his sleeping companions, whiling away the sluggish time by chanting a strain of every song he knew, and anxiously peering into the eastern horizon, to catch the first glimpse of welcome morn. Suddenly,

however, in apparent alarm, the quick hound nearest to the watchman rose upon its haunches, and, pricking forward its ears, gave a suppressed bark and a significant sniff.

“What’s in the wind now, Spring?” demanded the unconscious sentinel. “Bah! only a poor ’possum after all, I fancy. There, untie ye. Hie to him, then, boy, and secure your breakfast. Yoicks! yoi—”

The last word was but half uttered, when a heavy barbed spear came swiftly quivering through the narrowed space of the close-standing trees, and, passing between the speaker’s body and left arm, tore away a portion of the sleeve of his pea-jacket, and slightly wounded the muscle.

“The Blacks! the Blacks!” shouted the surprised man, firing both barrels in the direction from whence the weapon came. The camp thus rudely aroused, the sentinel was instantly surrounded by his armed comrades. The natives, however, knew the effective strength of the white men too well to risk another contest. They fled, unfortunately this time, with impunity under cover of the dark forest. Day broke soon after this; and the disturbed Bushmen, deeming it utterly futile to pursue the savages farther, returned and dressed themselves before the rousing fire.

“Ay, brave countrymen!” remarked the leader, “that little spirt is another broad hint to us; and proves the necessity of precautionary measures.”

“They’ve not yet done with us,” replied the scout. “Depend upon it, we shall be honoured with their

most enviable company, until we reach more lightly-timbered country. Well, we may safely promise to forgive them, if they can catch us napping again," continued the spy.

"I'll promise for one," said the captain; "and now, friend Willie, for a surgical examination of your recent wound. Ah, yes! slight scratch. My prescription will certainly be a loss to you, but it will be advisable immediately to appropriate that chaw of tobacco you're enjoying so much, to your excoriated arm; bind it on with your best Bandanna, and bless your lucky fate. You're evidently destined to perish by some more distinguished process, than that of being skewered and trussed up like a fat capon."

"Breakfast, breakfast, ahoy!" shouted Jemmy Dux.

"What! Tea!" exclaimed his delighted companions. "Tea, thou prince of cooks! Wherever didst thou conjure that luxurious article from?"

"Conjure it from!" replied the other. "Why, sirs, I've been out on a foraging expedition. My dear fellows, do you think we ought to be wanting in that refreshing beverage, when we are absolutely located in the very midst of a tea-plantation? Certainly not! And to warm the cockles of your hearts, I can impart the pleasing information to you, that there are two good pinches of sugar in each quart pot, and two fair-sized pinches to each man for to-morrow evening; so toss off the drink, my bonnies, and tell me how you relish the decoction of indigenous tea-tree leaves?"

“Excellent! excellent! thou noble-minded Dux!” responded the easily-pleased Bushmen. “If we had but sugar, why then we’d fare like princes.”

The morning meal, though somewhat scanty, passed off as cheerfully as usual. The treasured map was again spread out and eagerly consulted; the pipes sent forth their fragrant perfumes; and once more the energetic travellers, simultaneously with the rising of the glorious sun, recommenced their homeward route.

But, although in Tasmania gloomy skies form the exception rather than the rule, at an early hour of this morning the heavens became overcast with black stormy clouds; and the rain, which soon descended in torrents upon the hapless wayfarers, cast such a grave unearthly aspect over the surrounding scene as almost to warrant the assertion, that those secluded spots had never revelled in a ray of sunshine since bounteous Nature had overspread them with her dense mantle of evergreen. Words cannot describe the solemn grandeur of those forest scenes. Nothing daunted, however, the friends pursued their journey; confident, that every step would bring them nearer to settled lands.

“Four o’clock, my boys, and we’ve never drawn bridle,” remarked the captain. “I vote we deserve a smoke.”

“Och! by the powers of mock turtle, but yer honour’s an angel,” rejoined Hart; “for sure an’ it’s inclined to be rather damp, if anything. Ah! here’s

my blessed black dudeen. Bedad, an' it's a clane thousand that wouldn't buy you at this moment, my darlint."

"Time, time, my hearties," resumed the leader, "as I see you're all charged, in this dark corner; out with your studding-sails and make play whilst daylight favours us; our good pilot has retired only for a short season, he'll soon return to gladden us with his presence."

Night again closed over those dreary Bush regions; and the tomahawks were quickly employed in stripping large sheets of bark from the tall white gum-trees, which form an effectual shelter from the heaviest of rains. Thus, on the third night of their homeward pilgrimage, having consumed their last ounce of provisions, and being comfortably seated upon sheets of bark in the rude wigwam, the travellers philosophically discussed their unpleasant condition.

"No occasion for a watchman on such a night as this," remarked Stanmore; "the savages, like the cat-tribe, are too chary of wetting their skins to prowl about in heavy rains; so, as my habiliments are pretty well dried, I shall turn in."

This time the dismal night passed undisturbed, save only by the guttural croaking of a solitary opossum, who, tempted by overweening curiosity, ultimately became a prey to the hungry hounds. Again the morning light lit up the gloomy forests, and with its first beams the Bushmen renewed their inauspicious route, hoping, at every step they advanced, to surprise

some Bush or wallabee kangaroo. The country, however, was so barren that neither bird nor animal seemed to inhabit such unblest abodes; nor could dogs have run with any chance of success even had game offered itself to view.

Mid-day came, and still no change. Again the jetty pipes were charged, and again they administered the usual amount of consolation to the dripping Bushmen.

"Cheer up, cheer up, brave shipmates!" exclaimed the captain; "a few hours must bring us in sight of some friendly haven; and as for these tropical torrents, why, plenty of water here is very life to us. I'm certainly anxiously looking out for some good prospect of a breakfast, but in any case we can push along for another twelve hours, without provant, if necessary."

"*Allons! allons!*" exclaimed Hart, "we're men for a clane week upon dudeens and swate nigger-head, if needs be. Sure, if Mr. Noah was alive in this moist weather, he'd be afther building another ark."

"There's ane thing I'm enlightened in at least," rejoined Henderson, "and it's just this, that if it can rain petchforks, as they say in Midlothian, I ken it can rain stoot three-prongers here."

"If," said the chief, "our commissariat department was tolerably stocked with only one necessary of life, we'd camp here, build a water-tight crib, and wait till the clouds were empty. But it's of little use to blink the truth: our position is too serious to permit of delay from any cause within the power of man to brave. Stern necessity compels us to push on as we best can,

guided by the rough island chart and our instinctive notions as to the cardinal points of the compass; for, what with the dark clouded atmosphere, and these delightful forests of charred gums and blackened stringy barks, we are not likely to catch one solitary glimpse of the sun for an age."

"Three such propitious days go far to prove your English mettle, lads," rejoined Stanmore. "The worst feature in the case is that, until our friendly pilot becomes visible, we shall remain in such profound ignorance of our whereabouts, that it is questionable whether we are not shaping our course back to the last starting-point."

"True, my worthy scout," responded the thoughtful leader; "goodness knows where we are, but certainly, before we turn into our comfortable feather-beds to-night we must catch an animal of some sort, for to me just now even a lean rat would be esteemed a delicacy of rare price. Our stock is reported *nil*! so we'll camp here, and despatch our Nimrods to the chase. Bring anything you can, creeping serpents or lizards excepted, and we'll eat them without salt or mercy."

This night the waterproof barrack was constructed with sheets of bark taken from a number of old native huts hard by, which were hailed by the drenched and weary Bushmen with intense satisfaction.

"There's hot blazes for ye's, my honies," exclaimed Hart, heaping on logs and brushwood till the heat fairly drove back the busy hut-builders. "Sure, an' it 'd be a chape place to roast martyrs in, this.

One penny a head 'd pay all ixpenses of fuel and labour."

"Well calculated, friend Pat," rejoined Lynnot; "and as you're a martyr just now, pray give us a practical illustration of such a proceeding. Jump on the pile, and tell us the real cost of it."

"Och, then, an' if it wasn't for scorching my blessed dudeen and three swate figs of nigger-head in my pocket, perhaps I might oblige ye, but"—

"Why, my dear Lawyer Gab," exclaimed the captain, interrupting him, "what an odd figure you cut; verily, we're all ragged enough, but of a truth your present costume reminds me of some poor wandering mendicant or strolling minstrel. What on earth has become of the right leg of your corduroys? Dear Patrick, what will your mother say?"

"Arrah, don't mintion it," returned Hart; "sure the right leg was left, since one o'clock, an' it'll always be left; for by all that's left of my briggs, it wouldn't be right to go back for it."

"Bravo, Hart! bravo!" responded the captain; "it's something to have a good laugh in our forlorn condition. But now for a long pole, and some stringy bark rope," continued the last speaker, "and we'll rig it before the fire, and dry our dripping clothes; for truly, as our witty member of the bar would say, the only things dry about us are our throats and the locks of our guns."

"Here's a walking-stick," exclaimed the staggering bearer of a long pole.

“And here is some stringy bark twine,” rejoined Powell, “strong enough to bind another Samson.”

The pole was speedily slung between the roaring bonfire and the bark-roofed domicile.

“There you are, my humid comrades,” remarked the captain; “there’s room enough on that clothes-line for us all.”

“For us all, is it?” said the humorous Hart, “then, by the same token, it’s myself ’ll be the first on;” and in the same breath, suspending his rotund person over the pole, and raising the tail of his pea-coat, he remarked, “Sure, thin, boys, tell me, is this the rale Bush fashion for getting up clane linen? Bedad, an’ it’s the funniest blayching and drying-up process ever invented in dacent society. But it’s very convanient, too, unless for the windpipes and digestive organs.”

“Bravo, Pat, well said; you’re a trump every inch of you,” said Willie, laughing.

“Arrah now ! only fancy a whole armee getting up their linen after this novel method ; and think of the after-piece too ; no less than the smart little laundresses starching and blueing ye’s ; and then, och ! millieu murther, boys ! to think of their ironing ye’s from bottom to top !”

The ludicrous attitude and original witticisms of the pendent Irishman set his steaming companion off into such peals of laughter, as made the very woods resound.

“Paddy, my dear boy !” said Lynnot, “you’re worth your weight in pure gold.”

“ Arrah, then, my bould gossoons,” resumed Lawyer Hart, “ is it by drying myself that I’ve tickled your own dear risible faculties? Why then, ye spalpeens ye, here’s something spicy that’ll alter your agreeable fatures. Sure ye’re all a pack of big story-tellers together.”

“ Holloa, Pat! holloa! strike him off the bar, my Lord, strike him off.”

“ Stop, gentlemen, stop,” interposed the captain; “ the court will show mercy if he can prove his case.”

“ Prove it, is it, my Lord?” said the smoke-drying individual; “ by the snake-charming saint, I can prove my case in a few words! Didn’t ye’s all say to me, “ Paddy, divil a bird larger than a titmouse was ever to be seen or heard of in these charming sequesthered spots?”

“ Yes,” replied the chief; “ and I, for one, fearlessly repeat the assertion!”

“ Ye do, captain! By my faith, then, it’s myself that has made an important discovery!” emphatically responded the heated lawyer; “ for, sure now, hasn’t there been five great laughing-jackasses before my own eyes for the last quarter of an hour?”

Again the woods resounded with the merry peals of laughter, and loud plaudits of Pat’s admiring companions, who, one and all following the example of their sage leader, had wisely stripped to the buff, and were abstracting from each knapsack their one spare, damp, unpleasant check chemise.

“ Now, most worthy and sage companion in affliction,”

said Lynnot, addressing the facetious Bush-lawyer, "pray, my dear fellow, do turn off that pole; or your crude ideas as to the probable cost of roasting a martyr in these woods will soon be realized."

"Och! sure you're right, for the corduroys are mighty hot behind," returned Hart. "And, by the same token," continued he, "since poor Pilgarlic has no prospect of sponging upon a fat lather, why thin, mavourneen, he'll e'en amuse himself with sponging on the rain." So, stripping to the waist, he stood forth, as a comrade remarked, in all his unadorned and freckled beauty.

Two long hours had elapsed since the departure of the hunters, and no glad tidings came to greet the ears of their anxious comrades; neither did rising moon or starlit sky give hope of continuous light, to guide them back to their solitary wigwam. Loads upon loads of brushwood were piled upon the beacon fire, until the fierce streaming flames had reached full twenty feet in height. Gun after gun was fired, without any response; and hour after hour rolled on, until at length midnight had arrived. Wearied in mind and body, five of the number now lay down to rest; whilst the chief decided on keeping watch, firing off his gun at intervals, and feeding the blazing bonfire, as a signal to his lost companions.

Presently, however, and from no great distance, his heart was gladdened with the well-known piercing *cooës* of the indefatigable Stanmore, and his fellow-hunters, who soon came up, and deposited the spoils of

the chase at the feet of their delighted and grateful comrades.

“Well done, brave Nimrods; a glorious wombat, eh?” said the captain; “that is indeed a prize, for not only is the flesh equal to well-fed pork, but the oily grease of the animal is of infinite value for preserving our guns and boots; moreover, it promotes the growth of the hair, brother Henderson, and burns beautifully.”

“Och, then, mavourneen,” said Hart, “if it but once touched the fiery-red pericranium of my mother’s son, I’ll go bail for it, its rapid destruction it ’d promote, in place of rapid growth; sure two inflammable substances never agree.”

Most experienced Bushmen are expert butchers. Sundry portions of the oily animal were soon sliced into good-sized steaks, which promised, from their grateful odour when grilling, effectually to restore the exhausted strength of the half-famished men. Every man cooked his own share; and the novel steak was pronounced the finest they had ever tasted. The merry joke again passed round, and the extremely fashionable hour, combined with the *negligé* costume of the jovial company, gave a *tout ensemble*, approaching the freedom of nature’s unsophisticated fashions; whilst the fragrant fumes of the meerschaum imparted an indefinable feeling of satisfaction.

No laggard was the watchful chief. Long before the opossums had retired to rest, he awoke his slumber-loving comrades with a strain from the standard

glee, “ ‘ Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, for it is our opening day.’ What ho! what ho! my sleeping beauties! Breakfast ahoy! Turn out, my boys, stow hammocks, and prepare for action!”

A few delicious yawns, accompanied with sundry muscular stretches, and all hands were speedily accoutred in their respective but certainly not respectable-looking habiliments. Day had scarcely dawned, when the renovated Bushmen had discussed their warm decoction of sugarless tea-tree leaves, and wombat-steak breakfast. Having oiled, re-charged, and carefully examined their trusty firearms, cleansed and soaked their hob-nailed boots with grease, they smoked a hearty welcome to the brilliant morning sun; the first rays of which told them to retrace the journey of the previous day, as they valued the hope of ever reaching their happy homes again.

Not in all their route did they appreciate a fine sunshiny day equally with this one. They travelled with renewed energy and swiftness. And so true was the guiding instinct of the leader in retracing the course of yesterday, that they actually came within speaking distance of the lately deserted leg of Hart’s pantaloons, and, in passing, honoured that discarded fragment with sundry merry and gracious salutations. But, alas for the hopes of mortals! once more the mid-day sun withdrew behind black lowering clouds, and left the hopeful Bushmen to pursue their onward route, unaided by his beacon rays.

Again dark and stormy days passed, with the same discouraging results as those already described. On the fourth morning, however, dating from Dry Pole Valley, to the delight of the bewildered men, a bright unclouded sky gave promise that the glorious orb of day would shine o'er their luckless heads in its usual splendour, and so transform even that desolate wilderness into a comparatively earthly paradise.

"*Allons ! allons !* most worthy shipmates," exclaimed the cheerful leader ; " here comes our welcome pilot, fast raising his golden head. Doff rugs and knapsacks, shoulder arms, and we'll scale the peak of yonder high mountain, that seems to tower above the common things of earth. If my log reckoning is right, we ought not to be over two days' journey from the capital. At least we'll ascend that hill to discover, if possible, a land more favoured than these dense forest regions, in which we have been enshrouded during the last eight days."

Filled with a lively hope that their arduous trials would soon be terminated, they marched on with unabated vigour to the base of the mountain.

Toiling up the wild craggy ravines, choked with sassafras, grass-trees, brambles, and cord-like woodbines, overshadowed as usual with gigantic gums, peppermints, and stringy barks, what was their joy at finding themselves on the summit of the fine old Brown Mountain ! Cabbage-tree hats and scarlet chapeaux flew into the air at an elevation unknown

to them before. For lo ! there, at an easy day's march from them, glistened the waters of the majestic Derwent.

The friends now exchanged fervent congratulations at so auspicious an event, and gave a full measure of well-merited praise to their gallant and skilful leader, who, overcome with sincere gratitude to a kind Providence, could only reply, "Thank God ! good shipmates, thank God, not me. Now we've time by the forelock, and have fairly earned a smoke. Come, unsling knapsacks, and charge the reeking bowls once more, brave boys, 'then homeward we'll go,' as we used to sing on breaking-up days."

"Bravo ! bravo ! giniral ; sure an' it's the liveliest bird in the desert ye are," exclaimed his ragged Irish comrade, Hart.

"All charged ?" said the leader.

"All charged, sir."

"Fire, then !" rejoined the captain ; and the ignited rag, discharged from the barrel of a gun, supplied the smoking tinder to light their jet black pipes. Such a dense cloud did those indefatigable tobacconists forthwith create, that the merry professor of Bush-law declared his opinion that "sure the midges of humanity below'll take us for a volcanic mountain."

"Bravo, Six-and-eightpence ; keep the steam up, old boy ! go a-head, Paddy ! go a-head !" shouted the laughing audience. An exclamation of surprise, however, silenced the prevailing mirth.

"Holloa, comrades ! What have we got here ?"

cried the ever-vigilant scout, pointing to a little column of smoke arising from one of the most secluded valleys in the mountain.

“Ah! true, Mr. Hawkeye,” said the leader; “right in our course too, eh? Some timber-splitters or sawyers, I fancy. Well, we’ll make for it in any case, and perchance once more gratify our bereaved palates with the taste of luxurious damper, tea, &c.”

Each, having refreshed the inner man with cold broiled wombat-steak, and water, pure from the elevated spring, resumed their empty knapsacks, and cheerfully prepared to descend.

An occasional halt was ordered, to ascertain if possible the character of the distant party. Stanmore soon decided that the smoke proceeded from a white man’s camp; “for the obvious reason,” remarked he, “that, wherever a tribe of Aborigines locate themselves, each family kindles its separate fire at fourteen to twenty yards apart. Consequently, on a calm evening, the smoke ascends in so many distinct columns, and thus reveals to the observant Bushman of what nature are the tenants of the wild and pathless forests.”

“March on, march on, brave comrades, and let yonder white fleecy cloud be our good beacon,” said the chief. “And now, what say you, friend Stanmore; may we once more venture to task your scouting abilities?”

“With all my heart!” responded the adventure-loving scout; “but this time armed to the teeth,

forsooth." One hour's march down the rocky slopes of that mount brought the travellers within three or four hundred yards of the suspected valley. A general halt was ordered, and the spy, with admirable Bush tact, succeeded in approaching the strangers' encampment unobserved. The tenants of the gloomy dell were only five Europeans. He rose from his crouching position, and, with a careless air, marched into the midst of the astonished band. Taken by surprise—a thing so discreditable to Bushmen—they were at first somewhat disconcerted, but, quickly recovering confidence, declared themselves travellers bound for the interior in search of good country lands. Stanmore doubted this, but still thought, whatever they might be, that the prospect of tea and damper was worth a venture to eight stout well-armed men. So, explaining the position and errand of himself and his companions, the strangers invited them all to join their camp.

An approving *cooë* soon brought up his wayworn friends. But, while they were advancing, Stanmore's quick eye detected his new acquaintances stealthily slipping pistols into their belts.

"You've nothing to fear from us, my friends," remarked the scout, smiling.

"Perhaps not," replied the man addressed; "but no one can tell Bush-rangers from Bush-gentlemen in such wilds as these. Look to your arms, men!" added he in an authoritative tone; and in the next instant our ragged heroes entered the encampment politely saluting the strangers.

“’Pon my word, gentlemen,” continued their new pistoled friend, “I take it you’ve seen some rough service.”

“Faith,” replied Hart, “you’re not far out in your reckoning; and, by the same token, it’s myself that wouldn’t be above adopting a pair of second-hand briggs, provided they had but two legs to them; that is, if yer honour’s got an ould pair to give away.”

“Sorry I can’t rig you out, sir,” said the authoritative man; “I carry nearly all my wardrobe on my person.”

Our party had now erected their brushwood wigwam, and settled themselves down before a roasting fire, within conversational distance of the suspicious strangers.

Suddenly, however, they were startled by the report of a gun in the deep valley beneath them, which was immediately replied to from the strangers’ camp.

“What’s up, gentlemen?” demanded the captain.

“Only a few of our comrades coming on with extra supplies,” responded the chief speaker, giving a loud *cooë* in the same breath.

In about fifteen minutes nine burly rough-looking men marched boldly up to the strange party, eyeing in doubt and apparent surprise the ragged travellers. Two of the new arrivals immediately retired to some distance with the authoritative man before alluded to, and appeared to be describing some momentous event in great excitement, but soon returned, and, lighting their pipes, squatted around the blazing fire.

The new-made acquaintance, being flush of provisions, generously invited our famished friends to

share in the good things of which they had so great a variety—an offer the poor fellows most gratefully accepted; as Hart remarked aside, “Yes, faith, though their amiable hosts should be first cousins to all the wild bastes in Christendom.” A very few minutes sufficed to enlighten our observant captain and his friend Stanmore on one point at least, in connection with their suspicious-looking neighbours, namely, that they were evidently not men of refined minds or habits. The evening, nevertheless, passed away jovially enough over a liberal supply of real Cognac.

But the morning told a sadly different tale; as, immediately upon the conclusion of the hearty breakfast, whilst smoking and relating their mutual adventures, our friends were suddenly surprised in turn by seeing eight of their worthy hosts rush to the sleeping-quarters, and, instantly possessing themselves of the much-prized double guns, politely informed our poor duped adventurers that they were Bushrangers, under the distinguished command of Captain Brady, “whose lieutenant I have the honour to be,” continued McCabe. “And, for your further edification,” added the authoritative individual, advancing at the same moment, “I have the pleasure of introducing to your notice that greatly libelled person, Captain Brady, in my humble self. Fear nothing, gentlemen,” continued he, “bloodshed is not our object; you shall have a share of our provisions, but you must pardon us for demanding an exchange of guns.”

“Faith, an’ I’ll consint,” replied Hart (whose gun

was broken), "if ye's 'll be afther giving the breeches into the bargain."

"Och, then, ye're safe to wear your own briggs, my honey, by the look of 'em, and all that's left of them," said McCabe. "But, sure now, it's an iligant pair of brogues ye've got on ye, countryman, and such a nate foot, too; bedad, and it's myself they'll fit to the very life," continued he. "Come now, be after changing boots with a poor fellow, and there's mine to ye; and, by my troth, if they serve ye as well as they have myself, ye'll have good raison to spake well o' them."

"By my own mother's broth of a son, brother Pat," replied the irate son of Erin, "if you think to coax me out of my good brogues with any such eloquence, it becomes my painful duty to inform you that you're very much mistaken. My brogues, is it? Och, millieu murther, now!" ejaculated Hart, springing into the air in a defiant Irish fandango style. "A gowlden guinea for my own rale blackthorn! Would any kind friend be after cutting us a couple of brave shillelahs?"

"Divil's skewer to ye now," exclaimed McCabe, in an angry mood, pointing a brace of pistols at his head; "choose which ye'll have, then—your owld boots, or the illoquent contints of these little persuaders?"

"No, no," sharply interposed Brady; "if Mr. Hart wishes so much to retain his hobnailed boots, he must have them. At the same time, gentlemen, I'm really sorry to make such a demand upon you, but any cash you may have beyond a few shillings to pass you over

the ferry, together with your watches, must be given up to us, and we cannot admit of any refusal."

"Good Bushmen never carry watches," said the shrewd scout and his clever comrade, the leader; "the glorious sun is our time-piece. And, as for money, we've just fifteen shillings amongst us all," continued the latter; "there it is," throwing his purse on the ground in disgust.

"Pray keep your temper, sir," said the bandit captain; "our necessities are much greater than yours, but, as I see that is all you have, there, sir, I give it back to you."

"Arrah, now, Mister Scot," said McCabe, addressing Henderson, "plase to be after unbuttoning your ould ragged coat again."

"I've nae sic a thing as a watch in my keeping, man," replied Henderson.

"Pardon me, sir," interposed Brady; "I saw you look at the time, only half an hour since. Give it up quietly, and you may at some future day see it again."

"Ech, mon, but it's a sore treal to part wi' sic a bonnie friend! Here it's to ye, then," handing his old-fashioned gold repeater to Brady; "I'll e'en bid a lang fareweel to the heirloom o' the family for generations past. And sae the braw jewel's lost! Lost to us for gude an' aye!"

"No, no, sir," rejoined the chief bandit; "if I'm taken alive, the watch shall be restored to you again. Write your name on a slip of paper, and put it inside the case."

"My richt name is Tammias Henderson: but frae

henceforth it shall be Auld, Dooble-distilled, Idiot Tam-ass! for deporting the hereedetary gem o' his respected ancestors into the wulderness o' sin and abstraction. Ech, ma conscience, what'll Mistress Henderson say? Here's the wee morsel o' paper; pit it to the inside," continued he, accompanying the act of handing it to Brady with the masonic sign.

"Ah!" exclaimed the bandit; "step aside with me for one minute," addressing the dejected Scot; "are you a mason?"

"Yes."

"How high?"

"Of the third degree."

"Give me your hand," said the former. "Well, what else? True; it's well you've proved yourself! Brother, I have much pleasure in returning the family bauble.

"There, sir," said the bandit captain, handing back the precious relic to the grateful freemason; "be advised by a poor outlawed Bushranger, and don't take it out on such long airings again."

"Ech, laddie!" emphatically exclaimed the Scot, "but ye're a true brither! A myriad o' thanks to ye, chield, for the watch and the advice too."

"As for your beautiful double-barrelled gun," rejoined the bandit, "I should be happy to return that also; but we are hunted stags, and consequently must carry formidable antlers to keep our keen pursuers at a respectful distance. Wanton injury to any man is not our creed. But woe to those who oppose themselves to the one grand object of our lives—liberty, sweet

liberty ! and escape from that hell upon earth, Macquarie Harbour. We are all fourteen of us sworn to a man to fight to the death rather than be enslaved and doomed to chains again."

"Bravo ! bravo !" responded his bandit comrades, holding up their hands ; " again and again we swear, Death or Liberty ! "

" Now, farewell, gentlemen," said the chief of the band ; " yonder lies Table Mountain. Steer across those hills for Richmond, and from there in fourteen miles you'll come to Kangaroo Point ferry. Yours is doubtless a happy future. Would to Heaven that we had but a faint prospect of such another. One day's easy travel will bring you to your happy homes ; farewell, again, and a safe arrival to you all, sirs ! "

Thoroughly disgusted with their bandit hosts, the tourists resumed their homeward route, smarting over the recollection that they had unwillingly bartered their invaluable double Mantons and Mortimers for so many rusty old Brown Bessies, and other firearms of no defined species whatever.

Ere night had closed o'er the busy hum of life in the commercial capital, and after an arduous tour of fifteen days, chequered with disappointments and bitter trials, the tattered wayworn travellers found themselves once more seated in their happy homes, blessed with the radiant welcome of their wives and children. The latter, however, stood gazing with mingled feelings of doubt and fear, wondering if the vagrant-looking

individual before them was really "Pa," or some wild man of the woods.

Next morning, the adventurers met by agreement at the door of the Deputy Surveyor's office, long before the hour for commencing the official duties of the day. Early as it was, others were there also, on the same errand as themselves, anxiously hoping to secure the unallotted land they had discovered. Each mysterious little knot of visitors ever and anon, eyed their neighbours with furtive glances, as would rival suitors for the hand of some rich coquette; whilst the heart of each man teemed with intense anxiety, lest, after all, the plot of land on which he had fixed his hopes, should be granted to another applicant, as not unfrequently happened.

"Hark'ee, friends," whispered Stanmore; "a bright thought gleams o'er my agitated senses. Number One is the first law of nature. You who would be landlords favour me with your cards, and half-a-crown each: quick's the word, boys!"

The request was instantly responded to, when, separating himself from them, with a careless air, Stanmore sauntered round to the rear of the official residence, and, slipping a silver piece into the hand of a willing maiden, despatched her express for the office-keeper. The worthy guardian of locked-up papers, desks, and drawers, speedily appeared, and, entirely entering into the profitable arrangement of depositing gentlemen's cards upon the private desk of the Deputy

Surveyor General at the agreeable rate of two shillings and sixpence per card, most faithfully and cheerfully executed his commission. The result of this clever move proved that which we see in every-day life, namely, that a well-timed half-crown achieves a much-desired object, where truth and right are too frequently attended with utter failure.

The friends, having by such means succeeded in obtaining the first interview, were duly furnished with the hopeful location orders; and doubly fortunate did they esteem themselves when, on returning from the office, they were informed by their excited and anxious companions that three other candidates for the same country were in attendance. "Poor fellows!" remarked each of the prizholders, "I'm not sorry that they are a day after the fair."

The happy termination of their severe, but memorable, Bush trip, was joyously celebrated at the Macquarie Hotel, over a liberal champagne feast, at which "they fought their battles o'er again."

"Ech, laddies," said Henderson, addressing the captain and the scout, "but ye wur far-sighted bairns, to slip yer watches awa' in time, since neither o' ye belong to the honourable fraternity of Freemasons. Wull ye a' charge yer glasses for a toast?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded his gay-hearted comrades.

"All charged? Aweel, I'll just gie ye—the health of a brither-mason, Captain Brady, and the speedy capture of a' the Bushrangers."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

THE relation of the Bush trip would not be complete were I to omit informing my readers that, in a few days after the confirmation of their grants by the Deputy Surveyor General, Mr. Evans, the three new and enterprising landlords bade a long adieu to the busy capital, and with their well-appointed bullock teams, numbering eight noble oxen each, were slowly wending their way back to the newly-selected estates; whilst the bright-painted Scotch cart, or English red-wheeled dray, piled to the very skies with an endless variety of sundries, was crowned with feather-beds, courageous wives, and a well-packed stock of sons and daughters. At the rear of each load followed some six or eight sturdy prisoner-servants of various callings, destined to transform those lands, hitherto occupied and traversed only by a few erratic Aborigines, into the happy homes of civilized and energetic families.

Upon such special occasions as these, skilful drivers of bullocks were necessarily hired to guide the lazy teams, who, as a part of their engagement, professed to give lessons in the difficult and peculiar art of urging forward the unwilling oxen. The cockney pickpocket

invariably excelled all others in that most abstruse science, owing, no doubt, to his extraordinary volubility of tongue.

First comes the gentle-minded master for his lesson in bullock-guiding. Already has he learnt that the settler should practically understand every description of labour connected with his active calling; by the same rule that housekeeping should form a branch of education for at least nine-tenths of those pretty spinsters who would fain become wives.

“Tickle them just there, sir,” said the callous-hearted driver, cracking his long lithe whip, with the report of a horse-pistol, upon the loins of the forbearing victims, the leading bullocks; “that’s the spot to make the beggars go ahead.”

“No, no,” rejoined the more merciful proprietor, taking the whip; “the poor creatures have got a swinging load behind them; better be a day longer on our journey than to knock them up.”

“Now then,” said the pupil Lynnot, “gee up, my lads, step out, boys; plenty of fine kangaroo-grass for you at the new farm.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the professional cockney Jehu; “by Jove, sir, if you neither whip, scold, nor swear, them ’ere bullicks ’ll lie down directly. Look’ee here, sir,” resuming the whip; “come along, you crawling, lazy, old beggars, you, do,” growled the stentorian-lunged driver. “Colonel, Punch, Brandy, Major, go on . . . &c., &c. There, sir, see how they moves on, when you ’dresses ’em in their mother’s langidge

I've driv' bullocks now going on five years, sir, and I all'as found as they went ahead more lively like for a little perlite conwersation, than for all the whipping as a feller could lay on to 'em. There's the whip, sir; please to look out for that old gum-stump right ahead. I'll overtake you in a minute."

Scarcely, however, had the driver time to join the servants in the van, than the woods resounded with loud shouts of "Wo, weh, woho, Colonel! Ah! demmit, come hither. Wo, Major!" when, lo and behold, in the next instant, the off-wheel was on the very crown of the black stump, and the dray, with its precious treasure, in the act of canting over and discharging the valuable cargo of live stock from its lofty summit.

Most fortunately for the parent tree and her little olive branches, they were all tenderly deposited upon the closely-grown boughs of a recently fallen "sheac," which received the grateful family upon its springy foliage without the slightest injury.

The upsetting of a dray in such cases does not affect the ordinary equilibrium of the patient oxen, since the pole revolves in a large iron ring attached to the strong wooden yoke, and thus, instead of inconveniencing, relieves them of the heavy burden, which is otherwise entirely sustained by their muscular necks. The united forces of three masters, with their numerous retinue of assigned servants and hired drivers, soon righted the dray.

The juniors perched on the top of the dray were

highly amused at the necessity of occasionally preserving the maternal poke-bonnets from being rent to pieces or carried away by the luxuriant foliage, with which the upper loading was frequently brought into contact. Several times, however, during the weary journey, from having clung too pertinaciously to the sweeping branches, the dray passed from under their pendent bodies, and thus amply proved the practical utility of a sound gymnastic education, especially to those who, in such extremes, are gifted with the useful auxiliary of a penetrating voice. Shrieking from amidst the gum-leaves, the suspended performers soon brought their philosophical papas to the rescue. The juvenile branches, however, from having escaped scatheless each time, repeated the performance so frequently, that their seniors were compelled to forbid a repetition of the new-found "game at Absalom," as the delighted boys were pleased to call it.

To attempt a minute description of the routine adopted in the establishment of a farm in the earliest periods of the colony would, I fear, earn for me the appellation of a plagiarist or a bore. I will remark, however, that I know of no more interesting and exciting circumstance in the course of man's earthly career than the pleasing ceremony of taking possession of his thousand-acre grant of land; building with his own hands the humble thatched cottage wherein to shelter his dependent family; fencing, laying out, and planting the first cabbage in his new-formed garden; erecting substantial log stock-yards, sheds, fowl and dog houses, &c.

In these arrangements he feels a manly pride, that cannot be truly appreciated by those who have not been thrown upon their own resources. The life of the lord of a Tasmanian manor in the early days, from 1822 to 1829, was not, however, replete with unalloyed happiness. Beds of roses, to families located eighty or one hundred miles from a sea-port town, existed only in the imagination. Indeed, during that period, a settler's life was not only fraught with discomforts and difficulties, but was attended with considerable danger, from the spears of the wily savages, and from the predatory visits of outlawed convicts and Bushrangers.

Settlers in the interior were consequently ever in an unenviable state of agitation and alarm. Their energies were literally cramped, for the reason, that, they were compelled at all times, morning, noon, and night, to be well armed and ever on the alert, as they valued their lives and property. Whilst much tact and good generalship were required in devising the most efficient mode of fortifying their position, it was necessary to clear away every tree, log, or thick shrub, which might possibly afford shelter to the enemy within ball-range; to construct their slab or log huts with substantial bullet-proof timber; and to pierce the walls with well-arranged loopholes.

Many a brave and effective defence has been made by spirited settlers, and their lion-hearted sons, against twice or thrice their number of bandits; and also, in their turn, against tribes of ruthless savages, thirsting for the white man's blood. For equally valorous deeds

in these days, my worthy friends the Gatenbys, Taylors, Bayles, and Allisons, of the Macquarie River, and many other settlers, would have been decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The reader will doubtless remember the inauspicious meeting between the party of land-discoverers, on their homeward route, and the gang of Bushrangers. Perhaps a brief narrative, descriptive of the terror and inconvenience which the dread of that formidable band of convicts caused through the length and breadth of Tasmania, during the years 1823 to 1825, may not be devoid of interest to some of those who may honour me with a perusal of these reminiscences. I will introduce the subject by first endeavouring to explain the causes alleged by Brady and his party in palliation of their lawless career, and then narrate a few of the principal events by which it was distinguished.

Those unfortunates whose sins were punished with expatriation from their native land, and to whom, whether for stealing bread, wherewith to sustain life, or for the shedding of their brother's blood, were alike accorded the harsh treatment and degrading appellation of a convict—who, also, were so unhappy from some galling circumstance, or from an evil tendency of mind, as again to violate the severe laws of their antipodean prison—subjected themselves either to severe chastisement with the torture-inflicting lash, or, in proportion to their crimes, were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude at that awful den of guilt and moral degradation, Macquarie Harbour, which is situate

on the south-west coast, and distant overland about 100 miles, and by sea 240, from Hobart Town. There the major part of those doubly-offending convicts were doomed to work in heavy chains, securely riveted and attached to their ankles by ponderous rings; and their daily occupation consisted in cutting and shaping timber for ship-building, and sundry other purposes, as might be required by the Government, or for public sale.

For the better security of the prisoners, the general establishment was formed upon an islet in the centre of the bay or harbour, comprising a few acres of land, and called Sarah's Island.

From the heart-cankering fetters and restraints of this felon hell some twelve desperate criminals contrived to effect their escape, by cleverly surprising the over-confident sailors, and seizing the only seaworthy boat then in the harbour. The scheme had been long cherished, and partly provided for, by these daring men; and the adroit manner in which the boat was captured proved the existence of a master-mind to lead his fellows on, as their watch-word implied, to "Death or Liberty."

The occupation of this party of convicts was, to launch into the waters of the harbour massive logs of pine-wood, which had been squared, and otherwise prepared for shipment, by other gangs. They were then floated off to the Government schooner, for conveyance to the capital. The vessel, having again received her useful cargo, had sailed for her usual

destination only a few hours previous to the outbreak; leaving to the commandant, as the sole means of transit by water, a fine whale-boat, manned by four sturdy oarsmen and a skilful coxswain. The latter official, in company with one of his crew, was quietly reclining in the stern sheets of his clipper craft, reading in an audible voice the adventures of some renowned skimmer of the seas, for their mutual edification. The other jolly tar, the watchman on duty, was also reposing at full length by his master's side, basking in the warm rays of the sun, and shielding his happy well-bronzed face from its burning effects with his glazed and gold-bound hat, denoting vigilance only by the occasional smart response, "No, no, shipmate, I'm not asleep! My eyes, Benny, what a nipping skipper! No pipe to dinner and fight afterwards there, eh? Go a-head, Ben; read on!"

The usual guard of two soldiers and an overseer to each gang of twelve to fourteen men, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, were also incautiously parading their accustomed path in close proximity to the prisoners—who, to all appearance, were most assiduously engaged in the performance of their daily labour, and singing during the while, in sullen chorus, a verse of the "Canadian Boat Song." The last word of this, accompanied with a light whistle, was to be the signal of attack upon the unwary soldiers and sailors. Two of the prisoners, furnished with hand-spikes used in lifting heavy spars of the pine-tree, thereupon swung themselves suddenly round, and

but too successfully felled the thoughtless sentinel to the earth. Stunned beyond the possibility of resistance, the convicts immediately seized their arms and ammunition.

The overseer ran; the sailors were surprised at the same instant; and the lively whale-boat was quickly launched into deep water; upon which, with the speed of magic, she was freighted with the delighted prisoners, and the next moment saw her rapidly ploughing her way to seaward. Although every act of this drama was performed without noise in four or five minutes, the occurrence had, nevertheless, not escaped the vigilant eyes of the military guard at the island barracks. They instantly gave the alarm to their commanding officer, and hastened, in natural excitement, to avenge the cowardly onslaught on their confiding comrades. Unfortunately, however, the troops were comparatively helpless, from having no other means of giving chase to the fugitives than was practicable in two slow dingies, and a raft, used for deporting prisoners to their daily labour on the mainland; to which also, on the morning of this mishap, one of the civil officers had gone, either on pleasure or business, in the whale-boat.

Notwithstanding that the piratical crew had to pass within three hundred yards of the military barrack, from whence they were warmly accosted with innumerable royal salutes from poor Brown Bess, the regulation musket, but the oars were so stoutly plied by the vigorous arms of the practised rowers,

that neither the fiery rhetoric of those useless popguns nor the more potent arguments of the commandant's solitary four-pounder, served to arrest the determined progress of the escaped convicts. On the contrary, each volley elicited only the hearty response of three derisive cheers for "Death or Liberty."

Dingies and rafts, crowded with soldiers and constables, were ultimately despatched to the main shore; one detachment, provisioned for six days, was specially directed to march along the sea-board, and watch the course taken by the fugitives. But the ruffled surface of the briny deep presents even fewer impediments to the daring wayfarer, than were experienced in those dense and impenetrable forests, wherein so many prisoners, in their attempt to escape, had perished in hopeless solitude and maddening starvation. As the Scottish Bard sang,

" 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there."

The military detachment, appointed to watch the progress of the escaped convicts, soon found themselves bewildered amidst a chaos of dark impenetrable gullies, which were overlooked and bounded by an interminable succession of grim rocky hills, and enshrouded with the usual dense verdure of a Tasmanian scrub.

In those inhospitable regions, evidently unfrequented by man from their first creation, did the starving troops

wander about, in despair of regaining their island barrack, for the space of ten days, when they were providentially rescued from sharing a similar fate with several runaway convicts (whose misfortunes I shall recount hereafter) by sundry detachments sent in search of them. I need scarcely say how gratefully the poor lost and famished soldiers responded to the inspiring *cooë*, and welcomed the approach of their delighted comrades: whose knapsacks were now rapidly unbuckled, and their contents forthwith administered to the exhausted men.

The commandant, without means of communication with head-quarters either by land or by water, was utterly helpless. Prisoner volunteers, in numbers, with the hope of obtaining a conditional pardon, offered to try the route to Hobart Town, overland, and unarmed. But the commandant, Lieutenant Cuthbertson, saw too plainly that, unless by a miracle, nothing but certain death could result from such an undertaking. He was therefore compelled to abandon all further pursuit of the runaways, and all attempts at communication with the capital. Just at the moment, however, when all hope of forwarding despatches to the Governor, Colonel Arthur, was abandoned, a clear-headed conscientious man, who had been sent to Macquarie Harbour in utter contradiction to public opinion as expressed in memorials and every other form, quietly stepped forward, and proposed, with the assistance of the shipwrights and carpenters stationed there, to construct the skeleton

of a small canoe, which, he suggested, should have for its partial covering, the green hide of a fat ox, that had been recently slaughtered for store purposes.

In this frail barque, alone, and with a few days' provisions, he proffered his services to brave the dangers of the stormy sea around the southernmost coast of Tasmania, to convey the important despatch to its desired destination, or perish in the attempt.

The proposition was accepted almost as a forlorn hope; in a very few hours after, however, the dauntless man launched his little decked and novel-framed canoe, amidst the deafening cheers, even of his fellow-prisoners.

The distance from port to port, as I have before stated, was about 240 miles, 100 of which had to be traversed along the line of coast exposed to the mountainous waves of the great Southern Ocean; which seemed to threaten, at every surge, to usher the courageous hero into the depths of eternity. Added to this danger, was the soul-thrilling agony caused by the frequent and subtle visits of monster sharks, in whose ruthless and capacious jaws the venturous navigator would have constituted but a mere mouthful, wherewith to whet their further appetite. Most assuredly those tigers of the deep, attracted by the scent of the green ox-hide, would have speedily devoured the frail canoe, together with its brave conductor, had not the thoughtful man adopted the admirable precaution of having the hide thoroughly divested of all extraneous matter, firmly stretched

over the skeleton hull, and then liberally besmeared with sundry coats of tar and turpentine.

Doubtless, but for such clever forethought, the heroic messenger would not have survived to be restored to earthly freedom and his rightful position in society, in which he afterwards lived, much honoured and respected by all around him.

The Government at head-quarters, being apprised of the prisoners' escape within ten days of that event, by the safe arrival of the adventurous navigator, lost no time in despatching detachments of soldiers and bodies of police in all directions; but the clear-headed leader, Brady—after watching and lying concealed for several days, in the bays and along the shores of D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, in the vain hope, as it turned out, of capturing some good-sized vessel in which to effect a final escape from the colony—had, in the mean time, safely landed, and commenced his brigand operations at the farm of Mr. Gellibrand, senior, situated down the River Derwent, upon a point known as South Arm.

Here—having helped himself freely to horses, arms, ammunition, articles from the wardrobe, and an ample supply of provisions—with many apologies, he politely wished that gentleman a good morning, and beat a rapid retreat into the interior of the country; where he was joined by two other runaways, Murphy and another, from Orielson, near Pittwater, who, from their intimate knowledge of the southern districts, were an important acquisition to his gang of bandits.

The generalship displayed by Brady won for him great admiration, at the same time that it inspired a universal feeling of dismay. One day it would be reported that the brigands had plundered a settler at the "Break o' Day Plains:" whilst, at the corresponding hour of the next, they would give unmistakable proof of their presence fifty or sixty miles distant from the last scene of their depredations.

The party of Bushrangers now numbered fourteen determined and desperate men. Each was armed with two brace of duelling or horse pistols, and double-barrelled guns, and mounted on high-mettled steeds—selected from the best studs of those country gentlemen whom they honoured with their agreeable visits, or seized, in exchange with travellers, upon the public roads and highways. Many farmers and storekeepers, resident in by-places, fled to villages where a police or military station was established. The former, turning their saddle, plough, and carriage horses into the wild Bush for safety, left their farms and stock to be managed by the foreman and prisoner-servants; whilst the dealers in merchandise broke up their establishments, and carried all their worldly possessions to similar localities.

Such of the wealthy settlers, however, as I have named, fired with manly courage, fully determined on offering a vigorous resistance to any attack of the robbers; armed themselves, their sons, and most trusty assigned convict servants, in doubly effective strength; and adopted every possible precaution that Bush

engineering could devise, to prevent being taken at a disadvantage. Brady, however, was kept well informed of the movements of the military and police, and the various arrangements that were on the *tapis* for his capture—also of the warm reception he would meet with at the several farm-houses of any importance—by well paid and sympathising accomplices. But, notwithstanding that he was apprised of the determined resistance he would encounter in any attack upon some of the largest and wealthiest settlers on the Isis and Macquarie Rivers, he decided on trying the real strength and spirit of his alleged formidable opponents, by laying siege in the first place to the stronghold of Mr. Taylor, of the latter-named river; arguing, that there must be property of considerable value where a settler and his family were induced to risk life and limb in its defence.

The captain of the brigands, who had originally been a corporal in some regiment of the line, was a short man, of great promptitude and decision of character, and had evidently received a fair average education. No sooner did he conceive an idea, than it was put into execution with the utmost energy and boldness of purpose. The attack upon the well-manned homestead was planned at an early hour of the morning, at least fifty-six miles from the scene of action; and but a short time passed ere he had placed himself and his dreaded gang *en route*, rapidly traversing unfrequented country until within a few miles of their destination. He then selected some sheltered

and secluded spot—generally on the summit of a hill—in which to dismount and tether, or, in Bush phraseology, to “plant” their horses and conceal their valuable collection of plate, jewels, and watches.

Having first refreshed themselves with a hearty supper and strong tobacco-smoke, they next proceeded to examine and re-charge their various guns and pistols. Amply provided with ammunition, and all being in light marching order for fighting or retreating, they started during the dark watches of the night on their daring and dangerous adventure. Swiftly and silently gliding through the gloomy repose of the dense forests, they soon arrived within one quarter of a mile’s distance of the doomed dwelling. The order was then given to advance—in the words of the leader, upon “all fours,” or hands and knees—until they reached the garden fence, which, at that period, was constructed of the trees and brushwood cut down in clearing land for the plough. The cover was soon reached.

At the same instant, the faithful watch-dogs gave out a fearful peal of barking howling cries from every corner of the farmyard, rushing about in bristling mad excitement, as if seized with sudden frenzy. Such a noise would have awoken a winter dormouse, much more the vigilant settler and his sleeping troops. The bold Scotch farmer, vividly aroused to the danger, immediately sounded the alarm-bell; and, with the courage that a good cause always inspires, each rushed to his previously assigned post, and, in a twinkling, all were in readiness to meet the bandit invaders.

The Bushranger captain, in an audible voice, and with an air worthy of a better cause, now summoned the proprietor, Mr. Taylor, to surrender—declaring their object to be the acquisition of money and valuables only, and that, provided no opposition were offered to their visit, all members of the household should receive the most respectful treatment. The bold summons, however, had scarcely been delivered, ere it received an unmistakable reply in the shape of a swift rifle messenger, which, passing with a sharp whizz in nervous proximity to the herald's left ear, and perforating the brim of his low-crowned hat, was within a hair's breadth of arresting the future distressing and harassing career of the most clever and energetic, and, at the same time, the most mercifully-disposed brigand ever known in Tasmania.

The firing now became exceedingly sharp and animated. The windows of the cottage were riddled and shattered with musket-balls, to no purpose; whilst the brave occupiers of the little fortress plied the besiegers through the loop-holes so effectually, that the Bushrangers were not only kept at bay, but were ultimately totally defeated, leaving one of their number killed on the spot; whilst several were more or less severely wounded. Unfortunately, however, through some fatal mistake, one of the settler's sons, who was hastily returning home to join in the fight, upon his approach, was mortally wounded by their own gardener.

The brigands lost no time in repairing to the hill, where they had concealed their horses and baggage. Rapidly equipping themselves, they mounted their

steeds, and, ere the sun returned—alike to shine on deeds of good and evil—they had placed some thirty miles between them and the scene of their recent disaster.

As this course of proceeding became known, the authorities nearest to the point of attack immediately despatched messengers to distant outposts with the information, and with strict orders to be on the alert. Brady, however, was always well informed of the plans of his many pursuers, and occasionally reversed his tactics, by remaining in some exposed locality, within a very short distance of the mansion he had last honoured with his unwelcome presence. In such cases, he made prisoners of every shepherd or other person who might cross his path until his departure; when, they were released, with sundry threats and admonitions to hold their tongues if they valued their lives. The reader will easily conceive the great disadvantage of the troops and unmounted police in their endeavours to trace these wary brigands through the forests of so hilly and scrubby a country.

The policy of Brady was not to court danger unnecessarily, but rather to accomplish his views of plunder by a well-concerted system of surprise, in which he was too often successful.

However unpardonable the acts of the outlawed chief might be in the eyes of the law, and of morality, great praise was justly due to him, for the mercy-loving manliness of character he displayed, in most instances where he conquered, whether the victims yielded at

discretion or only when first overpowered. Females were always sure of his especial protection from the insult or violence of his more unrefined comrades. This latter circumstance often created angry words, and brought pistols to bear upon each other's heads. Neither would he permit wanton ill-treatment to be practised towards the masters of assigned servants, unless they had made themselves notoriously unpopular amongst that unfortunate class, by a too frequent appeal to the lash; in which case, their positions upon such visitations, were certainly not of an enviable nature.

The bandit chief was so clever in strategical conception, that it is a well-authenticated fact, dressed sometimes in the garb of a plodding settler, and at others as a country policeman, he has walked with impunity into the very heart of Hobart Town; and there, in the various public houses that he was in the habit of frequenting, he freely conversed upon the chief topic of the day, the depredations committed by Brady's gang of clever Bushrangers. He himself read aloud the large rewards of money, and free pardons offered, by advertisement in the official *Gazette*, for their capture, either living or dead—giving, at the same time, an accurate description of the respective ages, heights, and general appearance of each runaway, in detail.

“Well,” remarked the venturous bandit to a servant of ours, “there is one thing quite certain, that I shall never be shot or mistaken for Mr. Brady; since my sandy poll would never pass muster for his dark curly

head. If the Government would only let me have eight or ten men, such as I could select, I'd engage to bring in, either dead or alive, the whole fourteen of them, within a month or five weeks from this time."

"Ah!" replied his hearers, "no doubt you're a clever trap, but such a task is more easily said than done."

The leader of the brigands, however, having effected a satisfactory arrangement with one of the most notorious receivers of stolen property in the capital, for the sale of his large store of valuables, comprising plate, gold and silver watches, and an endless variety of rich jewellery—in addition to his other bold deeds, had the temerity to proceed to the mail contractor's office, and there secure a front seat for his conveyance to Oatlands, by the mail-cart to Launceston, which, it had been previously arranged, if all went right with the chief in his visit to the capital, should be stopped that night, and plundered of its contents; by which means the banditti would be put in possession of the instructions and intended movements of the authorities in reference to their desired capture.

To follow the robber band throughout their lawless career of nearly two years' duration would form too tedious a narrative. I must not, however, omit to relate an amusing event in reference to their doings, in which, though but a lad, I took a trifling part. The one grand object which actuated these unfortunate men in their predatory course, namely, the purchase or piratical seizure of a vessel sufficiently large to

THE BUSHRANGERS.

convey them far away from the hated land of slavery and severe prison discipline, to some free country where they could once more breathe the sweet air of dear liberty, became more and more hopeless in proportion as time advanced. Thus, in the same ratio as their fondest wishes were doomed to disappointment, so did the Bushrangers become the more reckless and desperate. The narrative is as follows:—

Lieutenant Gunn, a most worthy officer, who had retired from the East India Company's service, and who, like another Saul, rejoiced in a personal elevation far above his fellow-men, in that he stood six feet seven inches and a half high—a gentleman, too, of reputed courage, and celebrated for his untiring perseverance as a Bushman—was requested by the Governor, Colonel Arthur, to place himself at the head of a detachment of eight towering grenadiers, to go in pursuit of Brady and his marauding companions. To this proposal the vigorous soldier most willingly consented. Full of military ardour to distinguish themselves, the giant band forthwith entered upon their trying task, determined, if it ranged within the compass of courage and perseverance, speedily to rid the colonists of so serious a scourge.

Amongst other localities over which they marched, I remember that, as great suspicion was attached to the Sweetwater Hills, which bounded my uncle's farm, as affording many advantageous places of concealment for the brigand party, Mr. Gunn determined on making a strict search thereabouts, and requested me to ac-

company him as guide, to point out the numerous caves and secluded retreats amongst which I used so frequently to hunt for the kangaroo. No traces, however, could we discover of the Bushrangers ever having located themselves in the deep caverns or dense scrubs of those fine hills. The detachment then returned to Sorell Town, distant about two miles from our farm residence. The township being unprovided with a military barrack, and not having at that period a single untenanted dwelling-house in which to place the soldiers, they were compelled to occupy the only spare room in the town, which was no other than the half of the little local gaol; whilst the tall officer took up his quarters with the assistant Government surgeon, Dr. Garrett.

The following morning, however, brought the welcome intelligence, that the Bushrangers had been discovered at a place called Black Charley's Gully, situate about eight miles from Sorell Town. The gallant officer had scarcely finished his morning repast, when a stranger was ushered into his presence, charged with matter of passing importance; who breathlessly announced the fact of his having been stopped by the bandits, and directed by the leader to deliver the following polite message to the officer in command: "Captain Brady presents his respectful compliments to Lieutenant Gunn, the officer commanding His Majesty's troops at Sorell, and will most assuredly do himself the great pleasure of personally expressing his gratitude and regards to him, during the course of this evening."

Mr. Gunn, notwithstanding that he could but view such a wild message in no other light than as a bragging impudent joke, immediately put his soldiers into marching order, and, pressing the messenger as his guide, lost no time in proceeding to the locality from whence the message had been sent.

The Bushrangers at this period were so hotly pursued that, as the footmarks of twelve or fourteen horses facilitated the police and troops in the discovery of their whereabouts, their steeds were consequently finally abandoned.

The weather was now exceedingly unpropitious. The heavy and continuous rain had obliterated all traces of footsteps, or any other signs of the Bushrangers having been at the alleged spot at any time. This tended to increase the incredulity of the officer as to the veracity of his information. After a fruitless, drenching, and anxious march, however, of nearly forty miles over hill and dale, he returned at dusk, with his weary and dripping soldiers, to the point of departure. Having first ascertained that his trusty men were comfortably and liberally provided for, the serjeant was then strictly charged with the necessary orders for the night; whereupon Mr. Gunn repaired to his own quarters, which were within thirty yards' distance of the gaol barrack.

Leaving the worthy lieutenant and his tired soldiers to the pleasant occupation of dining, drying their clothes and firelocks—laughing to scorn, too, the very unlikely idea of any attack on the part of the Bush-

rangers—I will now proceed to recount the most interesting portion of the promised narrative, by following the movements of Brady and his comrades to Norfolk Farm, then tenanted by my personal and excellent friend Mr. C——, distant one mile from Sorell Town.

Hearing of an intended *réunion* of eleven or twelve gentlemen from Hobart Town at the farm above named, the brigand chief conceived the idea of surprising them, and making them all prisoners. The distance from Black Charley's Gully to Norfolk Farm, Pittwater, across country, was about seven miles. The bandits had, therefore, but a short march before them in their contemplated visit, and must have secreted themselves, for some hours during the day, close to the devoted farm.

It was one of the most fearful nights of rain and gloom that had been known for years, one truly fitted for deeds of darkness and the execution of so novel an enterprise, that Brady, informed of that festive meeting at the farm, chose for the fulfilment of his deep-laid plans. The various matters of the extensive homestead were comfortably settled for the night; and the numerous body of prisoner-servants had turned in, after a hard and to them unprofitable day's labour; whilst the hospitable host and his cheerful guests were intently discussing the numberless choice viands which he had so liberally prepared for their special entertainment. Suddenly, a genteel rat-a-tat-tat at the front door arrested the spirited conviviality that reigned supreme at the festive board. The front,

and consequently the fashionable entrance to the only dining and drawing-room of the house was enclosed with a low green paling, and tastefully arranged with gravel-walks and flower-beds, for the exclusive reception of select acquaintance. Quickly rising from his seat, the worthy host, in surprise, hastened to open the door in person; when the following colloquy took place.

“Who’s that?” sharply demanded the master, partly opening the door, and angered at the same instant, by observing that it was no man of gentle blood who had thus rudely intruded on the sacred path, and interrupted the delightful harmony that was fast ripening into rounds of humour and wit. “What the devil do you mean, sir, by giving a double knock at my front door, and at this time of the night too?”

“Pray, sir, are you the master?” asked the visitor, in a subdued tone.

“Yes, sir, I am,” replied the angry host. “What’s your errand, sir,?”

“My errand, sir? Pray pardon me, Mr. C——,” replied the stranger; “but you seem to be so extremely snug and comfortable in there,” quietly putting his strong-booted foot to the bottom of the partially-opened door, in the same breath, “and my business here is of such great importance,” continued he, “that I shall take the liberty of inviting myself and my very trusty friends to partake of the good cheer you have so amply provided!”

With these words, violently springing into the room,

and presenting a brace of pistols on full cock at the master—followed by several of his men—the uncere-
monious stranger said, “Gentlemen, allow me to
introduce myself to your kind notice as Captain Brady,
and his band of gallant comrades; pray don’t be
alarmed; no harm shall come to you, provided you
resume your seats and remain quiet. We must forbid
any attempt at escape, for our own sakes. Sit still,
therefore, as you value life and limb. But for you,
sir,” addressing the host, “I give you in charge of my
two valiant companions, Murphy and McCabe.”

“Come, sir, immediately,” rejoined Murphy, rudely
and insultingly pushing the master; “bail up in that
corner, and prepare to meet the death you have so
long deserved.”

Meanwhile, the brigand chief had walked to the
dinner-table, and, filling bumper tumblers of sparkling
Moselle for himself and his comrades, he charged
them to drink in right earnest to their trebly sworn
motto, “Death or Liberty.”

“And now a few words for your special edifica-
tion, Mr. W. A. Bethune,” continued he. “Long
have I prayed for an opportunity of avenging myself
on a party of gentlemen volunteers, who, without any
provocation, went in pursuit of and harassed me and
my brave fellows more effectually than all the military
and police combined—Mr. Gunn excepted. What,
sir! think you I am ignorant that you were one of
our most active and inveterate enemies? By my soul,

sir, your life hangs on a thread," said Brady, in angry tones, drawing a pistol from his belt.

"Shoot him! shoot him down instantly!" exclaimed several of his irate comrades.

"No, no!" returned Brady; "I have never wantonly shed the blood of a defenceless man. Not yet, I say: we'll turn him to good account first; this night we'll make a target of him."

"Brady," replied Mr. Bethune, "never in my life was I afraid to meet a man on equal terms; you have certainly caught me most unexpectedly, and, as you remarked, utterly defenceless; and from the word 'target,' I presume I may rejoice at least in having made my will; but you have too much good sense not to be aware that, for the colonists to permit fourteen desperate men to roam through a young colony like this, and plunder with impunity, would betoken unpardonable cowardice. Be advised, Brady; authorize me to offer your surrender, and so save yourself from the certain fate that otherwise awaits you, viz. a degrading death."

"Ha! ha! ha!" retorted the other; "you preach so well, sir, that when the last event happens, I'll e'en make you my father confessor. No, sir, no! I am sworn to my motto, 'Death or liberty;' and by that I will abide. But come, gentlemen," he continued, "pray excuse us for desiring to join in the dinner-party, for truly we have travelled so many weary miles, and been without food so many hours, that we

are 'ready to eat a jackass and a whole hamper of greens.' But," continued he, casting his eye over the table, "you seem to have played the knife and fork to such good purpose yourselves, that the board presents but a sorry prospect, in those goose and turkey bones, to satisfy the natural cravings of fourteen hungry Bushmen. What meat have you got in the larder, Mr. C.?" demanded the chief brigand.

"There's a whole sheep hanging up in the store-room," replied the angry host; "help yourselves."

"Very good, sir," rejoined the bandit, "sharp's the word! So, by way of keeping up your spirits for the short time you have to live in this world, you'll please to lose no time in cooking us some dozen pounds of mutton chops. We delight to cater to your stock of happiness, so make haste; and take especial care not to burn them, as I like my meat with gravy in it!"

"There's neither fire, nor wood cut or split to make one," remarked the insulted host.

"Then," peremptorily replied the angry robber-chief, with a broad oath, addressing himself to the two men, who had especial charge of the unfortunate master, "pull down the palings, and make him chop them up; or the chairs, tables, doors, anything that will burn about the house. Make him bestir himself at the point of the bayonet, if fair argument is of no avail!"

"Are you really in earnest," demanded the poor host of his persecutor, "in desiring me to turn out in these wretched old carpet-slippers, on such a night as

this, to cut wood? If you are, I'll see you hung first!"

"What!" exclaimed the bandit leader, furiously, at the same instant raising a pistol in a direct line with the head of his defenceless victim, "dare to refuse whilst I count three, and your blood shall be on your own head. Though the yard should be paved with broken glass, and the clouds rain skewers and pitchforks, you shall do the work. Now then, sir, we have no time to trifle with, if you have. *Once*, then, will you go? *Twice*, will you go?"

The moments were becoming big with excitement, when the gentlemen guests implored the indignant host, who was standing with folded arms and defiant air, to yield to the request of the exacting Bushranger.

"Now, sir," said the chief, in an angry tone, "the *third* and *last* time of asking. Go instantly, or die!" And as he again raised the pistol to the head of his irate victim, accompanying the act with the thrilling "click, click," of a hair-spring lock, the bold-spirited host reluctantly yielded to the earnest prayers and solicitations of Peggy Donovan, the fat Irish cook, and his alarmed guests; and so, with an indignant "umph!" and a small "d—!" he forthwith entered upon his cooking pilgrimage. Despite the insinuating importunity of the said Peggy, and all the blessings of the Hibernian saints that she promised, upon her sowl, to invoke in behalf of the gentlemen robbers, if they'd only be after lettin' her "cook the chops, instead of the masther, God bless him," still the harsh decree was adhered to.

Seeing that the obdurate chief was not to be won over by her swate blarney, Peggy altered her tactics, and opened out such a volley of original oratory upon Captain Brady for a "shcoundrel, coward, robber, and a cruil murtherer that he was," that, serious as was the general aspect of affairs, her sweet discourse, nevertheless, elicited loud peals of laughter, both from the bandits and their disconcerted prisoners. But poor Peggy Donovan's good intentions were not appreciated; and the result was, that she was presented with a brace of pistols at her head, and ordered to bed forthwith, under the escort of three of the brigands. Peggy thereupon retired, invoking sundry curses upon them and their "nashty pishtles;" swearing by her patron saint that, if she could only reach the biler, she'd be after scalding every spalpeen of 'em. But time was too precious to the men to bandy words with *her*; so they pushed the old cook headlong into the room, and locked the door.

All due precaution having been adopted, by locking doors, and placing sentinels over the men's habitation and upon other points, to prevent surprise or escape, the captain of the Bushrangers sat down, and put himself in friendly communication with his gentlemen captives; conversing freely upon the subject of his wild and fearful career, which he declared to have originated in the severe treatment of the prisoners at Macquarie Harbour, where, in fact, they were not only compelled to work in heavy chains, but, from the nature of their occupation, in launching timber for

shipment, were, during the greater part of the day, immersed up to the middle in sea-water. This trying labour they had, moreover, to perform upon a meagre breakfast of oatmeal-porridge, and under the galling fear of the lash; one substantial meal per diem only was allowed to them on their return from the mainland to the island prison.

“Oftentimes,” continued he, “the poor prisoner-slaves became so thoroughly exhausted with wet, hunger, and fatigue, as to be unable either to eat or to perform their daily tasks. Whatever punishment our crimes deserved, that was too severe a life tamely to submit to, where there was a shadow of escape from such misery. So, we’ve nothing left to us but the realization of our motto in one of its results, ‘Liberty or Death!’”

In reply to the expostulations of the guests in behalf of the host, Brady explained to them, that the cause of their harsh treatment of him arose from his reported severity to assigned servants; but that, knowing there were faults on both sides, his life should be spared to him upon the promise that he would act more leniently towards them in future.

“Gentlemen,” said he in a tremulous voice, “my fate is certain death if I’m ever taken alive; will some of you, who I know have a charitable and kind heart, befriend the doomed prisoner in his last hours?”

“Certainly, certainly,” responded several of the pitying guests, “provided no wanton bloodshed is committed with your consent.”

Half an hour had now elapsed, when in walked the martyr-cook with a capacious dish of reeking chops; and closely followed by his body-guard. Depositing the dish upon the table with a pitch-and-toss air, and furnishing each robber with plates, knives, and forks, as directed, he received a further command—always in the imperative mood—to produce some good beer, champagne, and brandy, without delay, which of course had to be done. At the conclusion of their hurried meal, the chief bandit, taking a sheet of paper, proceeded to register the names of his distinguished captives with muster-roll precision.

“Now, gentlemen,” he said, “I’m sorry to inconvenience you so much at this late hour, now [looking at his watch] nearly eleven o’clock; but I have made a promise to pay a visit to my persevering enemy, Lieutenant Gunn, this night, which I intend most religiously to keep; you, my worthy sirs and gentlemen, must accompany us for a short walk, at all hazards; so put on your hats and coats speedily. As for you, sir,” addressing himself to the persecuted host, “you shall march in your old slippers!”

Notwithstanding that it was pouring torrents of rain, the goodly merchants were soon most reluctantly ranged in rank and file order, on the outside of the garden-gate, and directed to proceed, at a quick-march step, in advance of the formidable brigands, towards Sorell Town. It was certainly one of the darkest and most fearful nights imaginable, and fully confirmed the assertion of poor Captain Bunster, that, “he

would be shot, &c., if Erebus could hold a candle to such pitchy obscurity as they had the pleasing prospect of travelling through."

"What the devil's all this about?" angrily remarked the blunt-speaking sailor captain, addressing the robber-chief; "what the mischief do you mean, sir, by making us turn out on such a night as this, unfit for a dog to walk in, much less for tired Christian men!"

Three-fourths of a mile, marched in strict silence, brought the whole party—several of whom, unable to pull on their saturated boots, wore slippers also—to a flooded creek. "Holloa, shipmates!" ejaculated the bluff sailor captain, in ecstasy at the apparent impossibility of stemming so rapid a current, "our walk's finished, I should say; for I'll be hanged and quartered if I'm going to cross here at the risk of my life!"

"No fear, no fear, whatever, sirs," replied the bold bandit leader; "it's very shallow! I'm sorry for you, but you must push through it, gentlemen; so, no flinching if you please! Stay; let Irish Peggy's master go first, the ford is familiar to him as A B C."

Upon this, all hands entered the foaming rivulet, and after much struggling and splashing they reached the opposite shore in safety, although, upon arrival, truly representing a company of shivering half-drowned rats. They were now in the township of Sorell, and less than a quarter of a mile from the little gaol, which formed the temporary barrack of the military detachment aforementioned. The black stormy night,

the lateness of the hour, and the widely-scattered cottages of the town, all tended to favour the daring enterprise of the reckless Bushrangers. Immediately after crossing the ford, the chief brigand ordered his gentlemen prisoners to place themselves in a line before his men, to keep strict silence, and not to turn either to the right hand or to the left, as they valued their lives; but to walk straight through every pool of mud or water they might meet in their course. In this order they advanced; and, singular to say, traversed the whole township apparently unobserved by dog or man, until within ten yards of the gaol. Here, leaving the captives in the charge of four of his comrades, the daring captain of the bandits at the head of eight picked men stealthily approached to the very threshold of the prison door, and rushing into the barrack room, took the unwary and half-dressed soldiers so utterly by surprise that resistance would have been an act of reckless folly.

Each Bushranger presented a brace of pistols at the heads of the defenceless and chagrined soldiers, who were commanded, in strong terms, instantly to lie down on their faces; upon which, the successful assailants commenced the agreeable occupation of binding the grumbling grenadiers hand and foot; the serjeant, meanwhile, angrily commenting upon the cowardly act of tying them up like dogs, and making the polite offer, that himself and his seven men would fight the whole fourteen of them if they'd consent to meet them in a fair field of battle, instead

of sneaking upon them in the dark, like coward loons as they were.

“Serjeant,” responded Brady, “you are our prisoners fairly captured. Now we have no ill will or injury to avenge on you; but pray take my advice, and keep a civil tongue in your head, or I will not answer for your good treatment at the hands of my comrades. So, now that you’re comfortably tied, I’ll introduce—doubtless to your very great surprise—some gentlemen prisoners, of far more importance to the state, than your whole company of grenadiers put together.”

Thus saying, the clever leader stepped towards the door, and, giving the preconcerted signal of success, soon had the unprecedented pleasure of placing in durance vile, eleven or twelve of the leading merchants and most influential gentlemen of Hobart Town, together with the justly indignant master of Norfolk Farm, who was the most scientific gentleman farmer in the colony at that period. Although a breathless silence was threateningly imposed upon the civil and military captives, the attempt to suppress an occasional burst of laughter in those worthy and valuable old colonists was in vain; for, although quiet was enjoined under pain of death, yet the speaking leer of the eye, the facetious smile, and the occasional grimaces of the captives to each other, tried their risible faculties beyond the power of restraint.

“Captain Bunster, and gentlemen all,” exclaimed the sentinels, “we’re sorry to stop harmless mirth, but our safety depends on secrecy of action; our orders

are, therefore, silence, or death to the prisoners! Those who would not taste the glittering bayonet must hold their tongues."

When the brigand party, with their captives from the farm, had arrived within ten yards of the gaol, two of the Bushrangers, Murphy and McCabe, separated from the others, and ran with all haste to the surgeon's cottage, whither the officer of the detachment had retired for the night. The wary lieutenant— notwithstanding that he placed but little credence in the impudent and bragging message, as he thought, of the morning, promising a formal visit in the evening by Brady and his gang—had, nevertheless, secret misgivings on the subject; and so had given the serjeant special injunctions to use all possible expedition in drying their fire-arms and dripping apparel, and the moment the privates had finished mess, to wait on him to report progress, and receive further orders.

It being now about the hour that the serjeant's presence was expected, the knock at the street door was answered by the anxious commander in person. With rifle in hand, and at full cock, cautiously unlocking and partially opening the door, he demanded in the same breath, "Is that you, serjeant?" "Yes sir," was the ready reply.

The first glance at the visitors, however, brought the rifle instantaneously to the shoulder of the interrogator, but unfortunately, too late; for at the same instant that he was about to pull the trigger, Murphy, having the advantage of the hall light, fired first, and

the ball striking the trigger-hand of the officer, and passing thence along the arm, literally shattered the bone into atoms. The fearful shock felled the brave lieutenant to the ground, and to all appearances—as the avenged brigand, Murphy, remarked—“dead as a door-nail!”

No other inmate was found in the house, as the woman-servant had fled. The worthy Doctor Garrett, prompted by an instinctive feeling of self-preservation, and knowing that he was exceedingly unpopular with the convict community, from his compulsory attendance as Government surgeon at the flogging of poor culprits, very wisely ensconced his burly person in the only available refuge that offered itself, namely, a capacious flour-bin, and tremblingly closed the lid thereof upon his learned head.

Other of the bandits had, in the meantime, visited the cottage of the chief constable, Laing, whose door they forcibly opened, against the bold resistance of his partner, Jemmy McAra, the eccentric blacksmith, by shooting him through the wrist as he firmly held it, in defiance of their united strength and threats. Having thus effected an entry, two shots were instantly fired at the alarmed constable, who fell, to appearance, mortally wounded, at the very feet of his poor terrified wife and children. In an agony of despair she flew towards the murderous convicts, and, weeping aloud, upbraided them in bitter terms with the wanton and cruel act of slaying a husband and

father in cold blood. But not so; the wily chief policeman had fallen to the floor from motives of policy, and, while the hardened robbers were amused with the vehement expostulations of the bereaved wife, the clever detective had stealthily crawled, inch by inch, to his bedroom door; and, vaulting through the little square window, effected his escape, to the great joy and surprise of his wife.

Stormy night as it was, many of the townspeople had been aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the report of fire-arms. Two only, however, ventured near the scene of action with guns in their hand. "What the devil's the matter, constable?" demanded a Captain Glover of two or three men who were quietly standing in front of the gaol door.

"Oh, nothing, sir; nothing at all, sir!" coolly replied the men addressed.

"Nothing at all, sir?" responded the incredulous captain, advancing during the while, until within arm's length of the sentinels. "Nothing, eh? Why, I surely heard the report of a gun."

"Yes!" exclaimed the nearest sentry, seizing the captain's fowling-piece in the same breath, "and you'll soon hear and feel the report of another if you don't walk in here very quickly," pointing to the gaol-door.

"Why, what on earth does the man mean? Why, constable, I'm Captain Glover, a magistrate, as you ought to know!"

"Then take that," said the second sentinel, dealing

him a heavy blow in the chest with the butt end of his gun.

“Now, sir, go in there, and sentence some of your worthy friends inside to fifty lashes each; your favourite dose to poor prisoner-servants.”

“Oh, oh!” rejoined the facetious justice; “I smell a rat:” in the same instant slipping his valuable gold chronometer into the leg of his drawers. On being ushered into the presence of the farm-house captives, all of whom were personally known to him, he became, as it were, transfixed to the floor; and gazing around in wondering unbelief, he exclaimed, in his accustomed humorous strain, “Ah! what place is this? Where am I? What, my noble friends, and gentlemen all; are you in the flesh—or come you from the land of spirits?”

“Spirits!” replied Mr. R. Bethune; “ech man, ye’re reicht; I at least come from that blessed land. For the beggars having heard, as they said, that I rejoiced in a jolly stiff glass of grog, obliged me to swallow a whole tumbler of raw brandy, at the point of the bayonet, before we marched from the farm, where they took us all prisoners!”

“Beggars and prisoners. And pray who may ‘they,’ the beggars in question, be, when they’re at home?” demanded Captain Glover.

“Why,” responded Mr. R. Bethune, “as you seem to be in a happy state of ignorance, know then this agreeable fact, that ‘they’ means no other than that we are in the safe keeping at this moment of the

celebrated and merciful band of freebooters known as the flourishing and enterprising firm of Messrs. Brady, McCabe, and Company."

"Oh, oh, I twig!" exclaimed the enlightened captain, putting his thumb to his nasal organ, and performing a lunar observation at his particular friend the sailor-captain; "Billy Bunster, dear, Billy Bunster, what a jolly mess you're in!"

By this time, the brigand party had accomplished the main object of their visit, even more successfully than the warmest anticipations had led them to hope; inasmuch as they had completely turned the tables upon the detachment of giant grenadiers; had dealt, as they believed, the final quietus to their bitter and most active adversary, Lieutenant Gunn; and had effectually terrified the pertinacious chief constable of Sorell Town. One short half-hour sufficed to complete their exciting errand; and, having secured an ample stock of provisions and ammunition, which they packed on the backs of two stolen horses, together with the plunder collected from their victims, they hastily took their departure. Previously, however, to leaving the scene of these dramatic performances, the energetic chief, with his savage-hearted lieutenant, McCabe, re-entered the crowded barrack-room, and in the most polite terms expressed his warmest thanks and gratitude to the gentlemen, for the kind assistance their country visit had afforded him and his party of ridding themselves of a mortal enemy, in Lieutenant Gunn. He then considerately warned his

captives that, as his mission was not yet finished, the sentinel had "orders to fire upon the first man who might venture to put his head out of the gaol doorway."

Fully half an hour had elapsed after this last interview, when a resident merchant, Captain Walker, having also been aroused by the report of fire-arms, sauntered leisurely and cautiously towards the gaol. On observing a sentinel standing at the gate, with his musket and fixed bayonet in make-ready position, he ventured to ask what had occurred. The stern sentry not deigning to reply, the indignant but persevering captain drew nearer and nearer, repeating his question in angry tones at every step; and, at last, laid his finger on the man's shoulder, the more effectually to attract his attention, when lo! greatly to his amusement and surprise, he found that the taciturn sentinel was nothing more or less than the *gate-post*, cleverly enveloped in a large white coat, crowned with an old black hat, and the musket slung and arranged with cords!

Still advancing, the wondering merchant-captain now reached the open doorway of the gaol, much astonished at the apparent extreme carelessness of the turnkey. Entering the small "steaming room" of the lock-up, he also became completely paralysed with wonder and astonishment at beholding sundry members of his acquaintance, huddled together like sheep in a fold, assiduously engaged in drying their pantaloons and other articles of the wardrobe before a roasting gaol fire. Upon seeing this, he exclaimed, "What, in the

name of all that is good, are you doing here? What extraordinary new farce is this that you are enacting? Why! your *tout ensemble* outrivals that of a band of strolling players."

"What brought us here?" responded the sailor-captain, with a round oath; "why, the point of the bayonet brought us here! the same persuasive process that has procured us the pleasure of your company, I presume."

"The bayonet, my dear fellow, has had nothing to do with my presence here," replied the new visitor; "and, what is more, I have neither heard nor seen a living soul from the time of leaving my house until this present incomprehensible moment."

"Not seen a living soul, friend Walker!" replied Captain Bunster, "then it's not safe to trust you out, and alone too, on such a night as this. Come, come, old fellow, no *badinage* here, our feelings are too sore to laugh at such a poor joke as that. Take a look-out at that blessed scoundrel at the gate there, if you dare, and you'll get your head blown off for so doing. No, no, Walker," continued he, "the cunning sentinel allowed you to set your foot into this trap unmolested, but it's certain death to put the corner of your eye past the door-post."

"My dear friends," remarked the merchant-captain, "follow me;" saying which, he quickly stepped out into the open space between the gaol and the gateway; whilst his half-incredulous friends followed cautiously in the rear; when, advancing towards the supposed

ferocious brigand, he requested, in the most facetious terms, the pleasure of introducing the long and strongly posted sentinel to their especial notice; in the same breath disrobing the veritable gate-post of its honoured uniform.

The reader can easily imagine the result of such a discovery; peal after peal of splitting laughter burst from the liberated captives; and so loud and long was the reiterated mirth, that numbers of the nervous townspeople, relieved thereby of their worst fears, speedily crowded to the gaol, and clustering around the merry throng heartily joined in the chorus. Even the clever and politic staff-surgeon, safe in his dusty hiding-place, had a shrewd idea that certain agreeable sounds struck upon the drum of his quick ear, which denoted that all further danger had passed. Bounding from his floury prison, he was hastening to the front door to join his merry townsmen at the gaol, when he beheld his poor military friend lying, apparently lifeless, and weltering in his blood, near to the threshold. Horror and excitement lending wings to his feet, he speedily obtained assistance, and carefully placed the wounded officer on his stretcher. Although the brave lieutenant, to all appearance, had lost every drop of blood in his body, yet, to the inexpressible delight of all present, he still evinced such strong symptoms of life as encouraged the doctor to hope that his time of departure from earthly things had not yet come. Thereupon, bidding all qualmish-hearted folks to leave the room, the worthy surgeon speedily amputated the

shattered limb; and the exhausted patient was left to repose, undisturbed.

This misfortune so far over, the liberated merchants, after having cut the bonds of the poor soldiers, packed themselves into the chief constable's bullock-cart; and taking leave of their well-powdered friend, the warm-hearted staff-surgeon, and the others, soon found themselves again comfortably seated in the hospitable mansion of their ill-used host. There, over tumblers of brandy-and-water, they warmly discussed recent events; and, with the aid of the insinuating Havannah, resumed their wonted hilarity as if nothing unpleasant had happened to mar their country trip. In that philosophical state of mind we shall now take leave of them.

The bandit captain, by his clever expedient of clothing the *gate-post* to represent a sentinel, had gained a considerable start in advance of all pursuit, and was not heard of for many days after. When next seen, he made his appearance at the northern extremity of the colony—one hundred and twenty miles from Sorell Town!

For our brave friend the wounded lieutenant, his loss, severe as it was, proved in the end a gain both to himself and the colony; inasmuch as, thenceforth, he had a strong claim upon the consideration and sympathy of the Governor, Colonel Arthur, who granted him a moderate pension, and induced him to quit that poorest of all colonial avocations, a gentleman-tiller of the earth, by the offer of a lucrative appointment in the

Government service as superintendent of convicts, which Mr. Gunn wisely accepted. Therein he proved, by untiring assiduity and singular tenacity of memory, his peculiar fitness for the duties of so troublesome an office; and by dint of perseverance soon learnt to write with his left hand quite as rapidly and legibly as any of his right-handed brother officials.

The startling news of the Bushrangers' visit and performances at Sorell Town rapidly spread over the district, and induced several of the settlers around to remove to that township, in the assurance that, thenceforth, there would be a permanent military force stationed there. My poor uncle was one amongst the number of those who fled; for, although a man of unquestionable courage, he was daily verging too near to his last home to do battle with plundering bandits. A few months after, and he paid the universal debt of nature, in the self-same cottage wherein his esteemed friend, the tall lieutenant, had almost received his death-wound.

The further career of the Bushrangers was not remarkable for anything beyond frequent pitched battles with the police and military detachments sent in pursuit of them, in which work the "Sorell Grenadiers" afterwards most signally distinguished themselves. Harassed also, beyond measure, by the fatal precision of the native black, Tommy Birch, in tracing their footprints, they fought with hopeless desperation; maintaining to the last their adopted and determined motto, "Death or Liberty," until their

numbers were so reduced by the fire of their pursuers, that the brigand-chief and some three or four of his comrades—all that remained—having been captured through the treachery of a convict stock-keeper, whilst sleeping in his isolated hut, were left to be dealt with by the stern functionaries of the law, that they had so long and grossly violated.

The captured Bushrangers, whilst lingering without one ray of hope in their condemned cells, sent to several of the gentlemen in Hobart Town, whose acquaintance they had so inauspiciously made at the farm, and reminded them of their promise, on sparing the life of the host, to be kind to the doomed prisoner at some future period. The feelings of those gentlemen were of too Christian a nature to refuse the humble appeal; and, in deep sorrow and sympathy for their forlorn plight, they visited, advised, and ministered both to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the unhappy but justly-condemned criminals.

Sincerely grateful for such unmerited kindness, the penitent chief confessed and related to them many of the dark deeds and reckless adventures which had marked the course of his lawless career. From that source, having been on terms of intimacy with most of the gentlemen in question, I have derived much information in reference to the events herein recorded.

CHAPTER IX.

COLONISTS v. NATIVES.

THE tragic scenes enacted by the daring Bushrangers, Brady, and his reckless comrades from Macquarie Harbour, having been drawn to a close, the colony from that time enjoyed an almost uninterrupted exemption from the depredations of runaway convicts.

Unfortunately, however, the one great scourge was scarcely removed, than another equal if not more serious calamity arose, from the increased aggressions of the restless and avenging Aborigines, who, about the year 1824, as I have previously mentioned, set themselves in open array against the settlers and their families. Thenceforward the lives of country colonists, particularly of those residing in the outskirts, were held upon an extremely precarious tenure. The governing passion of the savages was evidently an insatiable desire to shed the blood of the pale faces indiscriminately, and without a shadow of mercy. Once in their power, none were spared! These serious alarms materially checked the progress of the more secluded parts of the colony; and, in spite of unceasing pursuit by the military and other parties, partly composed of Sydney Blacks, they continued

until the year 1830, when a grand effort for their capture was determined upon by Governor Arthur.

The commissariat department was accordingly directed forthwith to establish depôts throughout the country districts, for the receipt and issue of sundry stores—flour, biscuit, tea, sugar, and salt pork, together with cart-loads of hobnailed boots, and fustian and corduroy apparel, to meet the requirements of the forces to be organized and sent in pursuit of the savage hordes.

I must here be permitted to digress briefly from the narrative I propose giving of the demonstrations made against the natives, in order shortly to speak of the Governor and his acts. Whilst Governor of Tasmania, Colonel Arthur proved himself to possess an exceedingly energetic mind, and although, from many of his unadvisable and self-determined measures, he brought upon his shoulders a host of violent political opponents, the colony, nevertheless, attained to its highest point of prosperity during his long term of office. That force of circumstances had much to do with its success, is true; but this result was materially accelerated by the indomitable and unceasing energy displayed in his general acts and character.

He certainly contributed largely to the public welfare in the matter of increasing the facilities for internal communication between the most fertile parts of the colony and the capital, an important work in a new country, but most unpardonably neglected by all his thoughtless predecessors. Unfortunately, however

(though so far only as affording a handle to his political adversaries), the Governor purchased one or two valuable estates for a mere song, situated, too, in the most thriving localities, and to which good roads were indispensably necessary. Indeed, no portions of the colony had so rightful a claim to have a first class means of communication with the capital as the populous and important districts of Richmond and Pittwater. Had Colonel Arthur, from any feeling of delicacy, omitted that necessary work, he would have been unwise to himself, and unpardonably unjust to the inhabitants. The road-making from Richmond, *viâ* Risdon Creek, to Hobart Town, afforded a well-seasoned dish for the multitude of envious malcontents, since it led to Carrington, the Governor's new estate; whilst the Bridgewater causeway, formed by convict labour across the Derwent, the praiseworthy production of the Colonel's active brain, as it did not lead to his own individual possessions, was lauded to the skies as a noble and most useful work. Robert Burns's little prayer should be ever present to our minds—

“ Oh, that God the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us ! ”

In commenting thus impartially upon points that have, in their day, created matter for considerable animadversion, together with an endless amount of bitter and useless argument *pro* and *con.*, I confess that although, at first sight, it would appear extremely

unjust to restrict men in high places from honourably doing that which would promote their worldly interests, yet it admits of a strong query whether the policy is good that permits Governors to purchase property located in new provinces whilst under their rule.

My object in recording these little incidents amongst other of my colonial reminiscences is certainly not with the view to resuscitate those violent antagonistic opinions which, unhappily, occupied the minds of too many eminent colonists in those long-bygone days. But I will, nevertheless, venture to express a sentiment that must be ever uppermost in the minds of reflective men in reference to unprofitable contentions, that, to establish a systematical opposition to the Government authorities of an infant colony, upon the mere principle that to oppose measures, right or wrong, will produce a wholesome state of things, is a mode of action totally opposed to the real interests of newly-settled countries. But now to resume the narrative.

The greatest generals on record have met with an occasional defeat; and so with the late Sir George Arthur (then only colonel). Foremost in the rank of brilliant conceptions and failures stands his demonstration against the "aboriginal" savages. I use the word "aboriginal" by way of distinction, seeing that there were so many white men whose conduct towards the natives left them little claim to civilization beyond the mere colour of their skin. This grand but wild scheme was instituted by His Excellency in utter

contradiction to the loudly expressed opinions of numbers of the most experienced old colonists, who were infinitely more competent than himself to judge of the probable success of inexperienced Bushmen, in their endeavour to capture the wily and ever-watchful natives.

The plan finally adopted was as follows:—The Governor, by advertisement in the official *Gazette*, announced his intention of endeavouring to capture the whole body of Aborigines, by establishing a cordon of troops and volunteers across those unsettled portions of the country most frequented by the natives. The leading points of the expedition were explained, and His Excellency made an earnest appeal to the colonists generally, to afford their personal aid in effecting so desirable an object as that of either capturing the savages or driving them on to Tasman's Peninsula, the passage to which was traversed by a sandy neck of land, called East Bay Neck, about half a mile in breadth. Upon that scrubby and insulated territory, the Blacks were to be allowed to hunt and range at pleasure, but, once there, never again to return to the mainland. His Excellency accompanied the official announcement by intimating his desire that every settler, not resident in the outer districts, who could leave his home in safety for a few weeks, would march to a certain rendezvous, with as many armed men, his assigned servants, as could be spared from his establishment without causing loss or inconvenience of any

moment to himself and family. To the employers of convict labour the desire of His Excellency was tantamount to an express order.

Notwithstanding that every experienced Bushman foretold the inevitable result of entering upon a difficult campaign with an army composed of such rude *matériel* as was comprised in the cockney warriors, tailors, shoemakers, sweeps, and costermongers; with a comparatively small sprinkling of practical men, to drill such a heterogeneous assemblage into ordinary discipline — still, hoping for the best, almost every master turned out at the head of his spare servants, and assisted to swell the brave army to upwards of 3500 men, exclusive of about 300 troops of the line, together with His Excellency and suite.

On the 4th of October, 1830, the various detachments of raw recruits arrived in due order at the several starting-points, and were immediately extended into single line, with strict injunctions always to keep within fifty or sixty yards of each other, so as to form a complete cordon across the country to be searched. This being arranged, at a fixed hour the order to advance was passed down the line, and a simultaneous movement was commenced.

The novelty of the scheme, as well as the absence of absolute danger, induced numbers of young men from the town to suspend their quill-driving and other occupations to join in the “line” (as it was designated) for the mere sake of enjoying an exciting adventure in the Bush. One week, however, of the discomfort

experienced in travelling amidst heavy rains by day, and lying upon the damp earth, unsheltered from the chilly dews of night, soon sufficed to rid the ranks of scores of these thin-skinned heroes.

The standing orders were: first, by day to march in close line; secondly, by night to keep up large watch-fires; thirdly, to mount guard in succession, and the sentinels of the several parties to parade, and meet midway. Thus the wild stately forests were every evening at sunset, and during all hours of the night, brilliantly illuminated by large bonfires, that far outrivalled the tar-barrel blazes of home-folks, in the senseless immortalization of "Guy Fawkes."

Order No. 4 was, sentinels to pass the watchword at the expiration of every ten minutes, giving the number of their party, and "all's well," or if otherwise to give the alarm, and so in succession along the whole extent of the cordon.

The weather was exceedingly unfavourable for a Bush campaign. The rain fell in torrents during many hours of each day and night for the first fortnight; and rendered travelling through dripping scrubs, flooded creeks, and deep marshes, almost impracticable. When the time for the general halt came round, wet blankets, and soaked gray cotton horse-rugs, afforded but a sorry prospect for a refreshing night's repose, especially to unskilled Bushmen; whilst the impervious kangaroo-rug of the man well versed in such matters was held at a considerable premium, and caused many a shivering spectator to break the Tenth Commandment.

But the brave army of sufferers, nothing daunted, piled up their roaring bonfires, calmly smoked their pipes, and philosophically scorched themselves during the dreary hours of the moist and gloomy night; frequently consoling their dripping persons, between times, with pots of refreshing Bohea. Amidst every discomfort, however, there prevailed a cheerful fortitude which would certainly have ensured success, had such a result been humanly possible.

Nothing could be more amusing, than to hear the sentinels of the respective parties announce consecutively, in the tongues peculiar to the nation honoured with the birth and parentage of those watchful patrols, that "all was well." "Numberr tin, an' all'z will," ejaculated a raw son of Erin, in a piercing alto voice; "all but poor Mikey himself, sure!" added he. "And aw's weel, too, at number alaven!" responded the contiguous watchman: whilst the deep guttural bass of the German, and the flippant French, and London linguists, contributed their quota to the pleasing variety. Occasionally, however, the dull routine was relieved by the asinine braying of an alarmed sentinel, who, in terrified accent, and with the full force of his stentorian lungs, would vociferate, "Look out! look out! look out! Here they are! here they are!" when, apprehending nothing short of their comrade being dragged by the legs, at the hands of some giant savage, into the dense thickets near to his post, every man around immediately seized his gun,

and rushed to render assistance. In the mean time, with telegraphic speed, the inspiring words, "Look out!" passed down the line, and aroused every hero of the *corps d'armée*.

The general of the right wing, also, galloping in all haste to the scene of action, excitingly demanded, "What's the matter? What is it?"

"'Pon my honour, don't know, sir," replied the terrified cockney; "but there's been sich a crackling o' sticks in that 'ere scrub for the last ten minutes ever since I've been on—Holloa! Hark sir! Hark! there he is, sir! there he goes, sir! a-rushing through them bushes, like a regular good un! My eyes, can't he cut off in the dark, eh?"

"Fire, men! fire!" exclaimed the excited general. And the order was quickly responded to, by the sharp discharge of five barrels only, out of twelve—five refusing to go off on account of the damp weather, and two from being loaded "shot first." Instantly, upon the firing of the guns, to the unmitigated disgust of the brave officer of many battles, out sprang a poor old milch cow, which had been browsing and feasting off the tendrils of the young shrubs and ferns, bellowing loud reproaches at being thus rudely disturbed in her peaceful occupation, fortunately, however, with nearly a whole skin.

Peals of laughter now took the place of the alarm note. The standing hair of the affrighted sentinel's head gradually assumed its ordinary repose; and, as

the true cause of the skirmish was notified down the ranks of the long cordon, so did universal merriment resound through the woods.

The nocturnal peregrinations of the brush kangaroo tended much to enliven the scene, by its occasionally bounding through the scrubs, and past the pacing sentinels, who never omitted to give proof of their extreme watchfulness in such cases, by warning their sleeping companions, and neighbour patrols, in loud and vehement tones, to "Look out! look out!" As for the swarm of prying old black and gray opossums croaking and cawing around our Bush encampments, and whose quiet rustling of the leaves brought many a blunderbuss into "ready, present, order"—"Sure," remarked one of my soldiers of the line, Mikey O'Brien, "them wild bastes are as good as a full band of cracked clarinets to the galianth throopers!"

The cordon, facetiously termed 'Colonel George Arthur's long black string,' was so called, first, from the evident fallacy of the thing; and secondly, from the circumstance that wherever a native or kangaroo pathway could be found leading through a dense scrub, instead of advancing as ordered, "shoulder to shoulder," some fifty or sixty men might be seen, keeping in line truly, but certainly not abreast, as directed; thus leaving, on each side of them, countless acres of heather and underwood unsearched.

From my early knowledge of Bush life, and from being thoroughly versed in the habits and customs of the natives, I was requested by the Governor to take

charge of fourteen men; to establish my quarters at the top of the Brown Mountain; to keep up a succession of brilliant bonfires throughout the night; to make a dense column of smoke during the day, as a beacon for the advancing cordon; and to take an occasional stroll through the surrounding country, and thus, perchance, to discover the cunning Blacks. The most remarkable circumstance during my three weeks' sojourn on the mountain-top has left a lasting impression on my mind.

The easiest route to the summit being well known to an old man named Rice, I allowed him to join the party as guide to the men who were periodically despatched to the commissariat for provisions. Once he mistook his path, and lost himself and his four companions in the Bush for upwards of four days. Our stock of edibles had been finished up on the morning of their departure. The journey down to the dépôt and back usually occupied the day, but the evening and morning came, and again another evening and morning passed, and yet, as my hungry men remarked, no signs of Rice or damper. Like true British soldiers, however, we held out until the evening of the third day, not tasting food for full sixty hours.

At last, finding our appetites rather ungovernable, and sundry prefatory jokes having been indulged in with reference to the good condition of Tommy Roundhead, the fat little cook, I ordered six men to brace on their knapsacks, and accompany me; feeling convinced that, deep and scrubby as were the defiles,

and steep as were the sides of the rocky mountain, I could easily find the way to the dépôt, in which task I succeeded. At a late hour, therefore, of the third evening we arrived there, and recommending my six hungry troopers to the hospitality and tender mercies of the cook, I proceeded to the cottage of the landed proprietor, Mr. Rees, with whom I was personally acquainted. Having related my tale of woe, I met with abundance of kind sympathy, and speedy substantial relief. Never can I forget the delightful sensations that pervaded my famished system, on my olfactory organs being once more greeted with the aroma produced from fried eggs and well-cured ham or bacon, supported, too, by a noble damper and sundry other restoratives.

I confess, that I looked upon the worthy German farmer's kind and pretty little wife, who honoured me upon this special occasion (as she naively remarked) by generously acting as my head-cook, in the light of some angelic spirit, sent with a cheering fare of locusts and wild honey to save my precious life. I can vividly recall to mind, in reply to her gentle supposition that I must be rather hungry, how surprised she looked when I declared in earnest tones that I could not only eat the pan, contents, and all at one gobble, but felt assured I could dispose of the fair cook afterwards by way of dessert.

I was at that period a sturdy growing lad, full of health and vigour, and nowise squeamish over a dish of anything good to eat. "Now then, my young

friend," said the pleasant housewife, placing the viands on the table before my longing eyes, "try your hand on this first, and I promise you, in order to save myself from so dreadful an end as to be eaten alive, that I will replenish the dish as often as you can empty it."

I had ere this attacked the inviting food with a vigour that bid fair to carry out my wholesale threat. But, alas, I had no sooner devoured a couple of eggs and two fair slices of ham, than all my late insatiable craving was speedily converted into an absolute loathing for anything in the shape of food.

Having re-invigorated our exhausted frames, and bountifully stored each knapsack with sundry rations, we hastened, nearly at midnight, to resume our station on the mountain heights.

Soon after this occurrence, my term of office being completed in those lofty regions, I was ordered to descend, and proceed with all diligence to headquarters, then established near to Sorell Town. For the first three days I, with my detachment, was stationed in the ranks of the line, as Number Ten; but, from knowing the country around the Peninsula, I was instructed to fit out eight of my best men as a roving party, and to scour the country between the advancing cordon and Tasman's Peninsula. Accordingly, on the fourth day, being well armed, and liberally supplied with provisions and ammunition, we commenced our rambling career, and forthwith struck into the wildest and most unfrequented country,

famed and dreaded as the favourite haunt of the formidable Oyster Bay tribe of savages, known as Bream Creek, near to the Carlton River.

In proportion as man departs from a natural state, and becomes trammelled by the usages of civilized life, so does he abandon, amongst other things, the natural and health-giving habit of early rising. As we were dealing with nature, however, in its very rudest guise, it behoved us to be up and doing, long ere the first ray of light was shed upon the tops of the surrounding hills. Onward we marched, searching each wild glen and wooded mount with telescopic glance, stealing through the dark shaded Bush, cautiously and silently, as if one of our best hopes in life depended on the sharp crack of the lightest twig of the forest.

Thus were we progressing on the second morning, when our advance was suddenly arrested by Mr. Tyro, my sagacious Newfoundland dog, who, with pricked ears and bristling back, sniffing and growling under his breath, indicated either that our black friends were at no great distance, or had recently been on the ground which we were then traversing. Examining the heavily-timbered forest, with the searching gaze, which as a boy I had acquired from frequent hunting with the natives—lo! there, on the opposite side of a narrow line of dense heath and underwood, I caught sight of a sleek savage, partly enveloped in a new blanket. Up to this time he had not seen us; owing, no doubt, to his being deeply engaged in the manu-

fracture of a new spear, whilst squatting crosslegged upon the ground.

“Down, lads, down!” exclaimed I, in an emphatic whisper, at the same time dropping to the earth with the speed of quicksilver. “Off knapsacks, and crawl forward like very cats; we’ll creep through the scrub in couples, and surround that black fellow; now pair off. Hush! silence for your lives, I say!”

In this order we had advanced upwards of a hundred yards, our hearts fluttering with hope and excitement, at the prospect of distinguishing ourselves by the capture of even *one* of the dreaded savages. Worming ourselves through the high grass, like so many snakes and goannas, we succeeded in reaching to within a few yards of the point from whence we calculated on being enabled to pounce upon our sable friend, when, suddenly, a death-blow was dealt to our bright anticipations; for, to the utter consternation and indescribable disgust of the advanced guard, “bang” went the wide-belching blunderbuss of the hindmost man. Upon this, springing to our feet in a moment, we caught a last glimpse of the flying savage in the act of ducking under cover of the scrub. Rushing through the thickets like so many madmen, we attempted to give chase; but the agile black fellow flew with the speed of another Uncas, and soon left us behind, deeply chagrined at the sorry failure of our tactics. The sagacious dog, Tyro, followed hard upon the warm trail, but, as he too outsped our scrub-bound legs, we ultimately ceased all further pursuit.

“Now, lads,” I exclaimed in anger, “what shall be done to this blundering bumpkin?”

“What’s to be done, master?” replied the exasperated and disappointed men—who, being prisoners, would in the event of capturing the native have received their tickets of leave—“why, it’s martial law with us, sir; and the general vote is, that he be tied up to a tree, and shot without mercy for a fool.”

Each of his angry comrades, in the same breath, showered volleys of dreadful oaths upon his unlucky head. Upon this, down fell, upon his knees, the simple countryman, evidently believing that his life was in jeopardy, and prayed most earnestly for pardon and mercy, declaring “as how he’d a-cocked his piece behind ’un all. Fur,” continued the suppliant, “I wur a-feard, you know, as them ’ere blacks ’ud spring clean out o’ the ground on to ower backs, as Tom Larkins, the Lunnuner, wur a-tellin’ on us last night.”

Not being in a particularly amiable mood myself, and desirous of avenging ourselves for his unpardonable stupidity, by keeping the terrified wretch in a state of miserable suspense, I declared, in an angry tone, that such a course of proceeding as had been suggested by his companions, was in accordance with some clause of martial law long obsolete.

“Say your prayers!” ejaculated two or three of my Lynch-law-loving men.

“Oh! pray don’t, zur! Pray don’t ’ee shoot ’un this time, zur,” piteously exclaimed the poor culprit, crying like a great calf.

“Look’ee ’ere, sir, at my ’at,” said Larkins, the smart cockney, who had extensively practised on the suppliant’s credulity the night previously; “no less than five buck-shot right through this ’ere rim! Spoilt the ’at, sir; this ’ere at’s quite done for! S’pose I may swop with Giles, as he’s going to be shot; eh, sir?”

“I tell you what, Master Tom,” was my reply; “if you had received a buck-shot in another quarter, instead of your hat, you’d have had no more than your deserts, as we may thank your foolery to Giles last evening, for losing that solitary black fellow. Get up, Rogers,” continued I.

“Oh law, zur, pray don’t ’ee let ’em.”

“Get up, Giles, you stupid donkey,” I repeated; “your ‘Oh law, sir!’ is the only bit of common sense you have been guilty of since you first joined the party. Here, take this slip of paper to the Governor; and you can add, that Giles Rogers, from the county of Nottingham, understands the handling of hemp and bristles better than the right use of fire-arms. So, good bye, my lad; for the future we’ll dispense with your valuable services.”

Thereupon, shouldering his knapsack, and good-naturedly changing hats with the chuckling cockney, the poor unsophisticated bumpkin took his departure. This untoward event tended, in some degree, to damp the ardour usually displayed by my men. But we nevertheless roved on over the interminable ranges of scrubby hills and dales, in the hope of again falling in with our

wily lynx-eyed friends. Such another stroke of good fortune, however, was not in store for us—nor indeed for any other party in the numerous ranks of the Line, with the exception of one, led by my worthy friend Mr. Walpole, who was a first-rate Bushman, and succeeded in capturing two burly savages only, out of a large tribe, which he discovered over night within the limits of the approaching cordon, and surprised whilst sleeping around their fires, before the break of day on the following morning.

The troops of the entire line were now rapidly concentrating and advancing towards the final point of rendezvous, East Bay Neck, when His Excellency, filled with confidence in the success of his scheme, became remarkably energetic; and encouraged his troops with the assurance that the tribe surprised by Mr. Walpole, at least, were effectually surrounded; and necessarily in full retreat before them. But sorrow for the fallacy of poor Colonel Arthur's hopes! A few days subsequent to the capture of the two natives, beheld the noble army of tattered volunteers, surrounding, not the murderous tribes of artful savages, but the well-stored dépôt of the commissariat department, established for the occasion at the aforementioned rendezvous, in charge of the much-esteemed and efficient officer, Mr. Lemprière.

Party after party arrived, all eagerly asking the question, "Have the natives passed over the Neck?" Each inquiry, however, was met with a jeering negative; nor had a single black been seen—with the

exception of the two captured by Mr. Walpole, and the lucky savage who gave me the slip—by any of the troops who reached the final destination on the first day. On the morning of the second, however, the remnant of my original detachment made their appearance, and set all further doubt at rest by informing His Excellency, that the Oyster Bay tribe of savages must have effected their escape through the ranks of the line, on the second night previous to their arrival;* leaving a spear in the pea-jacket of “Mikey O’Brien, numberr tin,” as a parting testimonial. East Bay Neck now presented a most animated scene. The requisite supplies of clothes and provisions for the homeward route were issued with a liberal hand, and the hundreds of weary pilgrims returned as wise and as bootless as they first set out.

Singular to say, the only man who received a wound during the whole campaign, was my clever friend Walpole; and that, too, at my hands. Whilst seated in the commissary’s tent, he invited me to a spearing match, with one of the weapons he had recently taken from the blacks, both for our own amusement and the edification of the numerous bystanders. Finding that I was a little too dexterous with the dangerous instrument, and objecting to my cutting off the sharp point, he retired behind the trunk of a tree, occasionally throwing out his long leg, crying, “There, there!

* The natives afterwards informed Mr. G. A. Robinson, that they frequently passed through the ranks of the Line with impunity.

hit that, hit that, my boy!" Unfortunately, his invitation was replied to in the next instant, by the transfixing of his knee, the spear passing between the cap and the joint. The weapon was speedily extracted by a worthy *medico*, one of the spectators, who, to the surprise of all, announced that not one drop of blood had been shed; nor did my esteemed friend suffer anything beyond a temporary inconvenience from the wound.

This was the closing scene of the fruitless campaign; the commissary struck his tent, and all departed to their several homes. My wounded friend, Walpole, was presented by His Excellency, in due course, with a grant of 800 or 1000 acres of land; whilst a few men of his party—prisoners—received free or conditional pardons, as a reward for ridding the country of a pair of wretched low-caste savages, who were captured at the high premium, and mainly at the cost of the commissariat treasury, of somewhere about £18,000 per head, £36,000 being the estimated expenditure incurred in this futile scheme.

The old Scottish saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nae ane gude," was, however, amply verified in this affair. The expenditure of so large a sum—large to the colony in its then infant state—and disbursed during the short period of six weeks, was of material benefit to numbers of the industrious canny Scotch and other plodding settlers, particularly those whose farms were selected as depôts for the issue of supplies to the

advancing army, themselves being the fortunate contractors.

“Twa hundre’ per cent., ye ken, upon gude tea, which cost eicht pence and ane bawbee the pund,” argued one worthy Scot, was a bonnie thing for himsel’, “and nae ower much to the rich Government treasury.”

The lucky farmers, who contracted for the supply of meat, showed themselves also to be wise in their generation. Determined to take “fortune at the flood,” when their surplus fat stock was exhausted, they decided on unyoking their well-conditioned teams of working oxen from the unprofitable plough, and appropriating them to the hungry maws and masticating powers of “the braw laddies o’ the Line.”

“And as to the price of sic cattle,” remarked a brother Scot, “it ’ud ill become the likes o’ us to impose upon the necessities of the country, in a time like to this; sae I’m thinking, that fefteen to sixteen pence the pund, is na an extravagant rate for the gude substantial beef of a fine working bullock. There’s puir auld Sandy, ane o’ the best leaders in the whole district, and only twalve years old come April. Ech mon! but he’s quite a treasure, and it’s a’most a sin to kill him. An’ yet it’s a good time, and nae bad way to be rid o’ the bonnie beastie.”

“Hoo much ’ll Sandy fetch, think ye?” demanded the first, who rejoiced in the profits of tea.

“Why, for the worth o’ the beast, ye ken, he’ll gang

about twa and forty score; say at sixteen pennies the pund, how much 'll that mak? Let's see, that's a schellun and a third of a schellun; ech, mon, that's the mickle sum o' fefty-sex punds sterling. Could I no stretch it to sixty? I'm thinking the bonnie beast Sandy is weel worth a' the money."

Now, the said ox, Sandy, having originally cost thirteen pounds sterling, left his conscientious and deserving master a very fair profit, leaving out the animal's term of servitude, of six years at the plough! I note the incident to show new settlers what can be done in new countries, when opportunities offer, by a bold and timely exercise of the mental faculties. Many country residents dated their success in life from circumstances connected with the memorable "Black Line." They ever lustily argued, that the expenditure of thirty-six thousand pounds, at such a period of depression in farming interests, was a perfect charity on the part of His Excellency, and afforded an equitable arrangement for the disposal of old working bullocks, infinitely preferable to growing wheat at three shillings per bushel, the unprofitable result of their labour.

The failure in the grand object of the black campaign added to the confidence and daring of the natives; who, from this time forward, became more troublesome than ever; whilst, in the breasts of lonely settlers, the untoward result produced a feeling of deep despondence, and shed over their future prospects a gloom from which there seemed to be no possible relief. As the following circumstances have never to my knowledge

been published in correct detail, and, as they form a material point in the history of Tasmania, I will record them here.

About eight or nine months before the institution of the *cordon*, Mr. G. A. Robinson, a worthy colonist, an architect and builder at Hobart Town, was inspired with a most original idea, a scheme, considering the fierce animosity of the Aborigines towards the colonists, that appeared even more wild and impracticable than that of the memorable *line*. Seeking an interview with the bewildered Governor, the bold artisan communicated the plan he had conceived for delivering into the hands of the authorities, single handed, every native then at large in Tasmania, and at a trifling cost to the Government; leaving the question of reward, in the event of a successful result, entirely at the disposal of His Excellency. Notwithstanding his very dubious reception in official quarters, he was fully determined against all obstacles to prosecute his unprecedented and dangerous mission.

The Governor, not without a show of reluctance and scepticism, gave his sanction, and ordered the necessary supplies for the expedition. The intrepid adventurer soon embarked on his novel enterprise: and in company with a few blacks who had been previously captured and half civilized, was landed on the southern shores of the island. From thence, strapping his rug and knapsack to his sturdy shoulders, and totally unarmed, he forthwith penetrated into the midst of the gloomy and inhospitable forests. Toiling and

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marching with heroic perseverance, meeting every discomfort and deprivation like a Stoic, this bold and patriotic man, confident of complete success, ever felt that he was led on by some good genius, that told him, "Persevere, and the bloodthirsty savages shall be delivered into your hand." At the end of a few weeks, his sable companions imparted a thrill of delight to his heart, by the discovery of naked footprints, denoting that some tribe had very recently passed the spot on which they were standing. Now came the exciting trial, for, in the next moment, the enterprising patriot and those whose dreaded presence he sought, stood face to face! Stern menaces, and war-whoops, uttered by serried ranks of warrior spearmen, marked his first reception. But lo! after a few magic signs and words were delivered by the sable interpreters, the serrated spears were cast aside, and those hands that had been too often red with the blood of helpless victims, were now most warmly proffered. The wondrous Missionary was received with marks of genuine delight; and thenceforth the olive branch was once more miraculously planted between the bitterly hostile and contending races.

The surprise of the colonists may easily be conceived on witnessing the almost incredible sight of a wild and ferocious tribe of savages quietly, and with a confidential air, following in the train of the worthy man who had charmed them so wisely, through miles of forests, roads, and sundry villages, into the very heart of the capital of their enemies. At the expiration of four or five years, Mr. Robinson had succeeded in

inducing every tribe in Tasmania, one after another, to accompany him to the Governor; promising not only that they should receive no ill-treatment at the instance of his countrymen, but that the Government would also provide them with abundance of food and warm clothing. On the faith of these promises, the Blacks yielded.

On presenting themselves before His Excellency, the poor injured Aborigines related their grievances in glowing terms, through the interpreter and Mr. Robinson (who knew more or less of their language): how that the white man had come into their country, and not only taken possession of the hunting grounds upon which their ancestors had been accustomed to roam, unmolested, from time immemorial, but denied them the privilege of occasionally following the chase, or even passing over those coveted lands; frequently driving them and their starving *gins* and *picaninnies* away at the muzzle of the gun—so that of late years, they had led the lives of dogs and owls, in the rocky mountains and dark valleys to which they had been compelled to retire for safety, and where, from the nature of the country, they had been deprived of all succulent edible roots, particularly of the (to them) luxurious bread fruit,* only found on those more open fertile lands from which they had been expelled. Then came the irrefutable truth that their domestic happiness was continuously de-

* It is round shaped, about the size of a small football, and grows at the roots of the black wattle. In taste and appearance it resembles wet, overboiled, cold rice, and is very unpalatable.

stroyed by the heartless temptations proffered to their yielding *gins*—who were at all times too frail to resist those allurements to starving creatures, the bread, sugar, or warm blanket, of the cruel white man !

That such irrefutable allegations should lie at the door of a Christian community, is ever to be deplored. The Governor's heart was touched with unfeigned sympathy at so sad a picture, the stern truthfulness of which he was already but too well aware of; yet the overruling and dire decree of civilization, ever suspended over the poor benighted sons of Ham, left His Excellency no alternative, but that of placing the wretched disinherited Aborigines beyond the possibility of receiving future harm to themselves, or of repeating a bloody revenge on their ruthless invaders.

Truly, in the most admirable manner, did that devoted and courageous adventurer, Mr. Robinson, succeed in fulfilling his unparalleled mission of mercy and Christian feeling—a task so replete with danger and difficulty, that its perfect accomplishment was hailed as a special act of Providence, and spread a feeling of universal joy and security throughout the minds of all classes, the settler community in particular, such as they had been strangers to for many years. Country lands immediately rose in value; and no man feared, thenceforth, to take his family into any part of the colony, however isolated it might be. By this act Mr. Robinson has earned for himself a wreath of unfading honour, and is fully entitled to be ranked, as the most distinguished patriot of Tasmania. Alone, it may be

said, he accomplished a task that three to four thousand armed men, and an expenditure of thirty-six thousand pounds, signally failed in effecting. What would have been the result of such an important service to the state in these liberal and honour-conferring days?

The Aborigines conciliated by Mr. Robinson, men, women, and children, were of course from that time placed under the special charge of their kind and fortunate captor, who was empowered to treat the poor black exiles with every possible degree of indulgence and humanity, which, it is needless to remark, was fulfilled to the letter. Arrangements were finally made for their transmission to Flinders's Island,* situated in Bass's and Bank's Straits, a few leagues distant from the northernmost extremity of Tasmania. Hither they were accompanied by Mr. Robinson, who was appointed their commandant and protector. This island, 200 miles in circumference, was in every respect adapted for their permanent home and safe refuge, as well as admirably suited to their wild customs, erratic and Nimrod habits. There the Government erected for them comfortable huts, supplied them liberally with rations of fresh meat, flour, tea, sugar, and every other necessary of life, abundance of blankets, beds, and warm clothing, and appointed a resident staff surgeon to administer to their many ailments.

Notwithstanding the devoted endeavours of the

* Originally called, "Great Island."

protector and his suite to ensure the progress and happiness of this little colony, it would appear in their case, as with the Indians of North America, and indeed with the Aborigines of most other countries, that the future career of the indigenous race should be of brief duration, when once the foot of the Pale Face had pressed the shores of his devoted country. It is melancholy to record, that the native population of Van Diemen's Land, which, at its first settlement in the year 1803, numbered about 1600 souls, had, in thirty-four years, up to 1837, dwindled down to about three hundred. It is well known, that Mr. Robinson captured every native remaining in the colony, with the exception of two or three, who lived far away from the boundaries of the settled country.

Thus the remnant of that wretched people was ultimately settled at Flinders's Island, with every appearance of present comfort, and with a prospect of uninterrupted happiness, both as to their temporal and their spiritual welfare; but in spite of the extreme liberality of the Government and the unremitting and humane attention of the protector, warmly aided by the assistant-surgeon, Dr. Walsh, the poor unregenerated savages melted away in rapid succession. The census published in 1861 reports the number of the aboriginal population at *thirteen*!

On the 31st January, 1838, Lord Glenelg, in a despatch to Sir George Gipps, expressed the earnest wish of the Home Government, that Mr. G. A. Robinson would accept the office of Chief Protector

of the Aborigines at Port Phillip. From the sincere affection, however, of the Tasmanian natives towards Mr. R., he felt a great reluctance to abandon his adopted people. It was ultimately arranged that, in accordance with the unanimous petition of the natives, they should be allowed to accompany him thither; particularly as such a measure was strongly recommended by Mr. R. and the late Governor, Sir George Arthur. The philanthropic commandant, conceiving that he was apparently striving against the stern decrees of fate, and prompted by the wider field of charitable enterprise presented in the more populous territory of Victoria, accepted the appointment, at a salary of £500 per annum, taking with him six of the Tasmanian Aborigines only. His mission there, however, has been attended with similar painful results.

It has ever been the opinion of the public in Tasmania that the Government displayed a most niggardly spirit in rewarding that patriotic man. Had he received his deserts, he would have been awarded at least £500 per annum for life, and a handsome pension secured to his heirs for all generations to come. Through his exertions the once timid farmer could now pursue his ordinary avocations, without the painful necessity of encumbering his shoulders with a double gun, throughout every day in the year; shepherds and cattle-tenders could range the hills and vales, to feed their flocks and herds, singly and unarmed, instead of being compelled to march in couples armed to the teeth. To all travellers, thenceforth, the heart of the wild forests

was as safe, as the midst of the metropolis itself. Nevertheless, if I remember right, a most pitiful pension was awarded to him, not exceeding one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, together with a grant of 2560 acres of land, worth only, in those days, when the most choice lands had been selected, from five shillings to seven shillings and sixpence per acre, at its extreme value.

It is not improbable, that Mr. Robinson may become one of my readers. If I have erred in any of my statements in reference to himself, it is from an error of the head rather than one of the heart; and I trust that he will prove a gentle reader, and kindly set me right.

Since writing this section of my MSS., and before placing them in the hands of the printer, I have had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Robinson, who has favoured me with the narrative of his interesting mission. This I have very great pleasure in publishing for public information; it will show that Mr. Robinson well deserves to be called the apostle and conservator of the Tasmanian Aborigines, and is worthy of the most honourable remembrance in the records of humanity.

NARRATIVE OF MR. G. A. ROBINSON.

PRIOR to going out on my first mission to conciliate the native tribes, the settlers and the natives were in a state of incessant hostility. Military parties were sent out against the Aborigines in the course of the year 1828, who drove back the natives for a time; but, on the 31st of October in

that year, the executive council declared in their minutes that the outrages of the aboriginal natives amount to a complete declaration of hostilities against the settlers generally. The civil powers, even when aided by the military, are insufficient to suppress them. Martial law was again proclaimed in October, 1830, against the natives; and the Governor, Sir G. Arthur, at length determined to call upon the inhabitants to take up arms, and join the troops in forming a military cordon, by means of which he proposed to drive the Aborigines into Tasman's Peninsula. The inhabitants responded to the call; an armed force of between two thousand and three thousand men were in the field from the 4th of October to the 26th of November, but the attempt entirely failed. Previously to this, I had formed a plan to conciliate and subdue them, not by force of arms, but by the force of reason. I had long considered the subject, which was a fertile topic of speculation amongst the colonists; and, as I have come to this conclusion, that the subjugation by force of arms was impracticable on account of the peculiar formation of the country and the insidious character of the Aborigines, I considered that the natives of Van Diemen's Land were rational—that they were God's creatures called into existence by the same omnipotent power that gave me being, and created for the same wise purposes; and that, although they might, in their savage notions, oppose violent measures for their subjugation, yet, if I could but get them to listen to reason, and persuade them that the Europeans wished only to better their condition, they might become civilized, and rendered useful members of society, instead of the bloodthirsty ferocious beings they were represented to be. This was the principle upon which I formed my plan. I considered them as rational and accountable creatures, and treated them as such. This was the sole secret of my success, if there was any secret in it. I weighed the plan in my own mind

repeatedly. There were many powerful reasons against my entering on such an enterprise. I had a wife and several children dependent on me; but my mind was under an impression which I could not resist. I reasoned the matter over with Mrs. Robinson, and with difficulty obtained her consent.

I then proposed the plan to the local Government, to set out on an experimental visit to the natives at Port Davey, and through them to make myself known to those in the interior, which was acceded to by Governor Arthur, notwithstanding the public voice was raised against the enterprise, which was denounced as that of a mad enthusiast. But I would not give a fig for the man who enters upon any enterprise of moment, unless he possesses some enthusiasm.

I regretted that public opinion operated against my equipment, but it did so; I took leave of my friends, never expecting to see them again. It was necessary that I should take supplies with me, but all the assistance I could get for that purpose was a long boat risen upon one or two streaks, and ribbed, to go round the south-west cape of the island; the boat was stranded, and most of my supplies were lost. I had been furnished with a smaller boat, which I might have sent back, but, for the first time, I was afraid of the enterprise. I was not, however, afraid of the danger or of the blacks; but I was afraid to return for more supplies, for fear that the Government should refuse to let me proceed. Accordingly I pursued my journey overland to Port Davey, fell in with a tribe of blacks, and made an appointment to meet them at a particular mount. On the following day I repaired to the appointed spot, taking with me two out of five of the natives of Brune Island, who accompanied me. The tribe I fell in with were very suspicious, having been fired at by the Europeans; and, although I carried no arms—nothing, in fact, but a knap-

sack containing bread—and endeavoured to explain to them my pacific intentions, they left me on these occasions without any sign of desiring to repose any trust in me. I then determined to bring them to an understanding or relinquish my design, having found that, if I wasted so much time unsuccessfully, my tour of the island, instead of occupying twelve months, the time allotted, would last seven years. Accordingly, I assembled them together, and told the chiefs that I did not like their proceedings, and should leave them. I requested that they would furnish me with guides across the country, and set off at twelve o'clock at night, and was guided by some of the tribe to a distance from their camp, where I bivouacked. On the following morning the whole tribe joined me; and I thus led them on and conciliated them, until they were joined by my own people at Macquarie Harbour. Before the military operations to which I have alluded commenced, I had made the demi-circuit of the island; and when I heard of these intended operations, I immediately rode across the country, and conferred with Colonel Arthur, who expected I was about to go to my home and give up the project; but I was determined to complete my experiment.

Colonel Arthur said that Captain Harvey, of the *Nimrod*, had related that he had seen 700 natives assembled at Cape Portland, to which I replied that His Excellency might rest assured that there were not 700 natives in the whole island. Colonel Arthur gave me the assistance I required, and I proceeded with my plan. And I wish it to be known that all the extensive tract of valuable land, called the "New Country," was discovered by me. In 1830, I placed thirty-four of the natives on Swan Island, and I then proceeded to explore the islands, crossing Bank's Straits in a five-oared whale-boat, and succeeded in emancipating several native women who were kept by the sealers, and conveyed them also to Swan Island.

The Government then furnished an armed cutter and boats, for a second trip amongst the islands in the Straits, whither I accordingly went, for the purpose of further exploring them, and liberating any women who might still be held in captivity by the sealers. After this, I returned to the main, for the purpose of resuming my mission; and the Government offered high rewards to any other respectable inhabitants who would join in the undertaking. No person, however, offered to go on the service, and the duty of conciliating and removing the remaining tribes again devolved solely on myself. I removed the Stony Creek tribe, and then proceeded in quest of the Big River and Oyster Bay tribes, two of the most savage tribes in the island; and in six weeks after my communication with Colonel Arthur, I came up with them, and succeeded in removing them to Hobart Town, whence they were removed to Gun Carriage Island.

In effecting these arrangements I made use of no compulsion; it was done with their own free consent; in fact it was not possible to subjugate them by force. In my evidence before the Council, I went so far as to say, that the whole British army could not have effected it; at any rate, the military force of the colony could not. The military operation to which I have before alluded cost the Government £30,000; the entire cost to the colony was £70,000—and the result was the capture of two blacks. To elucidate these military operations, and the difficulty that presented itself to my own undertaking, Colonel Arthur stated in one of his despatches that no undertaking could be more arduous, under any circumstances, or in any country, than to capture savages; and the difficulty was greatly augmented in that colony.

The country, being perhaps one of the most rugged on the face of the earth, it had a larger extent, in proportion to its area, of wild unproductive lands, mountains, and

dense forests, than any other with which I am acquainted. People could have but a faint idea of the toils and privations I have endured. Many persons know that the climate in that part of Tasmania is intensely cold and humid, the rains falling generally for six or eight months in the year; and when I say that I have been for weeks without a dry thread to my back, subsisting on fern roots and the pith of the shrub, it may be inferred that my undertaking was none of the easiest. Had I been intent on the survey of the country only, my condition would not have been so bad, as I could have halted at leisure; I should have had the company of my countrymen, and been provided with dogs and fire-arms to contribute to my subsistence; but in this undertaking I was forced to submit to the greatest privations, if I had any hope of succeeding.

Dogs would have precluded me from communicating with the natives, and fire-arms would have prevented their trusting me when I did obtain interviews with them. In all my difficulties my sole dependence was on the Omnipotent Being; and I might truly say that "I was led in the paths which I knew not," and preserved in dangers by His power alone. Frequently have I seen the sun go down without any expectation of ever beholding it rise again in the morning; and I have been surrounded by savage blacks, with their spears presented at me, and have been spared, when all hope has fled. In one isolated part of the colony I had indeed a narrow escape for my life: one evening I discovered some fires of the natives at a great distance; and, accompanied by some of the natives of my party, I set out and travelled during the night through swamps up to my middle in water, and arrived near to where a tribe were encamped. In the morning I went down to the camp; the natives immediately began collecting their spears, and evinced hostile intentions; which probably would have terminated fatally but for my decision.

The blacks belonging to my escort, seeing that the tribe was unfriendly disposed, immediately possessed themselves of some of the spears, and a fight seemed inevitable. I stepped forward between them, took the spears from my own men, returned them to their owners, sent my escort to a distance, and stood in the middle of the tribe unarmed, and ready to meet death. The result was, that they became pacified, and after I had held a short intercourse with them, they put themselves under my protection and followed me quietly. In the subjection of the Oyster Bay and Big River tribes the dangers were far greater. They were known to be a furious and bloodthirsty people, and in this matter, also, it seemed that Providence interposed between myself and the savages.

On my approaching the place where they were encamped, they rushed down the hill, their spears poised, shouting their war-cry. Manalagane, the chieftain of my black companions, fled, the women began to cry, and the yells of the hostile tribe became dreadful. I knew it was of little use to run, had I been so disposed, as the blacks would soon have caught me; so I confronted them, and awaited their arrival—looking calmly on. A parley ensued, and they very shortly placed themselves under my direction. I must explain, that these natives had heard from other tribes that I was the Black's friend, and so were prepared to treat me kindly. I accompanied them to their camp and spent the evening with them, making myself understood as well as I could, and acquainting them with my good intentions; and I must say, a more satisfactory evening I never remembered to have spent in my life, from the consideration that this savage tribe had also yielded to my persuasion. They showed me their scars; and there was scarcely one among them, man, woman, or child, but had been wounded by the cruel white man. The next day, the chief gave up to me all their spears, and about sixteen stand of fire-arms,

obtained in various ways; after which the whole tribe accompanied me to Bothwell, the nearest settlement, at my request carrying the fire-arms with them. On entering the place, the black strangers were not at all daunted. They bivouacked opposite the military barracks. I was asked by the local authorities if I wanted assistance to keep the natives? I said no. I went to an inn and slept without any fear that they would leave me. There they remained perfectly quiet and peaceable, until they finally removed with me to Hobart Town, a march of eight days.

After I had succeeded with these tribes, I thought that my work was done, and told Colonel Arthur that the natives I had brought in, few as they were, had done all the mischief, and were the cause of all the consternation in Van Diemen's Land. Colonel Arthur could scarcely credit it; indeed it was generally doubted.

The only reply I could make was, that time would show; and time did show. After I had effected the removal of these tribes, I started for the Arthur River, where it was reported that a tribe were out; and here I had another miraculous escape from being killed. It appeared that the blacks had meditated my destruction, and laid their plans for preventing my escape, by placing sentinels all around me. I was with the tribe when I observed an unusual excitement amongst them; they were much agitated, and employed in sharpening their spears and other instruments of war. I addressed them, stating that I could not, nor did I wish to compel them to go with me against their will; and if they did not like to accompany me they might remain where they were. They began to encircle and close on me; when, for the first time since I had undertaken the fearful mission, I fled from them. In my flight I overtook a black woman, near to a wide and rapid river which I was desirous of crossing from my pursuers; but as I could not swim, I hardly knew what to do. The woman advised me

to hide myself in the bushes, but I knew too well the keenness with which the blacks tracked the smallest object to trust to that ; therefore, as my only hope, I launched a log of wood into the river, on which I leant, and the kind-hearted woman immediately jumped into the water and swam across, drawing the log after her. I could truly say, that in all my troubles the poor black natives had consoled, fed, and contributed in every manner they could to my comfort. After being out hunting for a long time, they would sometimes return with an opossum or kangaroo, which they would bring and lay before me. In those inhospitable wilds we have frequently been without food for two days, when, falling in with a river, they would go and fish among the rocks. Whatever they caught they would immediately bring to me, and never by any chance eat thereof until bid to do so by me. They carried my supplies for me, sympathised with me in my troubles, and cheered me in my solitude ; and I must beg to observe, that the country through which I travelled bore no resemblance to the fine open lands of New Holland. The greater part of the country was a dense forest, the trees in some places being sixty feet in circumference, and 250 feet high, interwoven with an almost impenetrable brushwood at the bottom ; and for a long time in traversing these wilds, I was dependent for sustenance solely on the kind blacks who accompanied me, who caught badgers and porcupines ; and not unfrequently I had to live upon grubs.

I desire to correct an erroneous conception which has been formed with regard to the Sydney blacks, who were forwarded to Van Diemen's Land to assist in the capturing the natives of the latter country. I never received any assistance from them, and from the first set my face against their being employed, because they knew nothing of the language or habits of the Tasmanian blacks ; consequently

they would have been a burden rather than any assistance in the expedition.

I will now proceed to narrate the general result of my undertaking—first giving a brief statement, illustrative of the state and circumstances of the natives on Flinders's Island previously to my taking a final charge of it.

It was proved from the testimony of the storekeeper, the medical attendant, and the catechist, that before I lived among them they were in as wild a state as when in their own country; much angry feeling existed between them, and it was feared that the hostile tribes would come to blows. No attempt had been made to cultivate them, and their wretched habits and ill course of living had hurried many of them to the grave. The place exhibited more the appearance of a menagerie than the habitation of human beings. My arrival, however, amongst them caused a new order of things to spring up. The attestation of these officers was highly flattering to my management. I do not make these allusions with any intention of affixing blame to my predecessors, but simply to show that the blacks are not the degraded abject beings they are represented to be, but are capable of moral attainments; and I drew a deduction by analogy, that the New South Wales blacks, who have been equally misrepresented, are equally susceptible of high moral culture.

The Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land had been represented as the lowest in the scale of humanity, differing little from the brute creation; but it devolved upon me to discover and lead them forward in the scale of civilization, and I met with flattering success. I will briefly touch on the measures I took to bring them to a happy state of moral and physical improvement at Flinders's Island, where the remnant of the whole black population was located. Their altered condition could best be described by giving

extracts from my replications to certain queries which were addressed to me by the Government:—

The minds of the Aborigines were beginning to expand. They had more enlarged views of their present situation, and were grateful for favours conferred upon them.

In their intercourse with each other they were more affable and courteous. The tribes formerly most opposed to each other, were now the most friendly. If excited to anger, a look was sufficient to allay their feelings.

They were placed under no kind of restraint, but enjoyed every degree of personal freedom consistent with a due regard to their health, and the formation of religious and civilized habits.

They were instructed in the Christian religion.

Two services were held on the Sabbath; a catechetical examination for the natives on Tuesday evenings; and, on Saturday evenings, a religious exercise conducted by themselves.

These services were conducted in the English language, which the Aborigines well understood.

Their attendance was perfectly voluntary; all, however, attended; and their conduct would be a pattern to many congregations of civilized Europeans.

In sacred melody they displayed great proficiency, and could read the commencing lines of several hymns which they were accustomed to sing to regular tunes, the men and women taking their respective parts.

I established three schools on the settlement—a day school for boys, and a day school for girls and women; an evening school, and a Sunday school, which was generally well attended.

The civil officers, their wives, and my own family acted

as teachers ; and they found the natives willing and anxious to receive instruction, by which they improved rapidly.

At the periodical examinations of the schools, some of the native youths were able to answer questions in the leading events of Scripture history, Christian doctrine and duty, arithmetic, the principal facts of geography, and also on several points of useful information.

Some very fair specimens of handwriting were exhibited on such occasions ; one in particular was worthy of notice, being an original address from the writer—a native youth of fifteen years of age, who was employed by me in my office—to his countrymen. It was expressed in simple and tolerably correct language, and breathed a warm spirit of gratitude to myself. In the schools, they were taught various handiwork, such as knitting in worsted, sewing, &c., and they proved to be apt and industrious scholars. The description of work they were chiefly employed in was, making shirts, trousers, caps, braces, and stockings, and other articles of comfort, which they coveted and highly appreciated the possession of. One of the aboriginal youths, who had been instructed in tailoring, could perform an equal task with an ordinary workman.

They had neat stone cottages, with gardens, in which they raised their own vegetables ; together with cooking utensils and other useful articles ; and they conformed in every respect to European habits, and were particularly careful in copying any domestic arrangement adopted by the Europeans.

I established at Flinders's Island an Aboriginal Fund, which was raised from the proceeds of work performed, and the sale of various articles prepared by them, such as salted mutton, birds, birds' skins, &c., which were generally sold at Launceston. I also formed an Aboriginal Police, to preserve order, and to decide all disagreements which might

arise amongst them. For this purpose, I appointed three of the chiefs, constables, who, with myself, formed a court, before which all their differences were brought, and to the decisions of which they all acceded.

Of the efficiency of this police I had frequent experience, in the successful pursuit and capture of runaway convict servants. I also established a circulating medium amongst them, which was attended with the happiest effects, as it gave them a knowledge of the right of property ; and lastly, and consequent upon the latter, I established a market, to which they brought their produce, and which they disposed of to each other, and to the officers of the establishment. Thus they acquired the habits of civilized life, and felt an interest in the acquisition of property, which rendered them industrious and cleanly. Independent of their other employments, the men had, in three years, cleared a considerable patch of forest land, and made a good road, nine miles in length, into the interior of the island, which was thus thrown open to enterprise.

The women, independent of their usual avocations, had collected many tons of grass for the use of the horses and oxen at the settlement. For this and every description of their labour they invariably received a pecuniary reward.

The most serious drawback to the success of the establishment was the great mortality amongst them, which has continued to so lamentable an extent, that at the present time there are but a small remnant living.

Had the poor creatures survived to have become a numerous people, I am convinced they would have formed a contented and useful community. As some proof in support of my assertion, I have recommended my friend, the author of this book, to publish the following Sermon, the original MS. of which I have presented to him, written in a good hand, and entirely the native's own composition :—

SURMON ON 19TH FEBRY. 1838.

And now my friends let us love the Lord thy God with all thy hearts with all thy souls and with all thy strength and with all thy might and with all thy mind. Love thy Neighbour as thyself. And now my friends we ought to keep these things because these are things that we must be to them that love God,

And now my friends in against place when he taught us when we approach the throne of thy grace, When we pray to say, Our father which art heaven, allowed be thy name thy kingdom come thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses and led us not into temptation but deliver us from evil for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever

And now my friends this his the prayer of God Almighty when we pray Pray to God with sincerity and in truth

And now my friends you know that Mr. Dove speaking to you upon the subjects about the prayer of God Almighty and if you my friends pray with sincerity and in truth, then you will have that glorey which is in Jesus Christ the Son of the living God

And now my friends pray with sincerity and in truth, pray will'd it is time. Now is the excepted time. Now is the day of salvation, my friends we must pray always for it is appointed out that men ought to pray and our blessed Lord came upon earth to teach all about the doctrince of God and himself he came upon earth to do the will of him that sent him My friends dont you believe that he died for poor guilt sinner. Yes my friends we must believe that Jesus Christ came to save Sinner

O my friends when we was lying at the brink of Hells dark dore, Jesus Christ came to save that which was loast, Now my friends dont you know that Mr. Dove speaking to you about the prayer of God, we must pray with sincerity and in truth And also my friends Mr. Clark speaking to you about the sower when to sow Some fell on stoney rock ground and it growed up and then it whethere away and some fell among the thorns and they spring up, and the thorns choked them And some fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them, and some fell on good ground, and they spring up, and brought forth hundred fold, some sixty fold and some seventy fold. My friends

they that are on the rocks, they first hear the word God, and then temptation fall away, and those that are on the way side, they hear the word of God, and then cometh the devil, and taketh them out of there hearts. My friends that is the way that devil takes the good words out of our hearts

My friends who was it wrote the ten Commandments, I will tell you my friends, it was God that wrote these ten Commandments, he wrote them with his finger, and there is ten of them which we must obey.

It is certin that we must obey these laws, this are the laws which Israelites obeyed which they had obeyed in the wilderness, they had manner to eat which rained from heaven, and they tempted God in the desert. And they also worshiped two Calves, in the which God was displeased.

THOMAS BRUNE, Aboriginal Youth,

Editor and Writer

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVICTS.

THOSE who have moved only amidst the every-day scenes of home life, can scarcely realize the many heart-stirring incidents and events that were interwoven with the lives of their fellow-countrymen at the Antipodes, whilst laying the foundation of colonies so soon to pour out millions of virgin gold, and shiploads of fine merino wool, into the comprehensive lap of brave Old England.

Still further to illustrate things as they existed during a portion of my seventeen years' sojourn in Tasmania between 1820 and 1830, I propose, in this chapter, to give one or two narratives, which may possibly interest, as well as amuse, the reader.

The best mode to adopt for the reformation of criminals is, and doubtless ever will be, a subject of the most grave consideration. That human laws, however merciful or stringent, should fail in effecting the regeneration of unenlightened men, can surely create but little astonishment in the minds of those who reflect in how small a degree the voice of Supreme Intelligence avails in arresting the vicious and immoral practices even of the educated and more polished classes of society.

Unfortunately, up to an advanced period in the settlement of the Australian colonies, the important question, how best to deal with the heart of wilful man, was but little understood, and had no such practical solution as that exhibited by the reformatory system of the present day.

Difficult to fathom, however, as this painful subject is, non-success cannot be attributed to want of Christian solicitude on the part of the colonists; for the most effectual and merciful mode of reforming the convicts occupied the anxious attention of many highly gifted philanthropists then resident in Tasmania. At their head stands pre-eminent Colonel Jebb, whose humane advocacy of the proper system to be pursued I remember well, when, as captain of the military detachment, he was quartered at Sorell Town, so early as the year 1826 or 1827. There, at the cottage residence of my respected aunt, who felt a deep interest in all political subjects, he spent many evenings in warm and earnest discussions of the prisoner-reform question. Since the darker periods, however, of Tasmanian history, ranging, it may be said, from the date of its earliest settlement in 1803 to the year 1834, Governors, secretaries for the colonies, and other astute politicians have condescended to listen to the voice of reason and humanity, and no longer insist upon a continuous course of severe discipline as the only ostensible means of reforming criminals.

The chain, the lash, and the slip-knot, so freely resorted to during the intermediate period of thirty

years to which I allude, have since happily, both at home and abroad, given place to laws, and general treatment, better calculated to imbue the minds of depraved men with a lively and sincere feeling of regret for the past, and to create an honest and ardent desire to regain the good opinion of their friends and society generally.

Experience teaches that, in nine cases out of ten, if Man is treated without intermission as a brute, if there exist one latent spark of better feeling in his unhappy heart, that one small ray of hope for his redemption will be speedily extinguished, and all the worst passions of his nature will become irrevocably stamped upon the records of his future life.

Often do we hear of some precept that, had we but the moral courage to adopt it, would add materially to our share of earthly happiness. But notwithstanding that it excites our warmest admiration, it seldom leaves a trace of its righteous influence behind. And so with certain laws and customs of other countries—some specially admirable, as being founded on reason, justice, and mercy, and far beyond those applicable to similar cases in England. Thus, in the French jurisprudence, truth cannot be pleaded in justification of slander, except in recrimination. If a man violates the laws of France, and is condemned to the galleys or other prisons, whatever may have been the nature of his crime, at the expiration of his sentence, no one dares to reproach him with or even allude in the slightest degree to his past misfortune. The law

considers that he has fully expiated his crime, and in that view shields him from the hateful tongue of malice, that would fain be ever republishing his disgrace. Thus is the once fallen Frenchman powerfully assisted and encouraged, in the laudable endeavour to re-establish for himself a respectable place amongst his fellow-creatures.

Surely so charitable a law is well worthy of imitation by every civilized nation under the sun, as being replete with justice, founded on sound reason, and tempered with mercy; whereas, in our great country, Britain, choked with countless Acts and Statutes, filled with "the pride that apes humility," the poor fallen Englishman has no such halo of hope shed around his future path. His good fame once lost—though it should be but for stealing a loaf of bread under the craving impulse of hunger—with such venial act is lost, all chance of restoration to his former place in society. Is such a state of things in accordance with the true Christian doctrine by which our great nation professes to be guided, or in conformity with the prayer so oft repeated in our national churches, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us"—so oft repeated, but, alas, so little practised?

During the latter days of transportation to the Australian colonies, the condition of the unfortunate convict was considerably improved. Catechists were appointed in many districts, and religious instruction was more liberally imparted to the disconsolate prisoner,

which tended much to humanise his heart, and to solace his unhappy lot. This, combined with an amelioration in the very severe laws of prison-discipline, produced so marked an improvement, that I may safely assert, from the year 1834 the convict population became a comparatively respectable and well-behaved community. Gangs of reckless bandits no longer infested the woods to spread terror and dismay throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the undisguised hate that hitherto existed between too many hard masters and their convict servants, seemed now to have subsided into a certain amount of confidence and good feeling.

Whilst thus briefly referring to the subject of convict treatment, I must inform the reader that, in the colony of Van Diemen's Land, almost every degree of discipline was tried; varying from the extreme of bitter severity, to a system replete with Christian charity and considerate humanity; but every step that was made in the cause seemed only to involve the solution of the dark problem in increased perplexity. I must not, however, refrain from expressing my own opinion in reference to the latter method—an opinion strengthened by that of many intelligent brother-colonists—that over-leniency, particularly such as that practised at Norfolk Island, proved even a greater failure in effecting the desired reformation than the unmeet severity adopted at Macquarie Harbour.

At the former establishment, the island prisoners were permitted to enjoy comparative freedom, to in-

dulge in the performance of theatricals, and various other amusements; and were otherwise so tenderly treated, that they forgot their true position, as men banished from their country to do penance for having violated its laws. Over-kindness, therefore, became an immeasurable source of evil, for their licentiousness and depravity knew no bounds. The Government, seeing the utter failure of the too lenient scheme, transported the whole establishment to Port Arthur, Tasman's Peninsula, and placed the prisoners under a widely different rule—a system infinitely more merciful to beings whose moral and spiritual welfare depended mainly upon the sound sense and cultivated judgment of local rulers, better versed in the tendencies of human nature. Had English statesmen of former days listened to the wise suggestions of deep-thinking men, who had studied the best means of reforming offenders, I should not have had to record the lamentable events which I have already related, and others that I am about to narrate.

The depredations of the Bushrangers, and the atrocities of the savages, were not the only evils under which the free and respectable classes of the community were doomed to suffer. The Tenth Commandment was, apparently, expunged from the creed of a host of ticket-of-leave men, who flourished under the significant cognomen of "sugee settlers," and were evidently guided by the doctrine, that a ticket-of-leave awarded the positive right of appropriating other men's goods and chattels. Amongst other descriptions

of thieving, sheep-stealing, in numbers varying from one to five hundred, became so prevalent, as to cease to astonish the public.

The beautiful and remarkably fertile district of Pittwater, as compared with other corn-growing parts of the southern section of Tasmania, like the hive overteeming with honey, formed a point of peculiar attraction to the robber wasps, and idle drones, from all quarters. Thefts, from petty larceny to wholesale felony, were of daily occurrence; whilst, to rid the district of one wretched criminal by the hands of John Ketch, like the result proverbial in the fly-killing, catch-'em-alive process, was only a sure means of attracting at least ten more tormentors.

I have already related my uncle's losses whilst he was resident on his estate of Frogmore. Shortly after his death, I had occasion to ride over the lands adjoining our farm, in search of lost sheep. In crossing a portion of the Orielson estate, called Middle Hill, I observed two jaded-looking rough-coated horses, browsing amidst a clump of green wattles. Conceiving that their riders must be somewhere near to them, I immediately alighted, and, retreating under cover of a recently fallen gum-tree, determined on stealing upon the suspicious travellers at another point, from whence I could have a better view. Half a mile's ride round the hill brought me to a certain valley. Hooking the bridle of my pony to a broken branch, I succeeded in creeping sufficiently near to discover two formidable-looking men. One was quietly seated on the sward,

smoking his pipe, and leaning against a large sack, full of sundries unlawfully acquired. The other was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements to encamp for the night, it being then about four o'clock.

I galloped off in search of our trusty and active shepherd, an assigned servant. To him I communicated my suspicions, that one of the travellers—a man of gigantic stature and powerful frame—was no other than the notorious Bushranger Pearson, who had recently robbed and changed horses with the manager of the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, Mr. Edward Curr. The shepherd became elated at the prospect of gaining his freedom by the capture of so notorious an outlaw. On arriving at the base of Middle Hill, heading his flock so that they might stray near to the secluded encampment, and, listlessly strolling amongst them, he approached the travellers as if by accident. Satisfied as to the true nature and vocation of the strangers, he bade them good night, and, shrilly whistling back his straggling flock, returned to our appointed rendezvous.

The shepherd confirmed my suspicions. He had shown Pearson a place where he could obtain good fresh water, and could easily have stunned and captured him when he stooped to drink. Conscience, however, revolted at and forbade such treachery, and when Pearson rose to his feet, a glance at his towering height and brawny shoulders warned the shepherd to be prudent. “‘Jack Hall,’” said the shepherd to himself, “‘good wrestler as thee beest, and main strong as thee art, thee bean’t no match for such a giant. Let

'un bide, lad; doan't 'ee touch 'un, unless wi' a leaden bullet.' So I bade he good night, and whistled up the sheep."

A three mile gallop, at full speed, brought me to Sorell, and to the residence of Mr. Laing, the chief constable, who had so miraculous an escape from death at the hands of Brady and his gang of bandits, on the occasion of their memorable visit to that town.

The worthy official, accompanied by four privates of the 48th or 63rd Regiment and myself, immediately started on foot, at a running pace, for the scene of action. Wishing to afford our trusty flock-tender an opportunity of gaining his freedom, on our arrival I handed him my double-barrelled gun, with directions to proceed with the soldiers, and carefully lead them to the spot. I, being too young to fight, remained with the flock at a respectful distance from the strangers.

The approach of the party occupied some time, and required great caution. In twenty minutes, however, the woods resounded with a loud fusillade, followed by an excited view halloo from the chief constable and his soldiers, who, from having advanced too impetuously, were discovered at seventy yards' distance. The surprised outlaws having no time to unloose the hobbles from their horses, left them, and instantly fled, hotly pursued by the six men who formed the attacking party. The fugitives, having taken opposite directions, divided the party. The soldiers pursued Pearson.

One of them, Evans, a wiry and courageous little Welshman, proved equally fleet of foot with the flying Bushranger, and, alone, perseveringly followed him

for at least a mile, when the runaway, finding he had to deal with but one man, jumped over a high log of dead timber, and, instantly drawing from his belt a pair of duelling pistols, challenged the soldier to advance at his peril. Five yards only separated the combatants. The latter, breathless, and comparatively defenceless, having at the outset discharged his clumsy firelock, with no other resource left but a fixed bayonet, eyed his gigantic adversary with grim and murderous intent. Warned against the attempt to reload, at first he seriously meditated a reckless charge; but common sense coming to his aid, he contented himself with coolly challenging the outlaw to a friendly duel with his own weapons.

The bushranger, seeing that the soldier's comrades had lost the trail, emphatically replied, with a dreadful oath, "Now, my little man, you'd better walk off as fast as your legs will carry you, or I'll send a ball through your insignificant carcass in one second!" The soldier, feeling that he was entirely at the mercy of his formidable opponent, wisely took the advice of the latter, and hurrying off, bade him good night until their next meeting, which the brave little fellow fervently hoped might happen ere many days should pass over his unlucky head; the notorious outlaw, hastily plunging into a tea-tree scrub, once more escaped.

My lusty shepherd, though not speedy of foot, was in racing phrase possessed of right good stamina; and in company with the fleshy chief constable, warmly

pursued the other fugitive. This sort of chase was not of that nature which prompts the huntsman to carol forth his eulogistic strains of "Southerly winds and cloudy skies," in the very teeth of a cool north-easter. It was one of an infinitely more grave character, since it involved the certain death of one human being, whilst success ensured to the other not only a round sum of money (£100) but the realization of the prisoner's most cherished hope—freedom of person, and release from severe prison discipline and dread of the galling lash.

For the first half-mile, the race was maintained with spirit. The shepherd and chief of the police ran neck and neck, but the flying outlaw still kept at least sixty yards in advance. Fifty paces further, however, and the panting official, hopelessly squatting himself upon a log, became a mere spectator. The spirit of the chief was strong, but the undrilled flesh was excessively weak. From his description of the race, owing to the utter exhaustion and unsteady progress both of the fugitive and his pursuer, the latter part of it would have struck a bystander, ignorant of the true nature of the contest, as being a pedestrian match between two foolish men, who had allowed the common enemy, strong drink, to "steal away their brains."

The shepherd now gained ground at every stride, and the knotty point of capture or escape was soon to be decided. On reaching Orielson Creek, bordered by dense thickets of tea-tree, dogwood, and other shrubs, the brigand drew from his belt a brace of pistols, fired

at his pursuer, and dashed into the scrub. The double shot grazed the left arm of the shepherd, who instantly responded with the fire of his right-hand barrel. A loud yell and curse followed; but the wounded bushranger, however, rushed and scrambled through the thickets with increased vigour, and by the time his pursuer had arrived at the margin of the long waterhole, which, although very deep, was not five yards wide, he was clambering the steep bank of the opposite side.

The race to the shepherd was finished; unable to swim, filled with indignation and disappointment at being thus out-generaled, incapable from sheer exhaustion of summoning the culprit to surrender, he deliberately raised his gun to the shoulder, took aim, and fired, feeling certain of killing or disabling him. To his indescribable mortification, the bandit, instead of succumbing to his intended fate, turned round, raised his face and two clenched fists towards the skies, and confronting his luckless adversary, doubtless vowed a deep and insatiable revenge. Then, quickly rising to his feet, ere the shepherd had time to reload, he struck off at a quick pace—evidently re-invigorated by his cold bath—into the most densely timbered country he could see, and so was once more free, to commit havoc and spoliation.

The cause of failure in the effect of the last charge fired at the outlaw, had arisen from the loosening of the wadding by the discharge of the other barrel; the heavy buck-shot had consequently fallen out, and the

otherwise certain *finale* of the proscribed convict was thus postponed for a season.

The escape of two runaway prisoners on foot from six vigorous and efficiently-armed men, did not add to the chief constable's fame as a general. To the annoyance of a certain individual, I had suggested that the party should divide, and advance on the strangers' camp at three different points. One white feather overruled the proposal—but then I was a mere boy at the time. Thus escaped, almost without a scratch, two of the most notorious highway robbers ever known in Tasmania, and for whose capture a reward of £100 each was proclaimed, together with a free pardon and a passage to England if taken by a prisoner.

The future career of these men, however, received a fatal check from the loss of their horses, provisions, and general booty—the fruits of many cruel and unsparing robberies. The articles of value were comprised of watches, plate, and jewellery, all of which were ultimately claimed, and returned to their owners. Three weeks from the time of this *rencontre* had scarcely elapsed ere Evans, the courageous Welsh soldier, in company with his three comrades, again fell in with the two highwaymen; and in a similar chase, but this time prudently reserving his fire, he severely wounded and captured the formidable Pearson. The other was taken, with little trouble or resistance, being unable to run from the effects of the wound inflicted by the shepherd. Evans was slightly

wounded by a pistol-shot fired at him by Pearson, but was amply compensated, as he declared, by his share of the reward, amounting to fifty pounds.

The fine patch of country where these scenes occurred owes its name to the circumstance of having been in early days a perfect den of thieves, to which the attention of Mr. Pitt, the chief constable of Hobart Town, was so continually directed, that, in derision, it was called "Pitt Water."

A narrow escape from the "hooking process" considered necessary for his salvation by a devotee to the Indian god Juggernaut, would naturally have a place amongst the most vivid reminiscences of any man's life. Shortly after the decease of my uncle, I was charged with the sole care of the Frogmore estate; and, as ducks, quails, and bronze-winged pigeons abounded on the farm, I was permitted, although very young, to carry a gun. On one of my sporting excursions I had taken the field at an unusually early hour, with the object of poaching upon my neighbours' duck preserves up the Orielson Creek. Stealthily traversing its reedy wooded banks, with my little fowling-piece cocked and presented ready for a shot, I was startled by a hurried gruff exclamation. "Holloa there! hold hard, boy! pray what errand brings you out at this untimely hour of the morning?" demanded a tall powerful man, rising on the instant from the midst of the bed of reeds, where he had evidently passed the night.

"Duck shooting," I replied, retiring a few steps, in the same breath.

"Duck shooting, eh?" responded he, "any one else with you?"

"No," returned I; "no one."

Upon this, stooping to pick up his rug, he advanced towards me. As he approached, a cold shudder came over me on observing that he had lost his left hand to the wrist, and, as a substitute, wore a large sharp hook. Nor upon a closer survey was my feeling of security increased by observing two brace of silver-hilted pistols shining in his waist belt.

Feeling that I was in dangerous proximity to some desperate runaway convict, I endeavoured imperceptibly to sheer off, remarking, in as confident an air as I could command under the circumstances, "Well, I must be going, or the ducks will be off to the salt-water marshes before I can walk up the creek."

The stern stranger, however, would not be treated thus uncourteously; but said, in a peremptory tone, "Never mind the ducks, boy; sit down here for a few minutes and rest yourself."

"I don't require rest," I replied, "I want to be amongst the ducks; so good morning."

"To the devil with the ducks, boy! Stop here, I say, and answer me these questions, sir!" returned he, in an angry voice, "and mind, don't tell any lies! Are there any police or soldiers hereabouts?"

"Not that I know of," rejoined I.

“I tell you what it is, youngster,” continued he, the more I look at you the more am I convinced that you’re the lad who brought the chief constable, Laing, and the soldiers upon Pearson, the Bushranger, near to this spot where we now stand! You and your shepherd did good service then, eh? you ——”

At that time I was but slightly versed in diplomatic subterfuge, being only fourteen years of age. Although a boy of some mettle, upon the ferocious fellow’s correct exposition of matters in reference to Pearson, a guilty pang crossed me, caused a quivering sensation throughout my nervous system, and revived a recollection of birch brooms, school days, and the standard exclamations, “Oh pray sir, I’ll never do it again, sir!” Not feeling, however, any moral necessity to adhere to his injunctions “not to tell lies,” I denied in the strongest language possible his truthful impeachment, and professed a total ignorance of the affair.

“Don’t tell lies, sir!” emphatically responded the scowling man, accompanied with a dreadful oath. “From Pearson’s description to me, I’m convinced you’re the young devil who discovered him on Middle Hill, and brought the police and military party from Sorell upon that poor fellow. You’ve begun man-hunting early in life, bold youngster, eh? Now, mark this well, my boy—if ever you repeat such another performance, you’d better fly the country, or by my soul I promise to bury this polished hook into your precious carcass, and burn it to dust and ashes! I knew your late uncle, Captain Jeffreys, well—a

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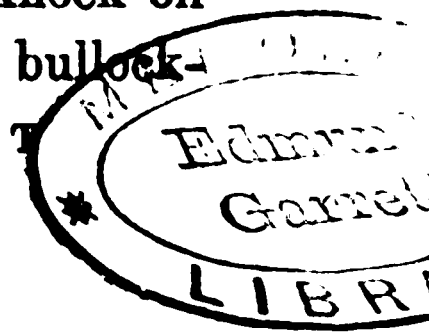
worthy, humane man to his poor prisoner-servants; thank your lucky stars for that, since, only for his good name's sake, I let you go scot-free this bout. Give my compliments, and the same warning, to your convict-shepherd! Do ye hear, boy?"

"Yes; good morning," was my hurried reply; upon which, hastily repairing to the farm, I lost no time in finding the notable shepherd, to whom I related my recent agreeable meeting. Better informed upon the current of criminal events, and the interesting biography of the several perpetrators of them, than myself, he at once enlightened me by the horrifying information, that I had been in the company of one of the most desperate robbers and cruel murderers on earth, the notorious Charley Routley. The name made me shudder with horror.

"What!" exclaimed the excited shepherd, "don't you remember hearing of the fearful deed they say he committed some four months past?"

"I know the name, but never heard that he was guilty of any very dreadful act," replied I. "What was the nature of it?"

The shepherd then told me that Routley was a ticket-of-leave sugee settler, and, amongst other things, a notorious cattle-stealer. On one occasion, when accidentally observed in the act of dressing a stolen ox in a dark scrubby valley, he hooked the unintentional intruder, known as "Pretty Jack;" and, with the aid of his companion—first giving poor Jack a knock on the head—he then rolled him up in the warm bullock-



hide, and burnt the wretched man alive on the fire originally intended to consume the skin, head, and feet of the slaughtered animal, in order to avoid detection. What was the ultimate fate of Routley has escaped my memory. The shepherd, for his good conduct, was placed in the police force, and very shortly afterwards received the usual indulgence of a ticket-of-leave.

In a previous section of these reminiscences, I remarked, that many convicts endeavoured to effect their escape from the severe discipline at Macquarie Harbour, in the hope of reaching the settled districts, and there revenging themselves upon society by brigandage and general spoliation; but perished in the woods by gradual starvation.

The following is an outline of the reasons for such an inference:—

The 100 miles of country between Macquarie Harbour and the occupied lands forms a considerable part of Tasmania, and is clothed with one dense mass of heavy timber and an undergrowth of fern, grass, and tea-trees, musk plants, heaths, briers, and innumerable other shrubs, which are literally so thickly interwoven in some places as to be perfectly impenetrable. I heard of but one man in those days who succeeded in reaching the settled districts overland. His name was Jeffries. He and several other convicts at the penal settlement escaped the vigilance of their overseers and guards, and fled to the gloomy recesses of the wild Bush. Unarmed, and unprovided with food, except mouldy scraps of biscuit which they had

hoarded from time to time from their daily allowance, they ventured to brave that long and difficult journey, inevitably courting death in its most appalling forms. In the course of their route they were reduced to the extremity of casting lots for the immolation of one or other of their famished companions. The tale of horror, as related by the sole survivor, ran to the following effect.

The doomed victim on drawing the fatal straw, with the heroism of a martyr, would forthwith sever or pierce every visible vein or artery. Sorrowfully, but with fervour, he would then shake hands with, and forgive, his intending devourers; and, quietly reclining himself upon the ground, in the midst of them, would calmly watch the scarlet tide of life gradually trickling from the wounds, until upon his dimmed and sunken eye the dark veil descended that hid from it all sublunary things for ever! In the course of their miserable flight, six of his wretched companions had successively succumbed to their unhappy lot of self-immolation.

But the knotty point, who was to become the last victim to cannibalism, was destined to be otherwise decided. Both Jeffries and O'Brien were men of tall stature, great physical power, and extraordinary endurance; combined with a determination of character which prompted each man to swear that neither would die a voluntary death to prolong the existence of his cannibal comrade. Thus, day after day, guided only by the sun, did these amiable companions—companions, mainly so far as they were kept together by the mutual desire

at any unguarded moment
play the foul assassin," and
heart of his last miserable
for weeks past had sliced
flesh.

Fear of meeting with a
encountering an attack from
another interested bond of
associates, but in open day
nearer to each other than at
night each kindled his solitary
respectful distance from his
omitting the extra precaution
a light brush fence, constant
bushes to be found. By the
sudden surprise was rendered
weapons of offence and defence
common table-knife each, and
clubs.

Such a fearful state of

About the silent hour of midnight, when not the lightest zephyr shook a single leaf of the gloomy wilderness, the heavy breathing of the sleeper struck the listening ear of his maddened comrade.

“Ah, ah, my watchful friend,” exclaimed the other; “at length I have you in my clutches! Mercy lives not here! So ‘haste thee to the unholy work, to spill thy brother’s blood!’ I want it! must have it! or death will overtake me!” Thus saying, he seized his knife and club, and with cautious steps, advanced towards the encampment of his companion in sin and misery, until he had arrived at the very edge of the brittle barricade; when, in the attempt to open a way, the rustling of the tell-tale bushes aroused the intended victim.

Bounding to his feet in a moment, and instinctively grasping his massive club, O’Brien found himself closely confronted with his more enduring and vigilant adversary, Jeffries; who, with wild gesticulations was flashing his gleaming knife in the air. “What now, Jeff? what now, you bloodthirsty treacherous dog?” exclaimed the alarmed sleeper.

“What now! what now!” responded the murderous intruder, laughing aloud, and who was evidently labouring under a fit of delirium; “Ha! ha! ha! Why there’s Satan walking near, with fifty blood-stained heads, dragon’s heads! Look, look, Pat, look! There, there! Oh, save me! he’s—”

“Come, come, Mr. Jeffries, stand off,” returned O’Brien; “I’ve often heard that those who feed on human flesh become infuriated maniacs; you’re stark

staring mad; file off to your own crib, and don't let me catch *you* napping in the clouds. I know your errand here, but you must starve a little longer; cutlets and steaks from my lean carcass are not yet ready. Begone, I say, you blood-hunting cannibal!"

Thus did these two felons keep a perpetual watch upon each other, until tired nature could no longer resist the decree of fate, and the sacrifice of O'Brien by the blood-red hand of his more enduring foe was the result. Maddened, yet sustained by the flesh of his late companion, Jeffries contrived, soon after, to reach a lone sawyer's hut on the borders of civilized country, inhabited by two brothers, a wife, and her young child. The rude and uncereemonious entry into the cottage of so repulsive and desperate a savage as the rough-bearded outcast—in the absence, too, of her husband—was pertinaciously resisted by the spirited housewife. But the feeble opposition that a solitary woman could offer to a man of such overwhelming power, served only to rouse the evil propensities of his barbarous heart. Spite of her reproachful language and hostile attitude, he strode into the humble cot, seated himself, and, with a coarse oath, commanded her to bring him some food, without delay. The poor creature, terrified beyond measure, snatched up her child, and was in the act of rushing from the hut, with the view of flying to her husband for protection, when the inhuman monster sprang towards the door, and wresting the infant from its mother's arms, instantly dashed its little head against the trunk of a tree near

the entrance of the cottage, and then finished the cruel tragedy by felling the heart-stricken parent to the ground.

Seizing upon a gun, some bread, meat, and such other necessities as he could find, he made off with all speed. His further career was, fortunately, but of short duration. A few weeks after the perpetration of the last savage deed, he was captured, doubly chained, and incarcerated in the condemned cell—and died, I fear, an impenitent criminal of the deepest dye. The scaffold did well to rid society of such a satanic monster. Doubtless, to this day, every old colonist remembers the hateful name of Jeffries, “the Man Eater,” as he was termed. I have made such extracts only from the voluntary confessions of that inhuman wretch as are at all fit to meet the public eye. That portion which remains untold is of too horrible a nature to be recorded here.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF TASMANIA.

THESE recollections of Tasmania will be fitly concluded with a brief review of society in that colony as it ranged within my own experience. During the seven years of misrule which marked the governorship of Colonel S——, the inhabitants were placed in a very anomalous position; and not until he had inflicted a most unpardonable outrage upon the moral sense and dignity of the community, was he superseded by Colonel Arthur, in the year 1824. It is painful to have to record the faults of others, but when such events become matter of history, it is a penalty that must be quietly submitted to. Happily for society and for themselves, neither sons nor daughters, as a rule, inherit the faults of their father. The course of reckless immorality openly practised for seven years by Colonel S——, otherwise a well-meaning man, had a serious result. At the very period when, above all others, irreproachable conduct on the part of the officer placed at the head of the colonial government was eminently required to give a tone of respectability and moral feeling to a newly formed community, a directly opposite tendency was created.

Such a thing as a ball, levee, or reunion of any description at the Government House, or a public entertainment under the especial patronage of the Governor, never took place, nor was ever dreamed of. A few men of unblemished fame, however, such as the worthy Judge Advocate, Mr. Abbott, Major Bell and his brother-officers of the gallant 48th Regiment, and a slight sprinkling of the civil officers of the colonial staff, added to the merchant princes of the day, Messrs. A. F. Kemp, W. A. Bethune, Captain Read, and others, together with several leading country gentlemen, formed in themselves a select society, and encouraged by their presence and influence, balls, dinners, and other private reunions, in accordance with the long-cherished partialities of English folks. The little Sandy Bay races, and Jack Eddington's splendid riding, were looked forward to with a peculiar degree of excitement and delight. Although the "bits of blood," either as to numbers or pedigree, were of but small account, comprising only about three half-bred Arabs of reputed endurance, yet to witness, even in this miniature form, so novel a sight as a well-contested horse race on the sands of the Antipodes, the majority of the limited free population, ladies and their lords, invariably attended. Neither theatres nor concerts existed in those primitive days.

At this stage of my narrative, having paused to take a deep inspiration, a shrewd lady-listener indignantly demanded, "What, Mr. L——, do you mean to affirm that the home authorities knowingly permitted

the continuance of so flagrant a breach of morality in the supreme Government officer unchecked for so long a period as seven years?"

"Its continuance, madam," I replied, "is the best answer I can give in proof of my supposition that such was the fact; moreover, it will scarcely be credited that the acting colonial secretary attached to Colonel S—— for several years, was a gentleman prisoner."

Colonel, afterwards Sir George, Arthur, being of strictly moral character, soon restored a more wholesome tone of society. Tasmania, however, was again unfortunate as to social considerations in the appointment of a gentleman with a large family, but possessed of exceedingly limited means. His previous governorship at Honduras had not been a lucrative appointment. Imbued with like passions and ambitions as other men, he successfully played the game of money-getting in his new sphere, assisted by his staunch friend Captain Swanston. In his expenditure, unless for substantial equivalents, he was parsimonious, almost illiberal, considering his position, and the handsome fortune which he realized whilst officially residing in Tasmania. Thus, he was not so popular as he might have been. Icy reunions, and stiff starched levees, certainly did take place at Government House, but such court-like events were of but rare occurrence.

The extraordinary strides of Tasmania during the government of Colonel Arthur, in its commercial relations, in the essentials of good order, and in the general adaptation of the people to the proprieties of

civilized life, combined with the great advantages held out to enterprising capitalists of the mother-country, soon induced a tide of extensive and superior emigration to the colony. Hobart Town became, in due season, the seat and scene of much gaiety and fashion. Those were the days when the comely costume prevailed, resembling, in a refined degree, that of the pretty Swiss toy-girl, so much admired by gentlemen critics and stern reviewers—a period, as a lady colonist remarked to me a short time since, when the ball room and the sunny promenade could truthfully boast of a more than ordinary assemblage of grace and beauty, as presented in the native-born ladies, in happy concert with their sisters of the United Kingdom.

As the colony advanced, however, the civil and military officers became sufficiently numerous to form an exclusive *coterie*, and from that time forward laid the foundation for those unfortunate divisions, which invariably prevail in small communities, where everybody knows everybody's birth, parentage, and education, either from facts, or from the inventions of their own fertile imagination. Classes, cliques, and bitter jealousies, spiced with pugilistic contests, duelling, and newspaper vituperation, occupied far too much of the valuable time and attention of the public. A few of the most talented, but contentious and mercurially-disposed, constantly set the colonists in a flame during the greater part of Colonel Arthur's term of office—thirteen years.

Every loud-spoken hero has his day of popularity.

Fame, unless grounded upon some wise and substantial basis, is but a farthing rushlight, after all ; as the great poet says of a dramatic hero : “ He struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.” The people at last began to perceive the injurious effects resulting to the colony from these discussions ; and the approbation into which they had been beguiled, was now succeeded by a general and marked sense of disapproval. Time, however, with its usual healing influences, restored a happier and more judicious tone ; and the fortunate introduction of home-loved amusements, such as lectures, concerts, libraries and theatricals, tended to divert the inhabitants from inferior sources of recreation.

A very worthy and enterprising townsman, Mr. Mezger, from Vaterland, was the first to step out from amongst the throng of monied men, with the laudable determination of catering for the public amusement. At first he was considered by slow-thinking individuals to have committed an egregious act of folly in having erected, in a second-class quarter of the town, a row of good stone-built shops, which he surmounted with a large assembly-room of handsome proportions. The speculation, however, resulted in complete success. The Argyle Rooms, as they were named, soon found a tenant in that clever and spirited son of Apollo, Mr. John Phillip Deane, who, with his musical and numerous family, succeeded to admiration in establishing periodical concerts, balls, and theatrical representations. Then, as usual, people wondered

why such rational amusements had not been introduced long before. At this period, somewhere about the year 1832, artists of respectable talent emigrated to the colony, and by their creditable performances revived the long dormant taste of the Tasmanians for such agreeable relaxations.

The hereditary love of horse-racing, part and parcel of the true British character, had now attained to a remarkable predominance throughout the colony. Horses of the best blood had by this time been imported; and their progeny promised great things to the sporting proprietors. The charms of the turf engaged the attention, and attracted the presence, of all ranks, from the rich merchants and princely wool-growers, to the industrious artisan, and the sober-going tiller of the earth. From the most remote corners of the Island, they flocked to the races; and the grand stands at Hobart Town and Launceston presented a galaxy of beauty and fashion that would have graced the Derby meeting at Epsom, or the Royal day at Ascot. Neither would the noble specimens of muscular symmetry displayed at the race meetings, in the rival descendants of Peter Finn of "whalebone" blood, the Bolivars, and other eminent steeds, have been considered below par by the most critical connoisseurs in the attributes of the horse.

I must be excused for digressing for an instant from the subject matter of this chapter, which professes to give a brief illustration of the habits and manners of bipeds resident in the Antipodes, in order to discuss

the merits of the invaluable quadruped in whose praise I have been so earnest. The climate of Tasmania, and Australia generally, is acknowledged to be so congenial to the constitution and development of the horse, that, what art and excessive care only can produce in the mother-country, unassisted nature accomplishes, in the warm latitudes of the remote South. The particular breed of horses, and the most valued in Tasmania, originated from the high-caste Arab imported by Colonel Geils, in the earliest days of the colony. Little idea could be formed by strangers of the enduring powers of that hardy stock: truly they worked in trying times; for, after performing a journey of fifty or sixty miles, if there should happen to be a spare stall at the rude way-side inn, there was seldom or ever any hay or corn to give to the faithful animal. He was, therefore, unsaddled, and turned into a grass paddock, where he would immediately select the most dusty spot he could find, in which to roll his humid frame, to fill up the reeking pores of the skin, and thus to save himself from catching cold. Under this harsh treatment, the enduring creature would perform similar journeys day after day. A cross of the English racer with such a hardy stock, produced the most valuable horses in the world. It is probably owing to climate, also, that the horse is less subject to disease in the colonies than in Europe.

Experience has taught us that the wild colt of three or four years old, untouched till then, is always more tractable and more easily broken. The beauty and disposition of the colonial bred horse, unspoilt by

pampering and too early handling, were so much admired, that riding became the fashionable pastime of both ladies and gentlemen; either of whom were such practised equestrians as to deem a ride of forty or fifty miles, in the light of an agreeable canter; particularly with the prospective charm of a grand reunion before them. Of such facts I can speak practically, since one-eighth of my time was spent on horseback. So much for quadrupeds; let us now resume our account.

Speaking of balls, pic-nics, and such sociable meetings as require an equality in rank and numbers of both sexes to establish a success, it was much to be regretted, and formed a great drawback to the legitimate and healthy progress of the colony, that there was, unfortunately, a considerable preponderance of the male population. Up to the year 1830, for every available bright-eyed and loveable spinster, there were at least four eligible, sighing, and willing bachelors, whose future welfare, could they but have secured to themselves virtuous and sensible wives, would in all human probability, in those pristine days, have been replete with happiness and certain prosperity; and, moreover, would have induced, in the men generally, a moral and useful course of life.

The result of such an unfortunate disparity may easily be conceived. Wanting the civilizing ties of domestic life and rational enjoyment, most of the single men met in a continuous round of social dinners and bacchanalian parties, in town and country (hence the visit to Norfolk Farm, when surprised by the Bush-

rangers); determined that, as they could not meet with an agreeable spinster with whom to become one flesh, so they would renounce the base thought of bachelors' teapots, and sloppy, imperial Souchong-meetings; and at once resolved, since wine (not Cape) "maketh the heart glad," to wed the soul-stirring hogsheads of claret and sherry, together with their inseparable companion, the enervating, but luxurious and solace-giving cigar or meerschaum pipe. Poor infatuated victims! Many a fine, promising young fellow have I known to succumb to an untimely fate, the sad and certain *finale* of their blind and reckless course.

Human nature is indeed a compound of innumerable and strange contrarieties. How true is the oft-reiterated assertion—how forcibly proven by all experience—that a great disparity of females, in either extreme, in any settled community, is, unfortunately, productive of much the same unhealthy results. In the former case, as I have shown, men, full of life and vigour, are tempted to enter upon a thoughtless and ruinous career, and to set at defiance the conventional usages of society; urging, in excuse, a lack of the moral and refining influences of woman. In the latter, the opportunities placed within the reach of younger men, of becoming more civilized, respected, and really useful members of society, are so exceedingly multifarious, and so easy of attainment, that the knowledge of so patent a fact lulls the minds of the unreflecting into a state of morbid sloth and indifference, if not

actual distaste for the blessings and refinements of the family circle.

Unhappily, in these days of precocity and *fast* living, the hallowed associations are looked upon by too many of our younger men as constituting "special nuisances;" and the necessity of conforming to them at all, is too frequently pronounced an "intolerable bore," when compared with the fascinations of casinos, questionable masked balls, and other demoralizing haunts; where, unrestrained, they can indulge in volumes of reeking tobacco smoke from offensive meerschaums.

Too long was such a state of things permitted in the colonies. The serious disparity of the sexes was pressed upon the Home Government by the writings of many talented colonists, Mr. W. C. Wentworth and others, of Sydney; Dr. Ross, Mr. Melville, and other intelligent residents of Van Diemen's Land; but a deaf ear was turned to the self-evident truth for several years. Now, however, I may safely affirm, that no better regulated community exists in the universe, than is to be found in that beautiful little island, Tasmania.

The census enumeration of Tasmania, taken on the 7th of April, 1861, gave a population:—Children under 15 years of age: Males, 17,366; females, 16,981; total, 34,347. Adults above 15 years of age: Males, 32,227; females, 23,403; total, 55,630; grand total, 89,997—being 8485 increase since the census of 31st March, 1857. 6745 of this increase is due to the

balance of births over deaths within the period of taking each census.

In recurring to the chequered scenes and startling incidents to which I have been an eye-witness in Tasmania, I trust I may be pardoned for indulging in the relation of the following brief episode. I can scarcely hope that it will possess much interest for home readers; but to many colonists who resided near to the locality where the painful event occurred, and to others who were personally acquainted with the unfortunate nephew of Sir John Owen—the subject of the narrative—I feel that it will not be unacceptable.

The beautiful estate of Lawrenny, the property of Mr. Edward Lord, formerly a Lieutenant of Marines, and one of the earliest settlers, is situated upon the banks of the River Derwent, between fifty and sixty miles from Hobart Town. No one could reasonably desire a more valuable and extensive manor than this. It comprehends everything that a man, ambitious to become a large landed proprietor, could hope or wish for. Yet with all its unrivalled richness and beauty, when I think of the calamitous event that occurred in the few days that I spent there, it is with an overpowering sense of sorrow.

Ere I had well begun to enter upon the deeps and shallows of life on my own account, my spare time was mostly spent in riding about the colony, and visiting my numerous country friends. On one occasion, whilst residing at Mrs. E. Lord's, in Macquarie Street, Hobart

Town, we were agreeably surprised by the announcement, that a vessel had arrived with her two sons. Preparations were speedily made for their reception; and the vessel had scarcely swung to her anchor, when in walked two fine young men, most creditable specimens of native-born youth, who had returned to the land of their birth, fresh from the scene of their studies in England. The elder son, John, heir to the princely estate I have described, was about twenty years of age, of a highly intellectual cast of mind, and affable bearing; such a man as, one would affirm, was eminently fitted to become an ornament to society, and destined to fill the high places of the earth. Generous and manly in every sense, he was indeed the pride of the colonists.

A week or two passed, when the spirited young men, tired of inactive life, proceeded to obey the instructions of their father (then in England), to repair to Lawrenny immediately upon their arrival, to reside there, and to make themselves thoroughly conversant with the management of stock, and farming pursuits generally, in Tasmania. John, as a matter of course, took the most active part, and had the advantage of a first-rate agriculturist as his instructor in the person of Mr. Ladds, who was then the appointed superintendent. Under so efficient a tutor, the heir was fast acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit him for the sole management of the noble estate. Short as was our acquaintance in town, so warm and earnest a feeling of friendship had sprung up between the two

young men and myself, particularly the elder, that, although at the time managing my aunt's farm, I was permitted by her to accompany them on a visit to Lawrenny for three weeks.

The first fortnight was spent in a continuous round of visiting and entertainments, excepting when business required the young men's presence. During my stay, we almost lived on horseback; and every hot day's ride—for it was then about Midsummer—was concluded by a glorious swim in the deep and rapid waters of the Derwent. Mrs. Lord had entered into a contract with the commissariat department, for the weekly supply of thirty head of store fat cattle, deliverable in Hobart Town. The task of "riding in" the numerous herd from which to select that number, was no sinecure, for the animals were wilder, if possible, than the kangaroo. The instant that they observed a man on horseback, though at a mile's distance from him, they would take to flight. The well-known crack of the stockman's six-foot thong, however, terrified and subdued the fiery oxen into sufficient obedience, to make them huddle closely together and race off at full speed, for miles at a stretch before the shouting drivers. On rushed the impetuous herd, numbering at least fifteen hundred head, making the earth vibrate with the rumbling thunder of thousands of weighty hoofs. But the skill both of the horse and his daring rider, accustomed to fly over rocks, up the steep hills, and down their rugged sides, through forest or plain, was more than a match for the fleet-footed steers, which

were gradually entrapped into the conical-shaped entrance to the yard, wherein they were ultimately impounded.

My poor friend, John Lord, delighted beyond measure at the sport, soon became one of the most skilful horsemen on the estate; and, armed with the usual long drawing-off pole, and on foot, in the high logged yard, performed such prodigies in the dangerous process of singling out the fattest steers from amidst the enraged and panting body of wild cattle, as astonished and put to the blush, more practised hands. Wherever danger was present, there was my brave young friend to be found, at the head and front.

My holidays were now fast drawing to a close, and at the breakfast-table on the last day of the three weeks' agreeable visit, I announced to my much-valued companion and his kind brother Edward, that I was required on that evening to return to my worthy aunt at Hobart Town. To my departure, however, *on that morning*, I experienced such earnest opposition, coupled with such pressing solicitations, from the elder brother particularly, that I was compelled to yield to his request, at least to stay over that day.

"Edward will remain with you," said the warm-hearted fellow, "whilst I ride to Cockatoo Valley to inspect some timber for fencing; only four miles off. I promise you I'll gallop every inch of the way there, and be back with you in less than one hour from this time."

Precisely to the minute he returned, threw the

bridle to the groom, and, advancing to the spot where his brother and myself were reclining upon the luxuriant sward of a small paddock by the side of the river, he complained of the oppressive heat, and as usual proposed a swim. But as I had had a narrow escape from drowning in the same river, on the previous day, at Mr. McPherson's, I declared that I was afraid of the rapid current. Again, however, I yielded to his good-natured importunity. On this, fetching some towels, he threw me one, bidding me in the same breath to rise and follow him, for that he was going to perform a dashing feat. Five or six yards brought us to the wide and ever-flowing Derwent.

A prophetic dread, a disinclination to trust myself in its treacherous waters, caused me to disrobe much more slowly than my companion; whilst he, full of life, and of a more active temperament, was dismantled in a few moments, and plunging headforemost into the deep bubbling stream, vigorously struck out from the bank, inviting me to follow, as he intended on that day to swim across to the other side. But I stood still, half undressed, in breathless suspense, watching with trembling admiration the powerful strokes executed by the bold swimmer, until, painfully alarmed at seeing him making so much lee-way down the river, I loudly and earnestly entreated him to abandon the attempt and return immediately.

"All right, all right," was his courageous reply. But, in the same breath, he was swept into the very

midst of the swift and dangerous rapids, stood for an instant only on the rough rocky bottom, and was speedily carried away, still swimming, to a sharp turn of the boiling river, to which point Mr. Ladds hastened with all speed, holding a long pole in his hands, hoping to be in time to save his esteemed young master. But, alas, it was too late; no human efforts could have availed to avert the dire calamity, for the bank was there deeply undermined; and my amiable friend was doomed to be thus untimely snatched from the bright sunny career that but five minutes previously appeared to await him. His lifeless body was not found until five weeks after. Who, whilst a spark of memory remained to him, could forget a tragedy like this?

Should any one of his relatives by chance peruse this melancholy narrative, I trust it will be viewed in no other spirit than that which has prompted the writer to place it among the humble records of this little book, and accepted as a just, though but a poor, tribute to the memory of a beloved and deeply lamented friend.

I have often heard it remarked by persons conversant with the climate and general resources of the beautiful little island of Tasmania, "How deeply it is to be regretted that so delightful a country should have been doomed to receive thousands of hardened felons and sorry outcasts, the scum and offscouring of Great Britain. What a happy community would have existed there, and what an auspicious state of

things would have prevailed throughout the colony, had not its progress been checked, and the very air tainted, by the presence of such a host of unreclaimed convicts !”

Comparative strangers to Van Diemen's Land—men who are almost indifferent to its rise or fall—*might* give expression to such would-be sentimental arguments; but I confess that I am somewhat astonished, and not a little disappointed, that such crude notions are entertained, and confidently expressed, by so many persons of sound ability in other matters; and more particularly am I surprised that opinions to the same purport are committed to print. Mere opinions, however, unsupported by facts, are of but trifling import. Having, therefore, as my kind readers will have observed, in the expression, “crude notions,” set myself in bold array against sundry more able contemporaries touching their amiable sympathy for injured Tasmania, I am imperatively called upon to give my reasons for taking so opposite a view. I shall first stay to remark that, since the management of criminals has proved so difficult upon “Home Soil,” transportation to a distant land may be again resorted to. Without a shadow of doubt, seeing how well the system worked abroad, such an arrangement would constitute the very wisest course that could possibly be adopted, both for England herself and her criminal offenders, as affording the greater chance for their reformation, for whom, in their own unforgiving country, all hope of future sympathy is dead and gone. My

reasons, then, for opposing the views and regrets of others, in reference to the original deportation of convicts to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, are as follows:—

The colony of New South Wales was first established in 1788; that of Van Diemen's Land in 1803. The computed distance of either country from England was, the former, 16,000 miles, and the latter, 15,000. Unlike the vastly rich old Indies, and the innumerable islands of the East, teeming with stores of gold, silver, spices, and precious stones, the wealth of which, so loudly and truthfully sounded by the trumpet of Fame, fired the commercial enterprise of so many nations, and prompted men to associate in one common link of interest, and to employ their wealth and talent in prosecuting hazardous and new-found ventures, most of which, however, were eventually so richly repaid, the uncivilized shores of vast Australia and its little sister island, Tasmania, were, in comparison, extremely uninviting. There, nature in its artless but most beauteous form, was alone visible, whichever way the voyager might turn his course. Rich to all appearance only in the products obtainable by physical energy and the sweat of man's brow, what was there, then, to tempt the venturous merchant to send forth his richly laden ships, or the boldest of pioneers to cast his future lot upon those distant, unreclaimed, yet noble lands? Of a surety, at that period, they presented to enterprise in any shape, so far from the old commercial world, a most unfruitful, unalluring pros-

pect, view it as one may. But Providence never created such splendid countries to remain mere blanks, barren of future purpose ; and so, as in many other nations, that in their turn have flourished into magnificence and to-morrow have yielded all their wonted glory to an oblivious fate, the nucleus of a great Australian empire was destined to be at first, mainly composed of men and women of questionable reputation, in order to pave the way for better things to come. If, in the old long-civilized world, superior Intelligence devised and tolerated such initiative measures for the raising up of great communities, whose laws, customs, nobles, and princes, have, in their day, received the obsequious homage and admiration of all other nations, surely it behoves us to analyze the question—why were those lovely countries doomed to become penal settlements?—in all its bearings, ere venturing to hazard any opinion. Let us hope that the divine ordinance, “Knowledge shall be increased,” so lucidly verified in these days, does not imply that, in proportion as the mind is copiously illuminated by the dead languages, and amply stored with other learned lore, so shall such pleasing acquirements take the place of that essential attribute in human beings, known as “common sense.”

I feel my utter inability to do justice to so interesting a subject, but, since the views generally expressed, are entirely one-sided, I will endeavour, in all humility of purpose, to illustrate my opinions on the matter, and shall perhaps succeed in gaining converts to my way of thinking.

Now, as we have seen, Tasmania and Australia—devoid of all seeming attractions but a fertile soil; inhabited by savage hordes; so distant too from home—presented little or no inducement for private enterprise. By what possible system, then, other than that of deporting unwilling convicts to those antipodean shores—necessarily accompanied by a civil and military staff—could either colony have become established so permanently, or at so early a date?

Even on the supposition that those countries had been originally colonized by the individual enterprise of free British subjects, what progress could private capital, unaided by Government expenditure, have accomplished, in carrying out the multitudinous public works, such as roads, bridges, wharves, and other improvements, without which no infant country can possibly prosper?

The extravagant cost of importing free labour to Australia in 1788 was akin to a positive prohibition; nor, had employers been so inclined, were the better class of labourers over-willing to emigrate so far away from their native homes. What, then, would have been the inevitable result, to a company of independent speculators in any attempt, so early as the year 1788, to form new colonies in the isolated Antipodes? Why this, if they had not been compelled to abandon the project, as perfectly hopeless and untenable, they would certainly have had to struggle against such a host of difficulties and privations as would have utterly subdued the spirit, even of the lionhearted Englishman. Labour-

ing under so unpropitious a state of things, what substantial progress could have been effected for the following half-century, by private enterprise, in the scanty revenue derivable from farming operations alone, even from rich localities, like the celebrated Hawkesbury in New South Wales ; or Pittwater, the granary of Van Diemen's Land? Cereal occupations impoverished seven-tenths of those who embarked in them; notwithstanding that the colonies were established under the auspices of a Government, which brought a comparatively numerous population to consume the farinaceous produce.

The helpless condition, then, of a few poor tillers of the earth in the isolated Antipodes, wanting a market, buyers, or one single profitable outlet for the disposal of their corn, would have been pitiable in the extreme. Again, in such case, what degree of importance would have been attached to the Tasmanian and Australian colonies at the present moment, in the eyes of the commercial world? We may at least safely asseverate, that their mercantile position would have been immeasurably in arrear of the distinguished rank they now hold, in the estimation of all nations.

Let us take the free colonists of New Zealand as an example. With two long-settled countries at their very door, to what straits were they not reduced, for several years subsequent to their first settlement! The public treasury was insolvent, for, revenue they had little or none ; the internal resources, from which to derive a revenue, were painfully inadequate to meet the

local expenditure. The exports were so insignificant if compared with the imports, that the authorities were at last compelled to appeal to New South Wales for pecuniary aid; to which appeal that Government responded, by a loan from the ample treasures collected from "Australia Felix" (Victoria). As, however, I have thus briefly touched upon New Zealand merely the more forcibly to illustrate my argument, by contrasting its progress with that of its penal sister-colonies, I shall refrain from further comment upon a subject, painful to many in the losses and disappointments of personal friends, and doubtless, more or less, a source of regret to its spirited pioneers generally. A new hope has, however, sprung up for the future welfare of New Zealand in the happy discovery of its mineral resources, which, I sincerely trust, will be most amply realized.

If another example is wanted in proof of my argument, let me refer the reader to the settlements at Swan River, in Western Australia—until lately a signal failure. Poyais, also, must still be fresh in the memory of many. And what would Adelaide, in South Australia, have been without its "Burra-Burra Mine?" One little remark, however, I will make in reference to new colonies established by companies. Generally speaking, nine-tenths of the shareholders know not the real merits of their speculation; whilst the *working tenth* act—doubtless conscientiously, but of necessity theoretically—upon the enthusiastic representation of some infatuated unpractical man. If, then, emigrants are disappointed, the fault lies mainly

with themselves. Common sense tells them, before embarking on such ventures, either to see with their own eyes, or to ask for facts at the hands of men who have *seen*, and are practically conversant with, the famed El Dorados. Taking a fair view, then, of those associations which have embarked a portion of their wealth in what they were led to hope and believe to be an honourable venture—knowing, too, how the spirit of enterprise fires and prompts the noble hearts of Englishmen to spread their wealth over the wide world like so much guano, to enrich and be enriched—I can scarcely bring myself to think that much blame is attachable to them.

Now, to the gist of the subject in question, “Why such beautiful countries were made penal settlements.” It sounds well, to congratulate certain communities in their having escaped from the baneful influence of expatriated felons; but let us see if those communities have had reason to congratulate themselves upon that circumstance. Let us contrast the immense benefit accruing to the penal colonies, and from them to the world at large, from the presence of unfortunate convicts. The actual result has proved that, under every possible phase, it was well both for the Australian colonies, and for the mother-country, that the British Government assumed the initiative in the colonization of those distant lands. It was well ordered, that countries capable of such development were made the receptacle for home-delinquents restrained under British rule, and brought into importance with British

treasure. How many of those settlers, who, with their numerous families, boldly faced the perils of a six months' voyage, would have ventured to the Antipodes—16,000 miles from their native land—upon a mere farming and grazing speculation, had they not been tempted by the receipt of grants of land, and cheap convict-labour of every description to work them? Had the colonies been first settled by private enterprise, where would have been the splendid macadamized streets and highways; the substantial stone bridges; convenient wharves; the innumerable stately edifices, public gardens, and other improvements with which an abundance of convict-labour has endowed them?

Who, that has employed prisoner-labour to the extent that I have done, can deny that, out of every ten, six at least proved, not only hard-working and most useful servants, but were really men of fair general character? On this point, however, much depended on the treatment they received from their masters. While the assigned convict-servant was subject to the lash and to chains for misconduct, on the other hand, he had the strong incentive of comparative freedom and permission to engage on hire for his own benefit, as the reward of good conduct. From the odium in which the prisoner-class in the colonies is held, one might infer that it comprised a select body of murderers and other delinquents of the deepest dye; whereas, at the first establishment of Australia (1788) and of Van Diemen's Land (1803), the law of England inflicted the punishment of seven years' transporta-

tion upon the poor man who stole a loaf of bread, who shot another's pheasant, or who, in despair of gaining common sustenance for his numerous family by the sweat of his brow, ignorantly broke into atoms the newly invented threshing and other farming machines; all such minor offenders were punished as severely as if they had been notorious housebreakers, or professional thieves. This indiscriminate law was of material benefit to the penal colonies, for the conduct of such venial offenders was generally exemplary, and served to attemper and restrain the others.

It is exceedingly unfair in a public chronicler to comment upon the amount of crime committed in Tasmania as being painfully in excess, in proportion to its population, as compared with Liverpool, Manchester, and other English towns, without any attempt to qualify so harsh an assertion. It should be remembered that, in so small a community as that of the libelled little colony, every infraction of the law is immediately known and dealt with. Whereas, Liverpool possesses four times the population of Tasmania—and thence arises the natural question, “What is the proportion of ‘undetected crime’ in so large a community?”—the number of police cases recorded, say 12,000 half-yearly in the colony, does not imply that so many “different individuals” are registered in the black books. We frequently see a wretched victim to ardent spirits, reeling into court two and three times a week. 2000 delinquents, out of a population of 67,000, dispersed throughout the colony, consisting of

SOCIAL CONDITION.

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305
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habitual drunkards, petty thieves, pickpockets, and sundry other bad characters—such as are to be found all over the world—making their appearance at the bar of the police office, on an average say only once per month, would give the registered estimate of cases set in array against Van Diemen's Land. I cannot admit, then, that the offences recorded are a fair criterion as to the actual proportion of criminals resident in that country.

Having thus had my say in a harmless revenge against sundry persons, and against the clever and generally correct author of the colonial "Bradshaw" in particular, I shall leave to the mature judgment of the reading public the decision of the question under debate, "Is it to be lamented or not, that the beautiful colonies of Tasmania and New South Wales should have been selected as penal settlements?" I will, however, add—now that a thorough knowledge of the best and most practical working of the convict-system abroad must be deeply impressed on the minds of numbers of experienced individuals, especially the gentlemen officially intrusted with its management—that, should the British Government again determine on the transportation of offenders to some new country, I would myself, if necessitated to seek my fortune in a distant land, be amongst the first to tread the convict-tainted shores. Discreet individuals should know how to pace near newly-painted walls, without the slightest fear of receiving a spot or blemish on their coats.

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CHAPTER XII.

BATMAN'S EXPEDITION TO PORT PHILLIP.

To the reader who may be desirous of acquiring a more extensive knowledge of the political economy, and, perhaps, more generally useful information than is conveyed by these recollections, I would recommend the works of Messrs. Westgarth and Samuel Sidney on Victoria, and Mr. West on Van Diemen's Land, as being amongst the best and most valuable of the many "books" on Australia and Tasmania hitherto published.

It will be necessary, however, in order to give a correct relation of the incidents that I am about to describe, occasionally to enter more or less into the political arena; in doing so I will endeavour to abstain from sentimental flights, or dry and unprofitable discussions. Official matter connected with the second colonization of Port Phillip possesses many points of great interest. I shall, therefore, without fear of incurring much displeasure, introduce a letter of Mr. John Batman to His Excellency Colonel Arthur, then Governor of Van Diemen's Land, describing his arrival at Indented Head on the 25th day of May, 1835; also various other correspondence between his

association and the Secretary of State, touching their claims for land in the new colony.

Hobart Town, June 25th, 1835.

SIR,—I have the honour of reporting to your Excellency, for the information of His Majesty's Government, the result of an expedition undertaken by myself, at the expense, and in conjunction with, several gentlemen, inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, to Port Phillip, on the south-west point of New Holland, for the purpose of forming an extensive pastoral establishment, and combining therewith the civilization of the native tribes who are living in that part of the country. Before entering into details, I deem it necessary to state, for the information of His Majesty's Government, that I am a native of New South Wales, and that, for the last six years, I have been most actively employed in endeavouring to civilize the aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land. And, in order to enable the local Government of this colony to carry that important object into full effect, I procured from New South Wales eleven original natives of New Holland, who were, under my guidance, mainly instrumental in carrying into effect the humane object of this Government towards the Aborigines of this island. I also deem it necessary to state, that I have been for many years impressed with the opinion that a most advantageous settlement might be formed at Western Port or Port Phillip; and that, in 1827, Mr. Gellibrand and myself addressed a joint letter to the Government of New South Wales, soliciting permission to occupy land at Port Phillip, with an undertaking to export to that place stock to the value of £5000, and which was to be placed for a certain number of years under my personal direction and superintendence.

This application was not granted by the Sydney Govern-

ment, because the land was beyond the limits of the territory, and the occupation of Western Port had been altogether abandoned. It occurred to myself and some of the gentlemen who are associated with me, that, inasmuch as the Sydney natives who were living with me had become well acquainted with the English language and manners, and had acquired habits of industry and agricultural pursuits, they might be considered partially civilized, and, as the available lands in this colony were occupied by flocks of sheep and fully stocked, it would be a favourable opportunity of opening a direct friendly intercourse with the tribes in the neighbourhood of Port Phillip, and, by obtaining from them a grant of a portion of that territory upon equitable principles, not only might the resources of this colony be considerably extended, but the object of civilization be established, which, in process of time, would lead to the civilization of a large portion of the Aborigines of that extensive country.

In pursuance of arrangements based upon these principles, I proceeded, on the 12th day of May, from Launceston, accompanied by seven Sydney natives, and proceeded to Port Phillip, on the south-western extremity of New Holland, where I landed on the 26th day of May. On the evening of our arrival at Port Phillip, we saw the native fires at the distance of five miles. I then made my arrangements for the purpose of opening an intercourse with the natives, by means of those under my charge. I equipped them in their *native dresses*, and early in the morning we landed. I desired my natives to proceed unarmed, and they preceded me a few hundred yards. When we had advanced within half a mile, we saw the native huts and smoke. My natives then proceeded quietly up to the huts, expecting that we should find the tribe asleep, but when they had got to the huts, it appeared that the natives had fled a few hours

previously, leaving behind them some of their buckets and other articles.

I concluded from this, that the natives had discovered the vessel, and had quitted their huts through fear; and, as I thought it probable they might in consequence quit the coast for a season, I determined immediately to put my natives upon the track, and if possible to overtake them, and at once obtain their confidence. My natives followed the track, which appeared to have been very circuitous; and after we had proceeded about ten miles, we at length saw a tribe, consisting of twenty women and twenty-four children. My natives then made to them some of their friendly signals, which it appeared were understood, and in the course of a few minutes my natives joined the tribe; and, after remaining with them, as I judged, a sufficient length of time to conciliate them, and explain my friendly disposition, I advanced alone, and joined them, and was introduced to them by my natives, two of whom spoke nearly the same language, and so as to be perfectly intelligible to them.

The two interpreters explained to them, by my directions, that I had come in a vessel from the other shores, that I was, although a white, a countryman of theirs, and would protect them, and that I wished them to return to their huts with me, where I had left some presents for them. After some conversation the whole party, men, women, and children, returned with me and my natives towards the huts, until they came within sight of shore; they then stopped, and hesitated in proceeding, and, as I understood from the interpreters, were afraid I should take them by force, and ill use them, as some of the tribe had already been. After the strongest assurances on my part of sincerity and friendly disposition, and that no harm should be done to them, they then proceeded to the huts, where I gave them

informed by the interpreter
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to be highly gratified in
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from intruding upon them
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miles, we fell in with a
children, who received my
and informed them that I
the presents, although he
communicated to them the
from me. I learnt from this
tribes were stationed, and

our rear, advancing towards us with spears, and in a menacing position.

My natives, with the man, woman, and children, then called out to the tribe, and they immediately lowered their spears and other implements to the ground, upon which the two sable parties advanced towards each other, and I shortly followed them.

Some conversation then took place between my natives and the tribe; the object of my visit and intentions were then explained to them, and the chiefs pressed me to proceed with them to see their wives and children, which is one of the strongest demonstrations of peace and confidence.

Upon my assenting to this request, the chiefs then inquired of my interpreter whether I would allow them to take up their implements of war, which I immediately assented to, and the principal chief then gave me his best spear to carry, and I, in return, gave him my gun. We then proceeded towards the huts, and, when a short distance from thence, the chief called out to the women not to be alarmed; and I was then introduced to the whole tribe, consisting of upwards of twenty men, and altogether comprising fifty-five men, women, and children. I joined the tribe about 12 o'clock and stayed with them until 12 o'clock the next day, during which time I explained to them that the object of my visit was to purchase from them a tract of their country; that I intended to settle amongst them with my wife and seven daughters; and that I intended to bring to the country sheep and cattle.

I also explained my wish to protect them in every way; to employ them the same as my own natives, and also to clothe and feed them. I also proposed to pay them an annual tribute, as a compensation for the enjoyment of the land.

The chiefs appeared most fully to comprehend my proposals, and were much delighted at the prospect of having me to live amongst them. I then explained to them the boundaries of the land which I wished to purchase, and which we defined by hills, bearing native names. The limits of the land purchased by me are defined in the chart, which I have the honour to transmit, and are taken from a personal survey.

On the next day, the chiefs proceeded with me to the boundaries; and they marked, in their accustomed way, the trees which were at the corners of the respective boundaries. They also gave me their own private mark, which is kept very sacred by them; so much so, that the women are not allowed to see it.

After the boundaries had been thus marked and described, I filled up, as accurately as I could define it, the land agreed to be purchased by me from the chiefs; and the deed, when filled up, was most carefully read over to them, and fully explained by the two interpreters; so that they perfectly comprehended its purport and effect. I then filled up two other parts of the deed, so as to make it in triplicate; and the three principal chiefs, and five subordinate chiefs, then executed each of the deeds, each part being separately read over; and they each delivered to me a piece of the soil, for the purpose of putting me in possession thereof; and understanding that it was a form by which they delivered to me the tract of land.

I have the honour of enclosing herewith a copy of each of the deeds executed by the natives to me, which I confidently trust will most clearly manifest, that I have proceeded upon an equitable principle; that my object has not been possession and expulsion, or, what is worse, extermination—but possession and civilization. And the reservation of the annual tribute to those who are the real owners

of the soil, will afford evidence of the sincerity of my professions in wishing to protect and civilize these tribes of benighted but intelligent people. And I confidently trust, that the British Government will duly appreciate the treaty which I have made with these tribes, and will not, in any manner, molest the arrangement which I have made; but that I shall receive the support and encouragement not only of the Local Government, but of the Home Government also.

I quitted Port Phillip on the 14th day of June, having parted with the tribe on the most friendly and conciliatory terms possible, leaving five of my natives and three white men, to commence a garden near the harbour; also to erect a house for my temporary occupation on my return with my family. I arrived at Launceston after a passage of thirty-six hours, which will at once show the geographical advantages of the territory of Van Diemen's Land; and, in a few years, I have no hesitation in affirming, from the nature of the country, the exports of wool and meat to Van Diemen's Land will form an important feature in its commercial relations.

I traversed the country in opposite directions about fifty miles; and, having had much experience in lands and grazing in New South Wales, I have no hesitation in asserting that the general character of the country is decidedly superior to any which I have before seen. It is interspersed with fine rivers and creeks, and the downs were covered with grasses of the finest description, and comprise an unlimited extent of available land.

I have now finally to report that the following are the gentlemen who are associated with me in the colonization of Port Phillip, many of whom will reside on their respective establishments at that place; and all of whom are prepared and intend immediately to export stock, which will be

under my general guidance and immediate superintendence.

CHARLES SWANSTON,
THOMAS BANNISTER,
JAMES SIMPSON,
JOSEPH TICE GELLIBRAND,
J. and W. ROBERTSON,
HENRY ARTHUR,
H. WEDGE,
J. SINCLAIR,
J. T. COLLICOTT,
ANTHONY COTTERELL,
W. G. SAMS,
MICHAEL CONNOLLY,
GEORGE MERCER,
Esquires.

The quantity of stock exported this year will be at the least 20,000 breeding ewes; and one of the leading stipulations will be, that none but married men, with their families, will be sent, either as overseers or servants; so that, by no possibility shall any personal injury be offered to the natives or their families. It is also intended, with the view of preserving due order and morality, that a minister or catechist shall be attached to the establishment, at the expense of the Association.

The chiefs, to manifest their friendly feeling towards me, insisted upon my receiving from them two native cloaks, and several baskets made by the women; and also some of their implements of defence, which I beg to transmit. The women, generally, are clothed with cloaks of a description somewhat similar; and they certainly appear to me to be of a superior race to any natives whom I have ever yet seen.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN BATMAN.

From Mr. J. T. GELLIBRAND.

Launceston, 19th February, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from Port Phillip, have been for three weeks, surveying every section of the company's lands; and also the lands to the westward, pointed out to you when at Hobart Town; and of which I have since written to you. The whole is of the most beautiful description, and the lands of the best quality; in fact, every point of Batman's survey is correct. I am quite delighted with my trip, and especially the intercourse with the natives; they are a brave race of men, and are very quick and intelligent. The women are particularly modest and enticing in their manners; their persons most strictly concealed, &c. I am confident, if our company is supported by the Government, in my words, not interrupted, that we shall be enabled to proceed fully to civilize and evangelize them.

We go forward with the greatest auspices to the arrivals at Port Phillip; and I confess that I am sanguine enough to think that I can trace the finger of Providence, and that we shall be the humble instruments of communicating light and eternal happiness to our benighted brethren. Truly sow the seed, we may expect a blessing upon it; and its effect will extend over the continent of our island.

Mr. Wabgan, the missionary at Hobart Town, will go to Port Phillip next week, for the express purpose of visiting the natives, and deciding upon sending *at once* a missionary to the settlement: he will have every support from the Government, and the friends of humanity at this place; and by the time you return to Van Diemen's Land, you will find Port Phillip a prosperous and a happy colony.

We now to inform you, that the lands have been

divided into seventeen sections. M——'s I have been over, and you may inform him that it is, in my judgment, the finest of the whole; it is well watered, and there is a vale, which I have named Mercer's Vale, of about 15,000 acres of the finest and richest land I ever passed over. S——'s, M——'s, and mine all join; they contain about 200,000 acres, and I assure you that there is not an acre of bad land upon that quantity. I never saw such a beautiful country in my life; and no exertions or price ought to be spared in securing it.

We limited Mr. M—— to £50,000, but it will be cheap at £100,000. Our mutual friend N—— has half of S——m's grant, next to S——'s. . . .

Now, my dear friend, a few words for yourself; the land to the westward of our lines, I always told you, was of the best quality; and, having travelled many miles over that part of the country, I beg you will obtain for yourself a tract of land called the Barrabool Hills, about twenty miles from that part of Port Phillip called Geelong Outer Harbour, and bounded on the east side by the River Burwan, called, by mistake, in our charts Barewundy.

This tract is fine sheep-hills, well watered, and protected from the north-west wind. And if you obtain a river frontage of ten miles, and extend back about eight or ten, you will have 30,000 acres as good as M——'s. . . .

We have reserved about 10,000 acres for the township, so that every man may have a little farm near the settlement, and only visit his stock-station when requisite. I have made up my mind, if the land is confirmed, to leave Hobart Town and settle, for the summer months, at Port Phillip.

Yours faithfully,

J. T. GELLIBRAND.

P.S.—You are at full liberty to make any use of my letter that you may think proper.—J. T. G.

It will thus be seen that, to the enterprising spirit of Messrs. Batman and Gellibrand, the public owes the re-discovery and permanent settlement of the country, evidently included and deservedly named by Sir Thomas Mitchell, *Australia Felix*, otherwise Port Phillip, and now Victoria.

The prime mover was Mr. Gellibrand, who, by profession a barrister, was possessed of eminent and varied talent, whose influential, upright, and ever-active mind was an infinite fund of treasure to a new country, but whose early and lamentable loss—as will hereafter be recounted—was indeed a sorrowful event to the interests of the newly-founded colony, his special nursing.

The Governments of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land having declined to entertain the application of Messrs. Batman and Gellibrand for the colonization of Port Phillip, in the year 1827, that splendid country was, perhaps fortunately for the sister-colonies, reluctantly consigned to further oblivion for eight years, when the unquenchable spirit of enterprise was again revived in the same two gentlemen. This time it was counselled and resolved, that the Aborigines possessed the legal right in themselves of selling and for ever alienating their lands and hereditaments, without any reference whatever to the British Government. It was, therefore, determined by Mr. Gellibrand immediately to form an association for the purchase of large tracts of country; to take upon themselves the initiative in the colonization of

Australia Felix, and forthwith to import thither sheep, cattle, horses, and every other essential, necessary to the formation of a new colony, without losing valuable time in a reference to slow-thinking Government officials. So cleverly and secretly did the Association manage their affairs, that, ere men had time to analyze the vague report that a transmarine El Dorado existed at their very doors, the parchment deeds of purchase and alienation of many thousand acres of its richest lands had been executed by the *noble* and *unintellectual* chiefs of the respective tribes of Dutigalla and Geelong. Those personages, rejoicing in the distinguished names of Jagajaga Jagajaga, Cooloolook Bungarie, Yanyan Mowship, and Mommamala, attached their signatures to the said deed, in behalf of themselves, their heirs and successors—as the law says—on the one part, as did Mr. John Batman, the authorized representative of the aforesaid Association, together with his chief interpreter Woolloomooloo, and sundry sailors, of the other part. Upon the validity of this agreement the following Indenture was based, signed, sealed, and delivered, &c.:—

This Indenture, made this 13th day of June, 1835, between John Batman, of Benlomond, in Van Diemen's Land, Esq., of the first part; Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, all of Hobart Town Esquires, of the other part. Whereas, the said John Batman is seised, or otherwise well entitled, by two certain deeds of feoffment bearing date on or about the

6th of June instant, and made by Jagajaga Jagajaga the principal chief, and also Cooloolook Bungarie, Yanyan Mowship, and Mommamala, chiefs of the native tribe called Dutigalla, situate at Port Phillip, on the south-west coast of New Holland, of two several tracts of land situate at Port Phillip, and hereafter more particularly mentioned, one called Geelong, and containing about 100,000 acres of land; the other called Dutigalla, and containing about 500,000 acres of land. And whereas the said John Batman is so seised for and on behalf of himself and the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, James Simpson, and also of Thomas Bannister, John Robertson, and William Robertson, and John Thomas Collicott, of Hobart Town, Esquires; and also of Henry Arthur, James Hilden Wedge, John Sinclair, Arthur Cotterell, William Gore Sams, and Michael Connolly, of Launceston, Esquires; and also of George Mercer, of the city of Edinburgh, Esq., in certain shares and proportions; and whereas, by a certain indenture bearing date the 29th of June instant, and made between the said John Batman, of the one part, and the several other persons before mentioned, certain stipulations and agreements were made and entered into for the occupation of the said several tracts of land, and for the agistment of sheep and cattle thereon, and for the establishment of a settlement at Port Phillip, and also for procuring a confirmation or grant from the Crown, of the said tracts of land, and for the future division of the said land into separate shares and proportions, and for the conveyance of the said tracts of land in such shares, to the several persons hereafter to be entitled thereto; and whereas in order to provide against any contingency or impediment that may arise by the illness or death of the said John Batman before such conveyance can be properly made, it hath been proposed and agreed by the said John Batman to convey and assure the said two

tracts of land to the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, and their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts, and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereafter mentioned.

Now, this Indenture witnesseth that, for the purposes aforesaid, and in consideration of five shillings of lawful money of Great Britain, by the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, to the said John Batman in hand, well and truly paid at or before the execution of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged; he, the said John Batman, doth grant, bargain, sell, release, and assure unto the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, and their heirs, all that tract and indented head of land, situate, lying, and being at the bay of Port Phillip, in New Holland, called or known by the native name of Geelong, extending from Geelong Harbour about, due south, ten miles to the Heads of Port Phillip, taking in the whole tract of land, and containing about 100,000 acres of land, be the same more or less; and also all that other tract of land situate and being at Port Phillip, running from the branch of the river at the top of the port, about seven miles from the mouth of the river, forty miles north-east, and from thence west forty miles across Iramao Downs or Plains, and from thence south-west across Valawmarnartar* to Geelong Harbour, at the head of the same, containing 500,000 acres more or less, together with all timber growing thereon, ways, rights, members, and appurtenances to the said several tracts of land belonging or appertaining, all which said tracts of land are now in the possession of the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, by virtue of a bargain and sale for a year, made to him thereof by indenture bearing date the day next before the day of

* Vilumnati Hills.

the date of these presents, and by force of the statute made for transferring uses into possession, to hold the said tracts of land, with their and every of their rights, members, and appurtenances, but subject to the payment of the annual tribute therein respectively reserved, and made payable to the chief of the said tribe for ever, unto and to the use and behoof of the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, their heirs and assigns for ever: upon the trusts, nevertheless, and for the ends, intents, and purposes, and subject to the several rights, shares, equities, and interest, expressed and declared, of and concerning the said tracts of land, in and by the said in part recited indenture of the said 29th day of June, and for no other trust, intent, and purpose whatever. And the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson do and each of them doth hereby covenant to and with the said John Batman, his heirs and assigns, that they the said Charles Swanston, Joseph Tice Gellibrand, and James Simpson, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, shall and will make, do, and execute from time to time, such conveyances and assurances as shall fully and effectually carry into full effect the trusts and conditions mentioned and contained in the said recited indenture.

In witness, &c., &c.

(Signed)

JOHN BATMAN.

CHARLES SWANSTON.

JOSEPH TICE GELLIBRAND.

JAMES SIMPSON.

Signed, sealed, and delivered
by Charles Swanston, &c.

*From JOHN MONTAGUE, Esq., Colonial Secretary, to
Mr. JOHN BATMAN.*

*Colonial Secretary's Office,
Hobart Town, 3rd July, 1835.*

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that, the Lieutenant-Governor, having perused with much interest the account contained in your report of the 25th ultimo, of your expedition to Port Phillip, is highly gratified with the very favourable opinion you have been enabled to form of the fertility of the adjacent territory there, confirming the various statements which have been made respecting it since the first occupation of the country in 1803, by Governor Collins, and more especially by Messrs. Hovell and Hume, and Captain Wright, whose reports have long since been in possession of the Government. Though divided only by a few hours' sail from the most fertile portion of Van Diemen's Land, Port Phillip is not within the jurisdiction of this Government.

His Excellency would, therefore, only observe that the recognition of the rights supposed to have been acquired by the treaty into which you have entered with the natives would appear to be a departure from the principle upon which a Parliamentary sanction, without reference to the Aborigines, has been given to the settlement of Southern Australia as part of the possession of the Crown. The Lieutenant-Governor will have great pleasure, however, in forwarding your report to His Majesty's Government, and in representing the enterprise manifested by yourself, the respectability of the parties interested in the undertaking, and the humane consideration which, His Excellency is informed, it is their intention to extend towards the aboriginal inhabitants of Iramao, but which justice and humanity require as a preliminary in the occupation of

every new country. But at the same time the Lieutenant-Governor would remark, for the reason he has assigned, that he considers that it would not be prudent in the gentlemen associated with you to incur expense on any reliance upon a confirmation from the Crown of your title to the land under the arrangement into which you have entered—an opinion which His Excellency cannot avoid expressing, although he is very sensible that the colonization of the new country you have examined would, on account of its proximity, be highly conducive to the prosperity of Van Diemen's Land.

I am also to observe that, in reference to the application of Mr. Henty to be allowed, under certain conditions, to locate a grant of land on the southern coast of New Holland, His Majesty's Government declined to accede to his proposals, conceiving that to have done so would have been to deviate from the principle involved in the Act for the settlement of Southern Australia.

I am, &c., &c.

JOHN MONTAGUE,
Colonial Secretary.

From a Member of the Association.

Hobart Town, 30th October, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose for your information the copy of a letter that has been addressed by Mr. Batman to Colonel Arthur . . .

The memorandum that accompanies the letter contains our directions to Mr. Batman as to his proceedings, and shows you our proposed future management of the natives.

Mr. Batman has sailed in the *Norval* with the first party of settlers and stock—Mr. Fergusson, with our advanced guard,

consisting of himself, seven servants, eight working bullocks, six cows, and one horse, implements of husbandry, materials for erecting huts, hurdles for sheep, tents, and provisions, with other supplies; and I hope about the 10th proximo that our first flock of 500 maiden ewes, with a proportion of Saxon rams, will follow him in the *Adelaide* schooner of 100 tons burden.

C. S———N.

To ———.

From the foregoing correspondence we see, that Mr. Batman first landed at Port Phillip on the 20th day of May, 1835, accompanied by seven Sydney Aborigines; taking with him also a large supply of blankets, packages of tomahawks, and innumerable fancy articles, wherewith he hoped to charm the natives into a reasonable acquiescence with his views in reference to their country; that the Association, determined to prosecute their venture with an unmistakable vigour, bought the fine schooners *Adelaide* and *Norval*, and, on the 30th of October following, shipped their Ambassador, their first flock of merino ewes and costly Saxon rams, together with a general fit-out, to take possession of and stock their newly-purchased lands.

The initiatory proceedings of Mr. B., upon his first arrival, may be described as follows:—

Immediately upon the arrival of the expedition at Indented Head, fires were discovered in the distance. The adventurers landed before day-break on the following morning, and hoped to have caught the natives napping; but, on reaching the encampment, it became evident

that they had fled precipitately hours before. The Sydney blacks, however, unerringly followed their traces, and overtook some twenty *loobras* (women), and, by dint of friendly signs, induced them to return to the boat, to receive gifts of bread, &c., and to depart in peace. On the seventh day, the party again proceeded in search of the Aborigines, when, thanks to the eagle-eyed Woolloomooloo of Sydney, an old Port Phillip native was discovered hunting in a secluded valley. The trembling terror-stricken man, finding that he received no ill-treatment at the hands of the white strangers, soon became reconciled, broke the bread of peace with them also, and from signs understanding that a similar reception would be accorded to his people generally, he became exceedingly confidential, and proffered his services in search of the flying tribe.

“Now,” said the spirited Delegate, “comes act the first in this glorious enterprise! To fail in obtaining an interview with the native chiefs would be death to our brightest hopes.” On they marched at a vigorous pace, hot upon the trail of the fugitive blacks, until, emerging from a densely-timbered forest, they suddenly came upon the affrighted runaways seated around a fine spring of water. The women and children fled on the instant, but fifty warrior-savages quickly formed in hostile front, uttering aloud their war-cry, “Euch! Euch! Euch!” quivering and poising their barbed spears in readiness to hurl at the strange intruders. Upon this, the head Sydney native, Woolloomooloo, was directed to explain the peaceful nature of their visit;

but, notwithstanding his spirited gestures and vehement jabbering, which he concluded by thrusting a stick into the ground and formally tabooing it, the aboriginal warriors still maintained their warlike attitude. Unfortunately the language of the sable mediator differed so materially from that of the Port Phillipians, that but little progress could be effected by such incomprehensible parlance.

At this ominous stage of proceedings, however, the old native who had accompanied the party stepped forward, and in a few magical sentences happily produced a more amicable feeling. The savage chiefs thereupon lowered their spears, and handed them to their companions. Each party now advanced towards the other; whilst the delighted delegate, addressing the principal chief, Jagajaga Jagajaga, in terms of extreme gratification at having made his acquaintance, gave him his hand as a pledge of future amity and love between the races, and, as a first proof of friendship, bid Woolloomooloo to give them bread, and show them how to eat it. Upon tasting the staff of life, the whole tribe burst into a chorus of loud laughter and applause.

Anxious to fulfil the darling object of his mission, and encouraged by the apparent good feeling evinced by his black friends, the diplomatic powers of Woolloomooloo were again put into requisition; and from that moment commenced the farce of land-buying from the aboriginal proprietors. Woolloomooloo earnestly endeavoured to explain the desire of his "mâter fader"—as he called the white chief—to purchase large

tracts of land. To render his advocacy the more comprehensible, he repeatedly drove sticks into the soil, dug up small pieces of earth, and gave them to his master, bidding Jagajaga to repeat the same forms—which the *intelligent* chief did, accompanying each act with roars of laughter and *yah-yah's*. After innumerable signs, and an endless amount of native rhetoric had been gone through on both sides, amidst reiterated peals of loud laughter, it was resolved that the Aborigines of Port Phillip were the most intelligent race of blacks, in Australia; that Jagajaga in particular, was a remarkably sage individual, and thoroughly understood the law of barter and alienation, &c.

The new El Dorado was traversed in due course, and the park-like hills and plains in the distance, were formally alienated and tabooed, by virtue of the extended arms, and elongated necks, of the vendors, to the extent of 100,000 acres, under the title of Geelong (properly *Corayio*). So rapturous a feeling did the magnificent country impart to the white chief, that he was ever exclaiming: “O heavenly heavenly sight! What man could wish for brighter scenes than these, for his future pilgrimage on earth?” Ah me! Benbow, let's have a nip of Cognac Vieux, and we'll drink, confusion to our adversaries.”

“Ay, ay, sir!” responded the parched sailor, producing the bottle. “Give the blacks a nobbler, sir?”

“'Sdeath! No, man, no! 'Twould be a heinous sin to taint their unadulterated palates with hateful fire-water.”

After a long and interesting walk, the adventurers returned to the starting-point, accompanied by a long train of their sable friends. So far, the speculation seemed to run smooth enough. As for the trifling circumstance, the want of an orthodox interpreter, the assent of the chiefs was so strongly demonstrated in their signs, and the diplomatic pantomime was so well sustained by the delegate, that all were agreed in the opinion that a more fair or magnanimous arrangement could not have been made for the acquisition of country in the new-found Land of Canaan.

Scene the second, suggests the variegated plenipotentiaries seated around a blazing fire near to the boat, smoking the pipes of peace and goodfellowship. The uproarious approval of the poor chiefs, however, at this latter accomplishment, was, after a few puffs, suddenly changed into a wretched expression of qualmishness: but the *mal-au-cœur* being speedily dissipated by a refreshing cup of good Hyson tea, the business of the day was resumed.

Meanwhile, Kardinia, third betrothed loobra of Jagajaga, with graceful modesty, stole up to the council-fire by the side of her savage lord, and in so doing elicited an exclamation from the admiring sailor, Benbow, "Holloa, shipmate! run up the colours! Here's Miss Wenus de Mediky come into port. Split my topsails, Jim, if I don't conwest her jetty shoulders with the Order of the Blanket!"

"Order of the Blanket, eh?" replied Jim. "Why, stop my 'lowance o' grog, mate, but she's a craft worthy of

being full-rigged to the merry sky'sails!" Ben, true to his instinctive gallantry to the fair sex, instantly enveloped the dark "greaseful" beauty, as he called her, in a small blanket. "There," remarked he in undertones, "bless yer little black heart and symmertreacle pins, that woolly shawl 'll keep ye as warm as old Jagajaga."

But, as such proceeding withdrew the attention of the black chiefs from the important operations of the white ambassador, and caused the woods to resound again, with loud applause from the dark audience in the rear, Master Ben was imperatively commanded to behave himself, and forbidden to accept the chief's offer of Kardinia to wife. With an "Ay, ay, sir," the smitten tar promised to obey orders, muttering, nevertheless, that she was "as fine a black-sided frigate as was ever launched."

Time, however, was fast progressing, and the deed of sale and alienation of the coveted lands was not yet executed. The document was ordered to be read aloud and explained; to the terms of which the chiefs signified their entire assent by sundry senseless broad grins, pulling down the corner of one eye in a playful mood, uttering the word *tschuk*; and so forth. The fated parchment scroll, notwithstanding, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered by each of the contracting parties, in the presence of, &c. Ben, however, stoutly declined to affix his X in witness thereof, for the reason that "his old 'ooman—who was the scholar—had enjoined him never to put his name to paper for nobody."

The deed was, nevertheless, amply witnessed. The lands and hereditaments of the enlightened chiefs reverted to the Tasmanian Association; and nothing now remained to be done on the part of the enterprising deputy but to give substantial proof of the benefits accruing to the Aborigines from the glorious land-treaty. Bale after bale of blankets was opened and distributed to every member of the tribe; together with tomahawks, knives, scissors, and beads. Flour and sugar were also dealt out with a liberal hand, to the inexpressible astonishment and delight of the wondering blacks; these as usual signified their extreme joy in simultaneous bursts of hearty laughter and exclamations of "Merejig coolie! Merejig ummageet! Merejig ummageet! Banyeeek tarrecarnuke pudcarnook dedabul corra. Wah! Merejig cogalla!"—which, being interpreted, means, "Very good, black man! Very good, stranger! Very good, stranger! You stop and catch great kangaroo. Wah! Very good to eat."

Finally Woolloomooloo was instructed to inform his sable brethren that a few of the party were to remain, and that the worthy delegate would speedily return with his wife and seven daughters, sheep, cattle, and an abundance of bread and sugar. The Sydney black thereupon addressed the astonished chiefs in an overwhelming stream of native eloquence. The generous-hearted chief, Jagajaga Jagajaga, responded with equal volubility; and the interesting debate was closed by Woolloomooloo declaring—in reply to the question, "What do they say?"—"Bother, mâter, me

blendy don't know it, cos dis blackfella me, no' peak it like t'other one blackfella chief." " Ah, well ! " rejoined one, " never mind so trifling a circumstance as that; they'll soon be happily initiated into the language and usages of civilized life; and thus, and thus only, will they improve their moral, social, and physical condition, and endear themselves to us, their Christian brethren. So, adieu! adieu! most noble-minded chiefs; a short farewell to you all."

Exeunt omnes.

CHAPTER XIII.

COLONIZATION OF PORT PHILLIP AND EFFECT OF THE
GOLD DISCOVERIES.

THE successful result of Mr. Batman's expedition was speedily announced by the local journalists, who certainly drew largely upon their imagination, and painted the Port Phillip lands in such glowing colours that the mercurial community of Tasmania were spirited into a wild state of bodily and mental excitement, at the mere thought of so transcendent a country being within thirty six-hours' sail only, of their own limited and occupied little island. As if by talismanic influence, the news transformed flocks, herds, corn, merchandize, trades, free labour, and other resources of indefinite value, into countless heaps of precious treasure. Numbers of hardy and industrious farmers, who for years had quietly vegetated like the "Early Yorks," and other produce of their miniature farms, became suddenly animated with the fire of enterprise, sold their no longer valued homes and stock in trade, and with all speed, migrated to the new Elysian fields of the Southern hemisphere. Most of these energetic men, who took "fortune at the flood," are now

included in the ranks of the richest and most esteemed of the country.

The plans of Mr. Batman's Association, contemplating, as they did, the acquisition by purchase, from a few poor mindless savages, of an area comprising in all nearly 700,000 acres of fine rich land upon which the British ensign had already been planted, were certainly not tenable in a common-sense point of view; yet, in the final adjustment of their claims by the Home Government, the members of the Association were entitled to most liberal treatment. To their individual spirit and enterprise, we owe the establishment of the noble colony of Victoria Felix, many years before it could have been accomplished by the supine and fettered Government of New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land: and, in the adventure, the company expended upwards of £3000 for the benefit of the Aborigines alone. Lord Glenelg, however, the Home Secretary of State for the Colonies, confirmed to its members a beggarly remission-order, by virtue of which 28,000 acres of land, valued at twenty shillings per acre, were sold to them by the Government at the rate of fifteen shillings; and this was all the recompense for starting into life the finest and richest colony in the world.

Even this was reluctantly awarded them by the Sydney Government, in whose hands they were left, and who were intensely jealous at the intrusion of the enterprising Tasmanians.

The following correspondence will show the straightforward course adopted, and the liberal system proposed by the Association for the establishment of Port Phillip.

From the ASSOCIATION to Lord STANLEY.

Hobart Town, 27th June, 1835.

To the principal Secretary of State for
the Colonies, &c., &c., &c.

MY LORD,—We have the honour of enclosing copy of a report* made by Mr. Batman to His Excellency Governor Arthur, detailing the result of an expedition conducted, at our joint expense, to Port Phillip, on the south-western extremity of New Holland, for the purpose of effecting a conciliatory intercourse with the native tribes in that part of the country, and, afterwards, of purchasing from the chiefs, upon equitable principles, a portion of that territory for pastoral and agricultural purposes.

We are fully persuaded that the perusal of that report will clearly demonstrate that an intercourse has been established by our means, which promises the most happy and philanthropic results, and that the portion of the country granted to Mr. Batman, as our representative, has been obtained upon terms more equitable and just to the aboriginal possessors of the soil than any which the history of the British plantations can produce.

We have not contented ourselves with merely purchasing the land in the first instance; but we have reserved to the chiefs an annual tribute for ever, of the value of at least £200. By means of this annual tribute the friendly intercourse with the natives must of necessity be kept up, and will lead to gradual civilization.

* *Vide* letter of June 25th, 1835.

This tract of country is some hundred miles beyond the jurisdiction of New South Wales, but within the imaginary line leading from the Australian Bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and which defines the limits of Australia. We might, therefore, have contented ourselves with this treaty with the aboriginal tribes, and quietly have taken possession of the land, without any official notice either to the British or Colonial Government. But, in the first instance, we were desirous of communicating the happy results which have attended the intercourse with the natives, and, in the next place, of at once apprising His Majesty's Government of the nature of the grants which have been obtained, and the terms under which the land has been granted, because we feel confident that, having obtained from the chiefs of the tribes, who are in fact the owners of the soil, a title based upon equitable principles, the Crown will, under your Lordship's advice, relinquish any legal point of constructive right to the land in question, especially as the destruction of our title would be taking away from the natives the tribute which is thus secured to them for ever.

We, therefore, with confidence appeal to your Lordship to advise the Crown to grant to us such rights as the Crown may be advised that it possesses to the tracts of land in question, upon such equitable principles as your Lordship may conceive the justice of the case requires.

We have the honour to be, &c.

C. SWANSTON.

J. T. GELLIBRAND.

W. G. SAMS.

J. and W. ROBERTSON.

JAMES SIMPSON.

THOMAS BANNISTER.

JOHN BATMAN.

JOHN THOMAS COLLICOTT.

JOHN H. WEDGE.

JOHN SINCLAIR.

ANTHONY COTTERELL.

HENRY ARTHUR.

MICHAEL CONNOLLY.

GEORGE MERCER.

From Lord GLENELG to one of the ASSOCIATION.

Downing Street, 15th February, 1836.

SIR,—I am directed by Lord Glenelg to acknowledge the herewith returned receipt of your letter of the 26th ultimo, with its various enclosures, soliciting, as agent for an association formed in Van Diemen's Land, a recognition and confirmation on the part of the Crown of an arrangement entered into by certain members of that association with some native chiefs, for the acquisition of a large portion of and situate at Port Phillip in New South Wales, for the purpose of forming a settlement; and you further request that, if His Majesty's Government should not see any legal objection to this recognition and confirmation, a royal grant of the territories may be made to the association as feudatories of the Crown.

In reply, Lord Glenelg directs me to acquaint you that the territory on which it is proposed to form the settlement in question is a part of the colony of New South Wales, being comprised within the limits laid down in the commission of Governor Sir Richard Bourke; and consequently it is impossible for His Majesty's Government to acknowledge any title to lands acquired there, except upon the terms prescribed in that commission, and the accompanying instructions.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GEORGE GRAY.

To _____

From one of the ASSOCIATION to Lord GLENELG.

16th March, 1836.

To the Right Honourable Lord Glenelg,
principal Secretary of State, Colonial
Department.

MY LORD,—I have had the honour to receive your lordship's letter of the 15th of February, in reply to my address under date 26th of January, 1836, intimating that His Majesty's Government cannot acknowledge any title to lands acquired by the Port Phillip Association, except upon the terms prescribed by the commission and accompanying instructions issued to Governor Sir Richard Bourke, the lands in question constituting a part of the colony of New South Wales.

Sir Richard Bourke's commission and instructions have reference, I presume, alone to a penal colony. And, moreover, it may not be impossible that the said commission and instructions were drawn at a time when the British Government deemed it expedient to meet and counteract a disposition evinced by the Government of France to form a colony in that part of Australia. Consequently the territory of New South Wales might have been extended far beyond the limits adapted to a penal colony.

Port Phillip is about 600 miles from Sydney, and 400 from the nearest lands of that colony, yet occupied by British subjects, and with the sanction of Government, and will not, therefore, under the slow and regular march of population, be located as a penal colony until some very distant period.

I have been given to understand that it is not the intention of His Majesty's Government to extend or increase penal colonies. And the same power that joined Port Phillip to, and, I conclude, with equal facility dissever it from, New

South Wales, greatly, I conceive, to the advantage of the mother-country.

These lands, unless formed into a free colony, must, I am humbly of opinion, lie dormant, or be grazed by squatters only, for a century to come: whereas, if now granted by the Crown to the Geelong and Dutigalla Association, upon equitable terms, they will be speedily rendered a valuable acquisition to the State.

I may be permitted to observe, that the purchase of the tract of land ceded by the native chiefs to the Association, upon the terms prescribed in the commission and instructions to Governor Sir Richard Bourke, is out of all question, unless the advantages of a full portion of convict labour were accorded, as well to the body purchasing as for the public purposes of general improvements, making roads, bridges, &c., thus involving the necessity of an expensive Government establishment, civil and military, for the improvement of the colony, for the control of the prisoners, and for the protection of the settlers; in fact planting another penal colony, with all its concomitant charges to the parent state. The Association express their wish to be a free colony, without pecuniary sacrifice to the mother-country; at the same time, every member of it is aware of the absolute necessity of the presence of British local authorities, to see that due protection be extended to all, and that justice be done to the Aborigines, whose welfare and general improvement the Association takes a pride in declaring to be one of its great objects, as evinced by the tribute paid to and arrangements made with the natives.

It is necessary for me to call your Lordship's attention to the fatal consequences at Hunter's River (about 100 miles only from the capital) of the absence of such amicable arrangements, and the presence of runaway convicts—these combined causes operating destruction and murders in every direction. Yet I may take the liberty, as pertinent to the

subject, and not perhaps so well known to your Lordship. to advert to the many acts of aggression committed by the whalers and others at Portland Bay, where a tract of country has lately been granted by the Home Government, formerly refused to an application made by memorial through Colonel Arthur (please see ultimate paragraph of Mr. Colonial Secretary Montague's reply of 3rd July, 1835 to Mr. Batman)—this tract having been occupied without previous friendly intercourse with the natives, and being beyond the operation of any present law, consequently without local government or authorities.

Assuming it, as I humbly do, to be the bounden duty of both Government and the soliciting grantee to extend to these benighted people a full measure of kindness and protection, and, if possible, the blessings of Christianity, in lieu of advantages to be derived from the possession of the soil by the British empire and the Association, I would presume to suggest to your Lordship that a Crown grant be given at a moderate quit-rent, sufficient for the support of a small, but, for the present, adequate establishment, appointed by the Crown to superintend and protect all parties in and connected with a new free colony. This acceded to by the Government, the matter would resolve into a question of amount.

Although, as occupants in a free colony, the Association would labour under many and great pecuniary and other disadvantages, comparatively with those located in a penal settlement, yet the body for whom I act would not, I have reason to believe, object to the Van Diemen's Land Company being taken as an archetype to found upon; and this being acceded to by your Lordship, the following statement would be the result. I may be permitted to premise, that that Company selected 250,000 acres of available land in six different and distinct localities; being allowed

110,000 acres more, supposed useless, lands, and not valued to them; and that they do or may have the full amount of their quit-rent, or even much more, returned to them, through the means of convict-labour—unknown in a free colony.

The Van Diemen's Land Company have 360,000 acres—250,000 acres of land fit for tillage and pasturage—at 2s. 6d., equal to £31,250; quit-rent $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., equal to £468 15s., redeemable at 20 years' purchase, or £9375 sterling quit-rent; not payable until the expiration of five years from the date of the "Grant" or Charter. This latter stipulation the Association—deeming an immediate superintendency by a Government commissioner and officers, for the due protection of all parties, of the utmost importance—would dispense with, and willingly commence payment at the expiration of six months from the arrival of such commissioner and authorities on the spot; always looking for a local expenditure of the quit-rent for the benefit of the colony.

Based on this principle, and reckoning 500,000 acres in the tract ceded in June last by the chiefs to the Association, the quit-rent would amount to £937 10s. But, as this might not be deemed a sufficient sum for the proposed establishment, were the tract to the east of the ceded territories to be included in the grant or charter, as delineated on the accompanying map by lines from C 35 miles due south to E, and from E 32 miles about south-west to D, at Good-Water Creek, on Port Phillip—the whole estimated to contain, on a liberal scale, 750,000 acres of land fit for tillage and pasturage, which can scarcely be expected, the territory lying in one continuous tract—the Association would thus be placed on such grounds, as to justify a payment of £1406 5s. per annum quit-rent, equal to the support of adequate public authorities, until the colony

become, by population and trade, of importance sufficient to require a larger establishment, to be supported by a regular system of light duties on all imports, except those of British manufacture. Taking this view of the matter, the Association would become liable for an annual payment as follows:—

Tribute for present tract ceded	-	-	£200	0	0
Ditto proposed extended tract (say)	-	-	120	0	0
			<hr/>		
Total tribute to native chiefs	-	-	320	0	0
Quit-rent to the British Government	-		1406	5	0
Salary to Dr. Thomson, now acting in the combined capacities of catechist and surgeon, on an allowance of	-		180	0	0
			<hr/>		
Total			£1906	5	0
			<hr/>		

The associated body would naturally expect to be relieved from the burden of Dr. Thomson's salary, who would become a Government officer on the establishment when payment of quit-rent commenced.

Your Lordship will not fail to have observed the result of a late expedition, sent to follow up Captain Sturt's discoveries behind Lake Alexandrina, which had returned, having suffered loss in the skirmish with the natives—a circumstance that would not have occurred, had an amicable intercourse with these unhappy beings been previously, as in our case, established. But instances of this description are too numerous to trouble your Lordship with.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to observe that, independently of British interests, on the score of humanity alone, I humbly conceive it to behove His Majesty's

Ministers to take this subject into their most serious consideration; and, with as little delay as possible, to plant British authorities at Port Phillip, for the prevention of exterminating conflicts, which will, I fear, inevitably ensue, as some squatters have possessed themselves of lands in the neighbourhood, without any previous arrangement with the natives; and also to give legitimate protection to flocks of great value (£20,000 to £30,000) belonging to the Association, now grazing in the ceded tract.

G. M——.

From Lord GLENELG to the Same.

Downing Street, 30th March, 1836.

SIR,—I am directed by Lord Glenelg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th instant, in which you state the terms on which the association on whose behalf you write are desirous of obtaining land in the vicinity of Port Phillip, New South Wales.

Lord Glenelg desires me to acquaint you, in reply, that it is his intention to instruct the Governor of New South Wales, to appoint magistrates and any other indispensable officers, for the government of the settlement which has been formed in the quarter referred to; and to put up the lands for sale there at such reduced upset price, as, upon full consideration of the state of the infant settlement, he may think reasonable. But His Lordship directs me to add, that the plan of disposing of lands at a quit-rent has been generally abandoned, on the most ample experience of the many and insuperable difficulties with which it is attended.

I am, Sir, &c.,

GEO. GRAY.

From Lord GLENELG to the Same.

Downing Street, 14th April, 1836.

SIR,—I am directed by Lord Glenelg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th instant. In answer to one of the questions proposed by you to Dr. Lushington, that gentleman has stated, that he does not think that the right to the territory adjacent to Port Phillip is at present vested in the Crown. Lord Glenelg is sensible of the great weight which is due to the deliberate judgment of Dr. Lushington on a question of this nature. As, however, the grounds on which Dr. L. denies the title of the Crown to the territory in question are not explained, and as Lord Glenelg is not aware of any fact or principle which can be alleged in support of such a conclusion which would not apply with equal force to all the waste lands in every other part of the colony of New South Wales, His Lordship must decline to acquiesce in this doctrine, and cannot but believe, that it was advanced by Dr. L. under a misapprehension of some of the most material parts of the case. Port Phillip and all the neighbouring territory forming a portion of the colony of New South Wales, the lands in that vicinity cannot be disposed of, except according to the rules by which General Bourke is required by the King's commission, by His Majesty's instructions under the sign-manual, to alienate such property. Interests of very great and constantly increasing importance are involved in the steadfast adherence to those rules; and any departure from them at the present moment would involve a breach of faith to the numerous persons, who have engaged their property in effecting settlements in other parts of the colony of New South Wales, and in the new colony of Southern Australia.

The suggestion, that a new colony should be formed in the southern portion of New South Wales, of which the

infant settlement at Port Phillip should be the future capital, raises a question of great importance and difficulty, on which it would be impossible that His Majesty's Government should form a decision without much previous inquiry. They would probably think it right to postpone any such measure, until after it should have been maturely considered by the respective Governors of the existing Australian settlements.

It is fit, however, that you should be distinctly apprised, that a very considerable time must elapse before the establishment of such a new colony, even if it should be ultimately thought fit so to abridge the limits of the colony of New South Wales.

The proposal which, on the behalf of the gentlemen with whom you are associated, you have made for effecting the purchase, at Port Phillip, of a territory of 3000 square miles, at a sum of £60,000 sterling, of which one-half would be paid by annual instalments in the next ten years, and the remainder would be invested in local improvements, has received Lord Glenelg's careful attention. His Lordship directs me to state, that the objections to the adoption of that proposal appear to him insuperable.

He conceives that His Majesty's Government would not enter into such an arrangement with a society of gentlemen possessing no corporate character, however undoubted may be their claims to respect and confidence as individuals. In the modern history of colonization, no incorporated body has ever received a grant, or has been permitted to place a territory, so extensive, under any other management than that of the responsible officers of the Crown. Such a proceeding would, in Lord Glenelg's opinion, be to create an unconstitutional power, which, if not subversive of the authority of the Local Government, would unavoidably fetter its movements, and impair its influence, even when most essential to the public welfare.

Further, His Lordship has no grounds on which he could be justified in entering into a contract of such magnitude. He has not before him any evidence of the value of the land which it is proposed to purchase, and thinks it indispensable not to act on such a subject, except with the advantage of the previous advice of the Governor of the colony.

For these reasons Lord Glenelg must adhere to the decision announced to you in my letter of the 30th ultimo, of directing General Bourke to put up the land at Port Phillip for sale, at such a reduced upset price as, upon full consideration of the infant state of the settlement, he may think reasonable. His Lordship will, however, instruct the Governor to have a careful and just regard to the various circumstances stated in your letter, and to make every arrangement which may appear to him to be reasonable, for protecting the fair claims of the persons who have already resorted to Port Phillip, to a priority in the purchase, on moderate and easy terms, of any lands which they may have occupied, or on which they may have actually effected any improvement.

I am, &c.,

GEORGE GRAY.

From the Same to Lord GLENELG.

29th June, 1836.

MY LORD,—I was duly honoured by the receipt of Sir George Gray's letter of 10th May in acknowledgment of my address to your Lordship under date 23rd April.

In this letter I am informed of your Lordship's determination, after a further consideration of the whole question, to adhere to the principles laid down in Sir George Gray's

letter of 30th March preceding; and that your Lordship has actually despatched, to the Governor of New South Wales, the necessary instructions to carry them into effect.

In my address of 23rd April I had the honour to prefer three requests: first, that a maximum grant might be allotted to each member of the Association; second, that intending squatters might be prevented from occupying the lands held and paid for by the Association; and third, that your Lordship might be pleased to favour me with a copy or substance of the instructions transmitted to His Excellency Sir Richard Bourke.

With this last request I have now most earnestly to solicit your Lordship's compliance, and sincerely hope that the instructions may be found to embrace the two former. My late letters state, that the Association, confident of obtaining ultimate possession of the lands upon a secure and permanent tenure, and under the protection of the British Government, and proceeding with cultivation and other improvements, and finding the Aborigines more numerous than expected, tractable, but clamorous for bodily sustenance, were supplying them, though extra to the treaties, and had it in contemplation to furnish them with mental food, by the introduction of regular and efficient missionaries, besides Dr. Thomson, catechist and surgeon.

Under these circumstances, involving heavy present and prospective outlay, your Lordship will, I trust, consider me justly entitled to a full knowledge of the bases upon which we may, under your Lordship's instructions, hereafter move in connection with the British Government, and, at an early period, have the goodness to grant my request by ordering me copy of instructions to General Bourke, on the subject of the new colony at Port Phillip.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

From Lord GLENELG to the Same.

Downing Street, 9th July, 1836.

I am directed by Lord Glenelg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, and to acquaint you, in reply, that His Lordship cannot communicate to you his correspondence with the Governor of New South Wales, on the subject of the settlement at Port Phillip; and he can only refer you to my former letters to you on this subject, as containing as full an explanation as it is possible for His Lordship to afford of the nature of the instructions with which the Government has been furnished on this subject.

I am, Sir, &c.,

GEORGE GRAY.

The Association drew up the following—

Memorandum for Mr. BATMAN in the management of the Natives.

The first point to be attended to is, to keep up a friendly feeling on their part to the establishment, and to ensure on their part a feeling of confidence; and the next is, to make them as useful to the Association as possible. Much may be done by the force of example through the Sydney natives. It will be desirable to have two scales of rations, one for those who will make themselves useful, and a less scale for those who will not.

That civilization will best proceed by dividing the rations and families, and employing six or eight at each of the stations, if they can be induced voluntarily to do so; but it must not be done by compulsion. Habits of labour will only be acquired by degrees, and each party should be

allowed to have a small piece of ground to cultivate for themselves.

It will be very expedient to appoint Buckley superintendent of the natives, for he will be enabled, under Mr. Batman's directions, to keep them in proper order, and to make them understand the advantage they will receive in pursuing this plan. And as soon as this is accomplished, they will become useful servants of the institution.

Some regard ought to be had to the amount of tribute payable, and that for the express sum an equivalent in labour be given; but it will not be desirable, in the first instance, to coerce the natives to labour.

It may be questionable whether it will be prudent to give the natives mutton, otherwise the flocks may, and most probably will, suffer hereafter.

If they require animal food, it will be better to supply them with salt pork.

C. SWANSTON.

J. T. GELLIBRAND.

J. H. WEDGE.

W. G. SAMS.

A. COTTERELL.

M. CONNOLLY.

As early as 1803, Colonel Collins was despatched by the Home Government to found a colony at Port Phillip under the superior command of Governor *Phillip*, who was the first Governor of New South Wales, then resident at Sydney. Not till after a tedious voyage of six months did the adventurers sight

the desired haven ; when, having successfully navigated the boiling and dangerous entrance, the Lieutenant-Governor passed into the noble inlet, with his small staff of military and civil officers, soldiers, and prisoners. Several adventurous gentlemen, intended settlers, were also among the number. The ships were steered into the Eastern Channel, and anchored in the Bight, about ten or twelve miles from the Heads ; the weary voyagers consequently disembarked on the sandy eastern shore of Port Phillip. There, on the most barren spot to be found around this extensive inland sea, did Colonel Collins first plant the English standard and pitch his tent.

Those new colonists were surrounded at every point of the compass by an immense extent of country, unrivalled for beauty and fertility, and distant only twelve or fourteen miles across the Bay from their encampment. Hence one might infer that Providence, for wise ends, had purposely blinded the Governor and his numerous dependants ; and that the time for the colonization of the future golden country was not yet come. After a very few months' occupation, however, the sterility of the soil, the scarcity and bad quality of the water, and the generally uninviting aspect of the country around the camp, induced the commandant to abandon the newly-formed establishment altogether.

If I remember right, several of the most daring adventurers of the expedition—my friend Mr. James Hobbs of Hobart Town at the head—had been left behind to await the return of the Government vessel, and, despair-

ing from her long absence of ever seeing her again, determined on shipping themselves and their little stock in trade in two whale-boats. In these they sailed for Van Diemen's Land, where they arrived in safety at Risdon, on the Derwent, after a voyage of about three weeks, over at least 450 miles of open sea and coasting. Colonel Collins and his staff, prisoners, &c., had previously arrived there.

Four convicts, however, remained at Port Phillip, who, having escaped the vigilance of the authorities, joined a tribe of the Aborigines, in the hope of changing the iron rule of prison discipline for the happy freedom of a savage wandering life, in the then unknown regions of Australia. Years rolled on. Port Phillip (so named after the Sydney Governor) once more became a blank; a bright cloud had passed away; and the place was not again to be illuminated with hopes to man for thirty-three years. Thus time was given for the development of the less favoured sister-colonies. As for the runaway convicts, thirty-three years had effectually blotted out the memory that such unhappy mortals ever existed. But strange and wondrous things are continually presented, to teach Man, notwithstanding all his boasted knowledge, how little he really knows of the workings of an ever-kind and overruling Providence.

Whilst, on the precise spot where the proud city of Melbourne now stands, our friends of the Association were deeply engaged in the act of negotiating with the aboriginal chiefs of the Yarra-Yarra for the purchase of 500,000 acres of land in that locality, and

about thirty-eight miles across the Bay from the former scene of action, the good Ambassador and his varied suite were suddenly surprised beyond measure, by the advance of a gigantic, nondescript, whity-brown-looking savage, alike with his blacker companions, in a perfect state of nudity. Boldly striding into the midst of the assembled group, he was received with marks of profound respect ; and certainly, judging from his towering height and Samson-like frame, he possessed the power to enforce strict obedience to his wishes. One of the gentlemen-pioneers, himself a man of six feet one, was wont to affirm, after scanning the colossal savage with undisguised admiration, that never in his life before had he felt so insignificantly small ; emphatically declaring in the same breath, “ By George, sir, we haven’t a blanket or any single article with us long enough to cover such an extensive specimen of humanity as this distinguished Brobdignagian ! ”

A closer inspection, however, soon confirmed our adventurous friends in the opinion, that Mr. Giant was not of the same species as his black curly-headed comrades — notwithstanding that he spoke their language with equal fluency, and was elaborately greased, red-ochred, and armed after the most approved fashion of aboriginal warriors. But the worthy Deputy and his companions, still sceptical, were compelled, for a time, to abandon the attempt by cross questions to gain a clue as to his honourable descent. Regarding him, therefore, as a *lusus naturæ*, they continued to pursue the object of their mission ;

and soon succeeded in establishing with the noble and equally intellectual chiefs of the Yarra-Yarra territories, diplomatic relations like those effected with the Bellerine and Barrabool tribes, as before described.

. The tall savage, by this time, became extremely familiar, and showed signs of his particular desire to fraternize with civilized men. Our friends, feeling persuaded that there must be a mystery attached to his history, and having now signed, sealed, and delivered the deeds connected with the second land-treaty, again plied the stranger with innumerable questions as to his having been shipwrecked or lost in the Bush at any time. After listening acutely for half an hour, the benighted man gave utterance to a few short ungrammatical sentences in broken English, much to their astonishment and delight. In the course of the day he made such progress in his mother-tongue that he was enabled to impart his name and country, together with some account of his singular career during that long period.

The narrative of this modern Robinson Crusoe, being that of an illiterate man, was exceedingly barren of interest or useful information; but in the matter of dealing with the natives, Buckley, for that was his name, was decidedly the means of laying the foundation of good feeling between the Aborigines and the Europeans. His prisoner-comrades, who had absconded with him in 1803, had been sent to the land of spirits many years previously; whilst he was saved from the death-dealing spear and boomerang, only in admira-

tion of his stature, which measured nearly six feet eight inches.

Buckley, from the peculiar circumstances of his case, together with his usefulness as a mediator between his black friends and his countrymen, received a free pardon from the Tasmanian Government; which otherwise had power, not only to replace him in penal servitude, but to deprive him of liberty for the rest of his life. Upon receiving his freedom he emigrated to Van Diemen's Land, and soon entering into the respectable state of matrimony, became "Mr. Buckley," constable and foreman of the Female Penitentiary, under Government auspices. Many of the sable sons of Victoria, to this day, claim immediate descent from the colossal white man, and exhibit considerable pride in their self-assumed title: "Piccaninny Buckley me; my fader big one white fella Buckley."

A few weeks subsequently to Mr. Batman's diplomatic visit to Port Phillip, another Tasmanian, Mr. J. P. Falkner, and a few other colonists, reckless as to the consequences that might ensue to the Association, located themselves on their tabooed land, and, by so doing, doubtless brought the question as to the validity of their land purchase to a more rapid and unfortunate issue. A very few months elapsed, however, after the signing of the treaty with the Aborigines, ere innumerable columns of smoke might be seen gracefully curling amidst the blue gums—an evidence that the germ of civilization had at last been planted at Port

Phillip, upon the banks of the river Yarra-Yarra (meaning in native language "the Ever-Flowing").

Some time prior to the arrival of Mr. Batman, Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, made various expeditions into the interior, and, amongst other routes, travelled towards the southern coast of Australia. Having crossed the rivers Murray and Goulbourn and arrived at the northern base of the Grampians, about 125 miles from Melbourne, he was so enraptured with the beauty and fertility of the country, that he gave it the name of Australia Felix. On the 1st day of July, 1851, the happy day on which it was freed from the control of the Sydney Government, and from the grasp of the Sydney treasurer, the colony was honoured with the title of Victoria. This the inhabitants in some measure regretted, though entertaining the highest feelings of loyalty and admiration for an excellent Queen; certainly the word "Felix" should have been added, if only to distinguish it from other settlements less worthy of bearing Her Majesty's name.

I believe, of all British possessions, Victoria can say that, from its first valid establishment in 1835 up to the year 1854, it not only never abstracted one shilling from the treasury either of the sister-colony or of the mother-country in aid of its general expenditure, but it has remitted, from its own resources, hundreds of thousands of pounds to assist in the immigration of useful labourers from the United Kingdom. Pity that the bright record of pecuniary

independence should ever have been erased from the historical notices of the progress of Victoria!

The salaries of the Governor, of every Government official, of the police, and of the troops of the line, are, and always were, paid out of the colonial revenue.

There can scarcely be a second opinion on the question, that Victoria, with its averagely good climate, and with its pastoral and agricultural resources, alone would rapidly have become one of the most desirable countries for an adventurer under British dominion.

To reflecting men the discovery of gold was a source of alarm and regret, and resulted, as all the world is now aware, in the complete disarrangement of all the more useful and domestic avocations—of those pursuits that in the main constitute the firmest basis upon which to erect an infant colony, rather than the fluctuating and superficial prosperity that ever marks the discovery of precious metals. Every old and experienced colonist will, no doubt, agree with me, that never again, or at least not for ages to come, will Victoria witness such really golden days as those that shone upon a thriving and sober-minded people, when the glittering fever-giving metal lay concealed in the rocks and depths of Mother Earth; when the burly ploughman and his fellow-labourers were wont to return from their daily tasks content with their humble lot and with all the world around them.

But such a comparatively happy state of things was not to be of long duration. The designs of an all-wise

Providence permitted that so beautiful and valuable a section of creation should remain in obscurity only until the Old World groaned to be relieved of its overcrowded population; well knowing that Man's insatiable thirst for gold would speedily accomplish His inscrutable decree, to go forth and people the uttermost parts of the earth, to which, wanting that allurements, emigration would most probably have progressed too tardily.

In illustration of my suggestion that the existence of gold was destined to remain hidden from the eye of Mammon-loving man for a given time, I will relate a statement recounted to me by my friend and brother-colonist, Mr. H. Anderson, as follows:—"About eight years before the actual discovery of gold, in walking over my sheep-station at Ballarat, accompanied by a neighbour-squatter, my curiosity was suddenly attracted towards a small piece of shining white quartz, in the fissures of which I detected several yellow glistening specks. 'Halloo,' Aitcheson!' exclaimed I; 'by Jupiter, here's gold, my boy!' doubting the truth of my own assertion in the same breath that I handed the quartz specimen for his inspection." The response of his equally sceptical companion, "Tut, man! golden nonsense!" so confirmed the doubts of Mr. Anderson, that, to use his own playful expression, "I took a shy with it at a pair of laughing-jackasses that had perched themselves on a gum-branch hard by, and which appeared, by their noisy cachinnations,

to be desirous of joining in the ridicule expressed by my squatter friend."

The *Ballarat Star* says:—"In the year 1847 a Mr. Phillips came out to South Australia as the professional representative of a mining company in England, and in connection with the mining undertakings at that time extant in South Australia. Pursuing his professional duties, he yet found time to indulge in experimental explorations. These latter, carried out in obedience to his own professional instincts, were also affected with the recollection of Sir R. Murchison's predictions of the existence of gold on this continent. In the very year in which he arrived he discovered gold in Hunter's Gully, on Metcalf's property, in South Australia, at a depth of twenty-five feet, and at a distance of about as many miles from the present Echunga diggings. Animated by this discovery, he made a survey of some 300 square miles of territory in the same province, the whole of which he discovered to be more or less auriferous. Mr. Phillips at once communicated the discovery to Sir Roderick Murchison, who in turn laid the information and the plans accompanying it before the Geological Society of London; and more recently, though too late for the then dying Sir Charles to know thereof or examine, he made a similar communication to the late Governor of Victoria, in support of an application the discoverer was then making for professional employment under the Victorian Government. In the letter

from Sir R. Murchison to Sir C. Hotham, another fact of some interest transpires. We quote the following from the letter in question:—

It fell to my lot, as you probably know, to speak some years earlier than any other person (1844-6) on the probability of gold being the product of Australia. And as Mr. Phillips is the person who first announced to me that he had detected it in your government (1847), I stated the fact in my letter of 1848 to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Grey, when I urged upon Her Majesty's Government to take the initiative in developing the auriferous resources of the region.

“ We have thus proof of the priority of Mr. Phillips's discovery, and of the fact that the Home Government were advertised of the fact of the discovery at the time. Sir Roderick appears, however, to confound the two colonies of South Australia and Victoria as being in Sir Charles Hotham's “ government.” While these communications were made to the *savans* in England, Mr. Phillips put himself in communication with Sir H. Young, the Governor of South Australia, and requested a grant of land for the more practical and beneficial development of his discoveries; but Sir Henry refused, on the ground that he had not the power, and that the very publication of the motive urged for the grant, would increase the difficulty of enhancing the value of the land. In 1849 Mr. Phillips communicated his discoveries to Mr. Latrobe, at that time Governor of Victoria, and told him he was in possession of gold obtained on the Pyrenees. He solicited from Mr.

Latrobe some recognition of his discoveries, and an appointment in Victoria, with a view to the development of its mineral resources, but with no success. Mr. Phillips says, in the pamphlet alluded to—

I laboured to persuade his late Excellency Sir C. J. Latrobe, in 1849, of the necessity and importance of a survey of this colony for its gold, with the offer of my services officially, and engaging to stake a year of my time in the result. His Excellency's very short reply to me was, *that he had not the power to appoint me to such a work*. I again wrote to this gentleman after the general discovery of gold in this colony, putting him in mind of my former letter, and the correctness of my judgment as then expressed, claiming some appointment in the gold-fields, as a recognition of my well-directed but disappointed efforts. His reply was not sufficiently encouraging, and I gave up the pursuit, until it occurred to me to suggest a gold-field map, as noticed below. This, I think, was handed over to the Surveyor-General for consideration, and I heard no more of it. In 1849 I wrote to many gentlemen in England, mercantile, scientific, and aristocratic, on the subject. I stated to his Lordship the Bishop of Adelaide, who had been cognizant of my efforts, that if the Imperial Parliament could be made duly aware of the importance of these colonies for their gold, they would institute a survey, and carefully guard the working of them.

Three or four years previous to the final discovery of the valuable metal, a large specimen of quartz, containing gold, was found at the Pyrenees by a lad in the employ of a squatter. Not knowing what course to pursue, he entrusted the specimen to a Monsieur Brentani, a watchmaker and jeweller in Melbourne, who immediately provided himself with

the necessary tools, and, taking with him a horse and cart, provisions, two labourers, and the *boy* to guide, hastened to the coveted locality. After a short time, however, the party quietly returned; upon which M. Brentani communicated the fact of the discovery of gold to His Honour Mr. La Trobe, and there the matter ended. A mere side-winded report passed before the public eye like a Will-o'-the wisp, and terminated at the expiration of the proverbial nine days. About the boy there were many wild conjectures; amongst others, that he was induced to take his departure by the receipt of a handsome bonus. The preservation of the secret, therefore, and the mysterious disappearance of the boy, have been attributed to the wise foresight of His Excellency Governor La Trobe. Thus, fortunately for the welfare of Victoria, the knowledge that gold existed at Ballarat and the Pyrenees, was kept in abeyance. The infant colony progressed under the steady hand of civilization, that it might the better be prepared for and enabled to sustain the never-to-be-forgotten "gold panic."

The discovery that gold existed in remunerative quantities occurred on the 9th day of August, 1851. As the effects of that event have already been elaborately discussed by able writers, I shall merely remark, that this incident so completely upset the equilibrium of men, women, and children—of the labouring classes particularly, in the first instance—that in three months the populous towns of Melbourne and Geelong assumed the appearance of de-

sented villages. The latter town was so denuded of the masculine gender, that a solitary man marching a street of the suburbs brought every wondering inhabitant to the door, and actually afforded an agreeable relief to the monotony of restless-flying petticoats.

The population of Geelong, in 1851, was 8291; and in four short months after the magic announcement, "Gold at Ballarat!" was confirmed, the number was reduced to 2850 souls only!

The far-famed and apparently inexhaustible gold-fields of Ballarat are distant from Geelong about fifty-six miles, and about seventy miles from Melbourne. All the monster nuggets have been extracted from the deep recesses of these diggings; and the ounce of gold from the Ballarat mines commands a higher price than that from any other—the Ovens excepted. The *Ballarat Star* thus announces the discovery of a monster nugget:—

Ballarat has once more placed itself in its old and proud position, of having produced from its auriferous treasures the largest mass of gold that has ever been discovered in its virgin state. After the finding of the Blanche Barkly nugget of 145lb. at Korong, about twelve months since, this honour, which had previously belonged to this district, was transferred to its northern rival. Last night, however, the palm of supremacy was again returned to Ballarat by the discovery of the largest mass of virgin gold that has ever been extracted from the earth. About half-past seven o'clock last (Wednesday) evening, the men at work at the Red Hill Gold Mining Company's claim on the Bakery Hill Lead, close to where it crosses the Black Hill Road, came

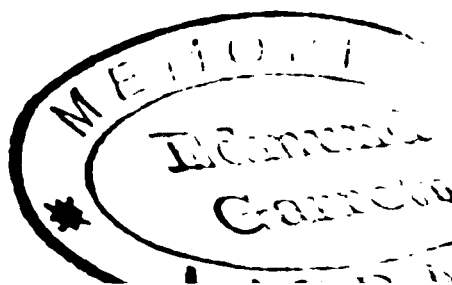
upon the "monster" whose auspicious advent we have now to chronicle. After half-an-hour's hard work they succeeded in getting it to the surface, when the joyful intelligence was immediately communicated to all the shareholders who were within reach. One of the shareholders called at our office with the news, and we proceeded to the spot for the purpose of having a personal examination of the interesting and welcome stranger.

To describe the appearance of this mass of gold, so as to convey an accurate impression of the figure it presents to the eye, almost surpasses our powers. As it lay upon the board undergoing the cleaning process by means of water, a sharp-pointed file, and a scrubbing-brush, we saw before us what imagination had often pictured during airy castle-building reveries, and large-nugget fancies, when treading over the upturned grounds and likely-looking gullies and flats of this richly auriferous district—a huge misshapen irregular lump of apparently molten gold, water-worn and rounded upon each of the numberless edges presented by a surface completely and more or less deeply honey-combed. Its total length is about twenty inches, its greatest breadth about twelve inches, and its greatest depth about eight inches. At one end it is thick and solid, approaching a cube of about ten by seven inches, and this tapers away for about fourteen inches of its length, until a narrow neck of not more than four inches in circumference joins it to a sort of minor projection, oval in shape, about twelve inches wide, six inches deep, and six inches long in the direction of entire length. The mass looks as though it had been formed by fusion in the matrix, and had fallen, as a lump of dough might be imagined to dispose itself, on a bed of irregular gravel. In colour it is as bright a yellow as Ballarat gold usually is, and is remarkably pure for so large a mass; but beyond its enormous size, which creates only a feeling

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of wonder and astonishment, the "welcome" nugget has nothing peculiar in its conformation. To all intents and purposes, however, it is veritably a huge nugget, after the fashion imprinted in the recollection of every Ballarat miner, and is the last and greatest of the wondrous offspring of the Queen of Goldfields.

The company which has met with this piece of good luck consists of twenty-four men, all of whom are Cornish men. They have been engaged in their present claim (which is about 190 feet deep, and is, we need hardly say, "old ground",) for seven or eight months, and since they occupied it they have met with several nuggets varying from twelve to forty-five ounces. The one of forty-five ounces was found a few days ago, not far from where the present one was lying, and in all probability more may be in the vicinity, as the finders were so overjoyed with their good fortune, that they did not spend a moment in examining the ground around the bed of the valuable waif, but got it to the surface without delay. When we visited it last night nearly all the shareholders were around it, cleaning it of the quartz, and washing it of the clay which filled its crevices. The mass on being weighed by a pair of steelyards, proved to be 175lb. avoirdupois. From this a deduction of, say, six or eight pounds, may be made for the clay and quartz sticking in the interstices. At a rough guess, therefore, the mass will be about 224lb. troy of pure gold, thus making it by a long way the biggest nugget that has ever yet been found. The owners propose to call it very appropriately the "Welcome Nugget;" and we are sure, while it will be so to them, it will be accepted in a like spirit by the colonists generally as a gratifying proof of the inexhaustible resources of our gold-fields, and of this one in particular. It was within 150 yards of the spot where this one was found that Messrs. Victor, Serjeant, and party discovered a



large nugget of about 47lb. shortly after the outbreak at the Eureka. The locality is on the south side of the road leading from Bakery Hill to the Black Hill Flat, and is near Mr. Burton's store, and almost immediately behind the store formerly occupied by Messrs. Williams and Hopkins. The mass—for we must now find another word than “nugget”—will be taken to the Treasury this morning, where the lucky owners will no doubt be glad to show it to all and sundry.

Fortune, however, is exceedingly chary of her favours in the work of gold finding. If ever there were a pursuit that might be termed a lottery, digging for the precious metal is one for its uncertainty beyond all others. Although some readers may ascribe such views as the following to a wormwood temperament, yet I hesitate not to assert, that it is indeed well for the common weal and the mental peace of mankind generally, that most of those who desert the honest employment in which they were reared should meet with ill success at gold-digging.

The results of gold mining operations, to the mining community—which must now number at least 140,000 souls—may fairly be estimated in the following rates:—One-fourth of the diggers realize little fortunes, perhaps, in a few months; one-fourth earn double wages; one-fourth slave and exist on visionary hopes and half-rations; whilst the other sad section, reduced to hopeless poverty, in the very midst of rich lodes of the hidden treasure, become tenants of a premature grave, or crowd into the hospitals and other charitable institutions of the country.

It is absurd in the extreme to imagine, that gentlemen reared in the lap of luxury, or young men employed in serving out goods from behind the counter, could possibly meet with any other fate at the lottery of gold-digging than that attending the latter portion. Although one hears of such things, yet it seems difficult to realize the truth that, in traversing the gold mines, strangers have frequently recognized in the person of the navvies' begrimed cook some old respected friend and schoolfellow, of high birth and education, happy in having obtained even that menial office, whereby to save himself from utter starvation.

From this source the mail-bag teemed with doleful accounts of sons to parents of how they had been cajoled into emigrating, &c. &c. Many wise men of this class, however, having observed that it was much easier to make money by the sale of a bag of flour for the sum of £10 to £15, the prime cost being but £5, than by the filthy slavish process of digging for gold-yielding clay, at the bottom of pits varying from 70 to 150 feet in depth, sold their digging kits, and turned their tents into depôts for the sale of tea, sugar, tobacco, and other necessaries of life, by which they generally amassed considerable wealth. In speaking of miners making fortunes, it should be remembered that a sum of money sufficient to place the worthy navvy in independent circumstances, would fall far short of the views and requirements of men in the middle and higher ranks of society.

In one instance, and doubtless in many more, within

twenty-four hours after an unfortunate gentleman had written to his friends in bitter disappointment, twelve sturdy navvies and miners were summoned to sit in council upon the mortal remains of the deceased writer. The jury "wished to axe his wurship the kurrenur what such poor hanimals wanted up there at all?"

"Genelmen," remarked the erudite foreman, "I mean to say as there's no use in losing one's valuable time in long 'xaminations; what do you say, Terence?"

"Say, bedad! an' it's O'Flaherty here that saw him dive in; sure thin, boys, he's committed *fell in the sea!*"

"Fell in, is it?" said the last-named juror, "Och! by my troth, honies, but he jumped in, and swum like a big nugget of gould."

"There now, listen to that, sir!" rejoined the foreman, "with that evidence afore us, Mr. Kurrenur, we brings in a wurdic as this 'ere genelman wur found dead in a water 'ole: and the wurst on it is that he's d—d the water of a beautiful clear spring for years to come; sartenly, every genelman of the jury's sorry for the poor beggar; still, they can't help sayin' as how that at the game of spade and crowbar he couldn't expect any better fate."

The most successful digger I met with, up to the year 1853, was a stonemason, who, in about fifteen months, realized upwards of £3000. I remember that when, mainly from motives of curiosity, I was at the Mount Alexander diggings in December, 1851, a very

worthy lad, who had been in my employ, came running towards me, in the most excited manner, begging I would make haste and go with him to see a "tremendous sight," as he termed it. Repairing to a densely crowded spot, I was speedily ushered into the presence of five muscular yellow-clayed miners, all in such a state of frenzied excitement that, had either one rejoiced in a superfluous amount of flesh and blood, apoplexy would in all probability have swelled up the respective shares of the lucky survivors. To further illustrate the uncertainty of such an occupation, here were five men who had left, as they said, employment which yielded to each of them from 45s. to 50s. per week, for the purpose of trying their fortunes at Mount Alexander. They had already sunk six deep holes, of from thirty to seventy feet each, without success; and, on that morning, had determined to abandon any further attempt, when, on further reflection, they agreed to try their luck once more; and, ere they had sunk to eight feet in depth, the long-sought treasure peered forth from its dark bed of oblivion in such quantities, that it was with difficulty the hoisting bucket could be drawn to the surface.

"Look 'ee here, sir," said the sturdy miner, plunging his bright shovel into the clay-washing tub, and the next instant raising to the surface with his brawny arms a shovelful of massive glittering nuggets. "There be no mistake in that, sir," continued he, with a self-approving laugh.

Within eight hours from first breaking ground upon

that morning, this persevering party had amassed 120lb. troy weight of virgin gold, which, at £48 sterling per pound for standard gold, would yield the sum of £5760. With this stroke of success, added to £500 or £600 for which they sold their further interest in the pit, the lucky fellows remarked, "they would return to their sweethearts and wives."

It is quite a mistake to suppose that, as a general rule, a spirit of recklessness and indifference prevails amongst the mining community as to the value of money. On the contrary, the majority of the fortunate section argue thus:—When in receipt of mere daily wages, the prices being extravagantly high for every article of food or clothing, the small balance left to them at the expiration of the week was so trifling, that they cared little how it went; but when they could lodge a good round sum to their credit at the "Bank," their ideas became suddenly elevated, and the laudable desire to invest their little capital in some substantial form was ever uppermost in their hearts—such, for instance, as the purchase of land, upon which to erect a home for themselves and their rising families; "educating their little 'uns," as they have often remarked to me, and thus strengthening the common bonds of good order and society generally.

Others, again, if alone in the world, would show their earnest desire to enlist in the more respectable ranks, by "popping the question" in real earnest to the first tidy spinster they might meet in the course of their holiday peregrinations. Whereupon, dear

Betsy would speedily announce to her indulgent mistress the very great sorrow she felt in being obliged to leave her service at so short a notice, and "hoped missis wouldn't stand in her way; but that, please mum, she was going to be married to-morrow morning to a lucky digger."

"What is his name, Betsy?" demanded the lady.

"If you please, mum, I don't know his name, only it's Jim Something, and we're to be married to-morrow morning by specific licence, he says, for three pounds ten, at half-past nine."

"Can't he wait a week, Betsy?" replied the mistress.

"A week, mum! Oh law no, mum! I'm certain he wouldn't wait a single minnit; for he wanted to finish the delicate job—as he called it—this evening, only the parson wouldn't give in to him. Good bye, mum, everything's right in the house; and I'm going now, so as to get ready for to-morrow morning; and my Jim's waiting outside for me to go shopping for the wedding. Good bye, mum; I'm very sorry; but it's a good thing as you've learnt to do so many things for yourself, mum!"

Such was the relative position between servants and employers during the first two or three years after the discovery of gold!

Dazzled with golden illusions, people of all nations came flocking into Victoria for several months in 1852, to the number, on an average, of 4000 weekly. Considerable anxiety was manifested during that period by

the local authorities, as to the consequences that might result from so unprecedented an influx of immigrants, and the want of house accommodation. Few instances occurred, however, of deserving families, or persons of any description, having suffered from such cause. Both the Government and the liberal Victorian public made ample provision for the host of voluntary fortune-seeking adventurers. Each person was lodged and rationed for the period of fourteen days, free of expense. At the expiration of the appointed time, they were required to leave, and give place to fresh arrivals. Many men, however, who came with a little money at their command, soon trotted off to the diggings; whilst the majority—penniless and ragged wretches—dependent upon street charity for their daily bread, doggedly refused to accept employment as labourers on farms, sheep-stations, or in any shape whatever, even at extravagant wages, until driven to it by starvation.

CHAPTER XIV.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.

WE will now devote a few pages to the conclusions that I have derived from my own experience in reference to emigration generally. Adventurers, whether with or without incumbrances, should make choice of the most recently discovered country, provided it be established by, and under the especial rule and patronage of, the British Government. The earlier they emigrate thither the better for their own interests. Their acquisitions, if discreetly chosen, however insignificant they may appear at the time, will certainly mature into valuable property at every step of the colony's advance, whereas emigration to long established countries, although more consonant with the feeling of civilized beings, is, nevertheless, but to add one more to the eager throng of struggling competitors, where the least experienced must necessarily go to the wall.

We have now to consider the advisability of emigrating to Victoria with the view of becoming a squatter or stockholder; what capital would be required; what might be the annual profits of a sheep station, at a fair computation; what is the nature of the risks and drawbacks usually attending such a pursuit; and

whether it requires a previous knowledge of the management of sheep, cattle, &c., to ensure ordinary success. The first three questions will be fully explained in succession. The latter may at once be replied to in the negative; although, as a matter of course, those squatters who possess a prior acquaintance with stock-farming have a decided advantage over the uninitiated. Good shepherds, however, combined with careful observation, soon impart a sufficient amount of knowledge to the master grazier to render him efficient in his special vocation. There has been so much disappointment and loss from imprudent speculation at the outset, that I must explain as a caution to the emigrant, how exceedingly hazardous a step it is on the part of any man, who has something to lose and everything to learn, to risk his capital in any merchandise whatever. A little reflection will make it obvious that the markets are so closely watched and forestalled by the clear-headed local merchant, that no inexperienced adventurer has the slightest chance of pushing forward his investment in opposition to the practical importer. Such a step taken, however, two miserable alternatives are left to him on his arrival in the colony: the one is to store his goods in a warehouse, and live on advances from the proprietor, in the daily hope of sale; and the other is, when thoroughly disgusted at repeated bills for store-rent, charges, &c., in utter despair to despatch his ill-starred wares to some first-chop auction mart, where, by virtue of the accustomed trimming and pruning process, in the shape

of commission, charges, samples, loss in number, and cost price, all taken into account, the poor deluded speculator may consider himself fortunate if he has left "to the good" one-third of his mutilated invoice. Much the wiser course to adopt, particularly to the small capitalist possessed of from three to five thousand pounds, would be to invest it in a bank bill of exchange, upon which a temporary loss could accrue only in the event of your losing the first bill, or upon your paying an untimely visit to Mr. David Jones's locker, as the sailors have it, *en route*. Should such an untoward fate as the latter event befall you, your second of exchange would be hailed by your heirs and successors as a remarkable illustration of your financial sagacity. On the other hand should you arrive in safety, lose no time in presenting your thirty-days-after-sight draft for acceptance, with orders to place it to your credit at maturity. Avoid unnecessary expense and insidious temptations. Avoid hotels for some more economic mode of living. One of the greatest possible safeguards to the tyro emigrant is a good letter of introduction from a colonist of character and influence.

Necessarily by far the greater number emigrate to the colonies with only a small capital. Let us then analyze the prospects of the adventurer desirous of entering upon a grazing speculation, whose little capital on landing amounts to the net sum of £3000. We will presume that he is a resident for at least six months ere he succeeds in locating himself advantageously. The balance available at the expiration of

that period, after paying the expense of board and lodging, horse hire, travelling expenses to stations for sale, commissions to agents, and the sundry little etceteras which the purse is heir to, would, in all probability, be reduced to £2800, £300 of which must of necessity be retained to defray current expenses, thus leaving a sum that would enable the purchaser to invest in a sheep-station of the smallest description only, which is invariably fully, if not over, stocked, to the great disadvantage of the buyer, who pays so much per head for the sheep, and has no further extent of pasture land upon which to graze his increase. Smaller stations are obviously conducted at a greater expense as compared with larger establishments. £2500 might be estimated to command the purchase of 3000 sheep, say at 28s. per head, with right of station, eight or ten working oxen, dray, and the usual etceteras included. The entire cost of the investment would amount to £4200, and the balance (£1700) would be secured to the vendor by virtue of a mortgage lien upon the general property, wool, &c., the sum borrowed bearing the usual interest of eight to ten per cent. per annum. With good management, the gross annual receipts from such an establishment might be computed at about £1639, subject to a reduction of at least thirty-five to forty per cent. for ordinary expenses. Annexed is a calculation of the general expenditure and returns of an establishment numbering 10,000 sheep, supposing the extent of pasturage to be equal

to the grazing of the increase, which I think will be found tolerably correct.

ESTIMATE of original cost, and annual profit and expenditure, of a grazing establishment numbering 10,000 sheep, 1860.

Prime cost of 6000 ewes and 4000 dry sheep, with right of station, working oxen, drays, and ordinary requisites, inclusive, say 10,000 sheep, at per head 30s., £15,000.

DR.	£	s.	d.
To 5 shepherds' wages, at per annum, £40 .	200	0	0
3 hutkeepers, at per annum, £30 . .	90	0	0
2 carters, at per annum, £50 . . .	100	0	0
1 gardener and wife	70	0	0
2 extra men, at per annum, £30 . .	60	0	0
1 cook for homestead	35	0	0
2 house servants, at per annum, £35 .	70	0	0
16, cost of food at per week, 9s., per ann.	374	0	0
6 men washing sheep, 3 weeks, say 19 days on pay each, at per diem, 12s. .	68	8	0
Food for do. each at per week, 9s. . .	8	2	0
Grog and tea double allowance . . .	6	10	0
Shearing 14,500 sheep and lambs, at per 100, 20s.	145	0	0
Food 10 shearers, 3 weeks, at 90s. . .	13	10	0
Grog allowed to do.	5	0	0
3 men to roll up wool and press, 19 days, per diem each at 10s.	28	10	0
1 wool sorter, 21 days, at 25s. . . .	26	5	0
Food, 4 men 3 weeks, at per week each, 9s.	5	8	0
150 wool bales at 5s. 6d.	41	5	0
Conveyance 150 bales to port at 7s. 6d. .	56	0	0
Sundry extra expenses of station . .	300	0	0
Government levy of £10 upon every 4000 sheep, and assessment on do. of 1½d. per head, also licence	150	0	0
Forward	£1852	18	0

Brought forward	1852	18	0
Annual interest on capital, 8 per cent. on £15,000	1200	0	0
Balance to credit	4597	2	0
	<u>£7650</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

	Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Annual clip of 10,000 sheep at 3½lbs. wool each, 35,000lbs. at per lb. 21d. .		3062	10	0
Annual clip of 4500 lambs (being 75 per cent. increase from 6000 ewes), at 1½lbs. wool each, 7875lbs., at 2s. .		787	10	0
Annual sale of 2000 wethers at 28s. .		2800	0	0
Ditto do. 2000 lambs, at 10s. .		1000	0	0
		<u>£7650</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

To the agricultural labourer I would say, hasten to Victoria, the country where you can obtain your £35 to £40 per annum, with an abundance of good food, and comfortable lodging into the bargain. But to the master agriculturist, much as I am interested in the rapid progress of that country, common honesty bids me affirm that, at the present extravagant rate of labour, or indeed with reference to farming interests generally in Victoria, I could not conscientiously recommend him to emigrate thither upon such a venture. The toilsome pursuit of an agriculturist is the least profitable of all colonial avocations, adapted only to the man who holds his plough and labours for himself. The corn is fully equal, if not superior to that of the mother-country, but the average crops are much in arrear of those in Great Britain. The climate

is of too arid and variable a nature to render farming pursuits sufficiently remunerative as a general rule to any but the labourer himself. Few experienced colonists but will agree in this exposition of the agricultural interests.

It needs no very specious form of argument to prove that there is an ample field for enterprising men of all professions, with the one unfortunate exception I have just named, in the rising empire of Australia. A country containing 3,000,000 square miles of land, 2977 miles in length, by a breadth of 2004 miles, with a population of about 1,000,000 souls only, with a portion of its coast-line, say 3500 miles, constantly traversed by a regular line of merchant steam-ships trading between the four thriving colonies of the great island continent, must surely offer unrivalled advantages in one shape or other to spirited adventurers. One of the most fervent prayers, however, of the Australian communities is, that their countries may not be inundated with that spurious race, the professional stump orators of the old world, who, having worn out the patience of their home constituents, too frequently seek a new sphere of action in countries whose interests and tendencies are totally at variance with time-worn customs and prejudices of antediluvian date. The colony has no need of such importations. The several colonies of Australia owe their rapid advance mainly to the high-minded and enterprising men, who, as mere youths, emigrated to the lands of the far South, and to the efforts of the frank and intellectual native-born

colonist. One of the grand secrets of success in colonial life is self-dependence. Never ask others, domestics excepted, to do that for you which you can do so much better for yourself. If your occupation be that of a squatter or an agriculturist, provide yourself with a box of useful tools; and should the pole or shaft of your dray be broken, turn to and make a new one with your own hands, instead of sending some fifty miles, and perhaps helplessly waiting for days and weeks, until it shall suit the pleasure of some capricious wheelwright to complete the work. Put your hand to do "impossible" things, and in nine cases out of ten the impossibility will vanish in proportion to the spirit with which the difficulty is encountered. If any person had suggested to the writer of this book that, notwithstanding his practical knowledge of early colonial country life, farming pursuits, &c., he could not build and roof a house as well as a corn stack, shoe a horse, or do anything ordinarily possible to be effected by perseverance, his reply would certainly have been one of cautious reservation and confidence combined, namely "Perhaps not, but I'll venture upon the trial." The author always found, that most difficulties were singularly easy to be overcome, if confronted with a confident and willing spirit. It is too much the custom of disappointed parents, to ship off their prodigal sons to some distant country—anywhere, in fact, so long as they cease to be a source of uneasiness and expense to them at home. Unfortunates of this description—happily a small section of the Victorian community—are too fre-

quently quoted as having fallen victims to the wanton misrepresentations of colonial journals and other publications, painting in too glowing colours the advantages of emigrating to Victoria. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Utter ruin, in those cases, implies—in too many instances—that the irreclaimable son has given way to his many evil propensities, and by continuous misconduct has been the author of his own destruction. If censure is to be attached to any particular cause or person, in such painful cases the cruelty, or perhaps, to speak more leniently, the fault, lies at the father's door, for sending the wretched ne'er-do-weel so far away from all controlling and kindly influences, to find, amidst unpitying strangers, irretrievable degradation or a premature grave.

Of all places in the world, however, to which to expatriate such unfortunates, a country inhabited by a gold-fevered community should be the very last chosen.

My late talented and lamented friend Mr. Charles Rowcroft, in his able work, *Man without a Profession*, might have added, with every degree of truth and reason, a still further amount of practical advice to parents. Paul, notwithstanding that he was educated for a higher profession, learnt the humble calling of a tent-maker. Peter, the emperor of Russia, learnt, as we all know, the art of ship-building; and there are hundreds of instances of great men having acquired the knowledge of some humble craft or other. Every young man should be early taught some parti-

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productions of the kind. It may be classed as a Chablis, possessing a remarkably agreeable aroma, and decidedly an exceedingly delicate and valuable wine.

With reference to lands for agricultural purposes, there has ever been a strong feeling of opposition, on the part of the non-squatting community, to the holding of large tracts of country under the liberal squatting regulations, to the exclusion and detriment, as it is urged, of capitalists desirous of investing their means in the purchase of land adapted for agriculture. The argument, that land absolutely required for so legitimate a purpose should always be made available to the public, no reasonable person will attempt to dispute for a moment. Such equitable view, however, after much unnecessary delay, was met by the Government in the proclamation, that all lands, within certain limits of sea-port towns, thenceforth to be designated the settled districts, were subject to be vacated at a few months' notice, upon conditions enacted by the local authorities, in the event of sale thereof being legally demanded.

The antagonism arising out of the vexed land question created a marked disunion between the squatters and the over-zealous advocates for sweeping land sales. The latter, seemingly, would fain sentence the poor grazier and his stock to be transported to the confines of the desert ; indeed, to this day, there exists, between these two sections of the Victorian community political hatred as fierce as that of the old Whigs and Tories.

The loud demands of the land-selling party were

not always attended with the anticipated results. Thousands of acres were occasionally exposed for sale, whilst it rarely occurred that more than one-half or two-thirds met with *bonâ fide* purchasers, even at the upset price. Of the portion sold as available for agricultural purposes, at least one-half remained untenanted for years—a result upon which I can speak but too practically, doubtless arising from the circumstance, that farming is not a profitable occupation. Upon no point have the colonial senators shown less legislative wisdom than in their attempts to introduce an advantageous arrangement for the disposal of Crown lands; and most assuredly, every step that is made with a view to a better adjustment of the vexed question not only seems to involve the matter in greater difficulty, but is marked with injustice and apparent disregard for the interests of the original landed proprietors.

From the overweening desire to oust squatters, the latter were driven from lands, in many instances, untenanted for years ensuing—lands that might otherwise have been profitable to themselves and beneficial to the country, in the production of those staple commodities of the colony, wool and fat stock. Now, I cannot reconcile it to myself that the individual who grows those two necessities of life, meat and wool, is not in every possible sense of as much value to the state, and worthy of as much consideration in public estimation, as he who follows the praiseworthy pursuit of an agriculturist. Both occupations form the

intrinsic wealth, the legitimate sources of prosperity, to the country at large, far in advance of gold mining. In what position would the colony of Victoria have been in the year 1853, had it not so happened that internal wealth had been gradually acquired from its first foundation, by the immense exports of wool to the northern country, and the thousands upon thousands of fat sheep and cattle to Tasmania? What appearance would the fine city of Melbourne, the towns of Geelong, Portland, Alberton, and Port Fairy, have assumed at that date, but for the early wealth derived from such happy sources? The forced land-selling, instead of enriching the colony, was the ostensible means whereby every farthing of the circulating medium was drained from the Banks and pockets of the people, and was to a very limited extent sent to England for emigration purposes, whilst the remainder was safely deposited in the then meagre coffers of the Sydney Treasury. There it was suffered to lie, to swell the apparent revenue of the capital of New South Wales—and, in not a few instances, unfairly appropriated to other uses—instead of being freely re-circulated amongst the communities from whence it was derived, by expending it on the necessary public works, roads, bridges, streets, wharves, and other innumerable improvements, calculated to advance the true interests of new colonies.

Many serious monetary panics happened to Victoria in its earlier years, purely from the mania for purchasing land, which was carried on, not only upon the

strength of individual capital, but, unfortunately, upon the senseless plan on both sides of trading upon their credit with the local banks, by adopting the very accommodating system of exchanging names upon acceptances at sundry dates, known under the significant appellation of "cross kite-flying." These practices resulted in general embarrassment; since the major part of the moneys thus acquired was immediately handed over to the hermetically-sealed Treasury chest of Sydney aforesaid, and thus became a dead letter to the deluded public, who were land-buyers to a man. By this suicidal system, they not only expended their individual pecuniary resources to the last shilling, but absorbed large amounts of specie from the banks in exchange for their bills, which, when they became due, were, to a serious extent, dishonoured, and so occasioned, not only the loss of many thousands of pounds to English joint-stock companies, but the dissolution of the first local banking establishment of Port Phillip.

The returns and value of agricultural produce did not afford the slightest aid in ameliorating the depressed condition of affairs. Even those landed proprietors who could pay for and retain their purchases, had so crippled their finances, that they were unable to carry out any laudable intentions of cultivating, or putting others in a position to cultivate, their respective lands. What, then, but helpless insolvency would have been the position of Victoria at this crisis without the seasonable revenue derived from the squatter's produce?

In illustrating the vast amount of good that has accrued to the colony from that source, I do not desire to see an undue diversion of public feeling in favour of the sheep-farmer, but to impress upon the reflecting colonists, that all contributors to the great fund of necessities have an equal claim upon social consideration and political sympathies. I say this, because there has been a tendency to overlook the proposition, that meat and clothing are as requisite as bread and potatoes.

Now as to the question, To emigrate, or not to emigrate? To architects, carpenters, bricklayers, and stonemasons; to sturdy labourers of all descriptions; to milliners and maidens, young or old, who want either husbands or places: to all these I can conscientiously say, "By all means, while the sun shines, make your way to any one of the Australian colonies."

The first on the list, and undoubtedly the best for families emigrating, is Victoria.

Second stands the great copper-producing colony of South Australia, the capital of which is called Adelaide.

Third comes Sydney, New South Wales. I have placed Adelaide as preferable to Sydney, because the recently-established colonies always afford a better field for enterprise of any description.

Fourthly, Queensland (Moreton Bay, about 600 miles from Sydney), on the eastern coast of Australia, affords an attractive field, not alone for the operative classes, but for all those who are not likely to be daunted at a few difficulties for much gain. Queens-

land is evidently destined to become one of the richest and most extensive cotton-producing countries in the world.

I must not, in common justice, omit from the list of colonies to which I would direct the especial attention of emigrants, the delightful and English-like little island of Tasmania; although, from its being so long settled, it necessarily stands, according to my argument, secondary to colonies of more recent formation. Gold is found there also; but I do not recommend any country upon that ground.

To young gentlemen with empty purses, who do not rejoice in any profession or calling, and who never earned their daily bread, I would unreservedly say, "Pray, for your own sakes as well as for the credit of the colonies, stay at home; since, for young men of your helpless stamp to leave the charitable shelter of your native land, is downright insanity." Young men, desirous of emigrating to Australia, but scarcely knowing their own helpless condition, will often remark, "Oh! I'll do anything—go shepherding, hut-keeping, bullock-driving; I don't care what it is." There is but one mode of reply to such benighted individuals, namely, "My dear fellow, who in their senses would employ a person totally ignorant of the duties required of him? Who would intrust a flock of 2000 sheep, valued at £2500, to the care of a man who hardly knows the head of a sheep from its tail?"

CHAPTER XV.

CLIMATE, ASPECT, AND PRODUCTIONS OF VICTORIA.

It appears somewhat remarkable that, in countries situate in such genial latitudes and so contiguous to each other as are Victoria and Tasmania, any material difference should exist in their climate, general aspect, and natural productions. The shores of either country run parallel to the other for upwards of 165 miles, and their average distance apart may be estimated at 180 miles. Judging from the long chain of islands and reefs, commencing near Wilson's Promontory and reaching across the straits to Cape Portland, it is not improbable, as I have before remarked, that Van Diemen's Land was, at some remote period, united to the Australian continent.

In climate there is an essential difference; and in the mutual absence of birds and animals indigenous to either colony. For instance, the dingo, the sloth, the flying toowan; the beautiful lyre-bird, the ibis, and many other kinds of the feathered tribe, are not found in Tasmania: nor, again, does Victoria contain the Van Diemonian tiger, the dasyrus or devil, or the mouse opossum; the mina, or the fine-eating large wattle bird. The emu of the former country is of a much

darker plumage, and insignificant in size, compared with that of the latter colony.

It will also be seen, by a reference to the following synopsis of the Victorian territory, that the available lands are considerably in excess of the unavailable; whilst the available lands of Tasmania are comprised in one-fourth of the whole.

The various lands of Victoria are estimated and classified as follows:—

	Acres.
Purchased land	2,761,516
Supposed auriferous	2,040,960
Agricultural land	2,779,640
Pastoral, first class	3,880,924
Pastoral, second class	11,609,750
Pastoral, third class	7,081,161
Barren waste lands	23,190,689
<hr/>	
Total area in acres	53,344,640

According to this estimate, there are, therefore,

	Acres.
Available lands	30,153,951
Unavailable ditto	23,190,689
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Surplus good, supposed auriferous } inclusive	6,963,262

The climate of Victoria, in a general point of view, is admirably adapted to the European constitution. During the Midsummer months, hot northerly winds occasionally visit the towns and settled districts, and bring with them fearful and destructive Bush fires, accompanied with clouds of smoke and dust, which have earned for such days the appellation of “Black

Thursday," "Hot Monday," &c. As the country becomes settled and well fed down, most probably such evils will be considerably remedied. One redeeming point, however, in reference to the hot wind, is, that it is always succeeded, on its ceasing, at about 4 o'clock P.M., by a delightfully cool and refreshing sea breeze. These great and rapid changes of temperature occurring in England, would, no doubt, be injurious to folks residing there, or in similar humid latitudes. A sudden change from 110° to 69° of Fahrenheit, within the period of twenty minutes, certainly does not wear the semblance of salubrity; nevertheless, it does not appear to injure the constitutions of the colonists in the slightest degree.

The mean temperature of Victoria, during the summer season, may be estimated at from 69° to 70° ; that of the winter at from 51° to 53° . The majority of flowering plants, which in most parts of Europe require so much nursing and delicate attention in the artificially-heated conservatory, flourish with astonishing luxuriance and beauty under the genial influence of an Australian sun, in the open air. In the verandah of my dwelling-house in Geelong, I planted a cactus, of the prickly triangular kind, in a large tub. In five years the stems attained to the height of twelve feet, and gave annually 140 rich violet-tinted blossoms. This plant was the admiration of all the neighbouring scientific florists, who strongly advised me to give it but little water. My observation, however, from long residence in the colonies, led me to conceive that most

local arrangements should be more or less antipodean, compared with those of Fatherland. I, therefore, flooded the plant with water three or four times in each week during eight months of the year. This imparted to the stems a beautiful green transparency and fulness, never to be acquired by any other known course of treatment—as was afterwards admitted by my gardening friends.

The trees and shrubs retain their foliage without change for years, until they are destroyed by the sweeping fires of the Bush, or yield to the effects of time. The annual amount of rain exceeds by eight inches the average of England, but, as it mostly descends in heavier showers, its beneficial results are more transient. The native sward, instead of presenting the grateful, soft, evergreen appearance of home meadows, wears, during nine months of the year, an aspect describable by no other term than *everbrown*. The aridity of the climate, however, has its compensations. A peculiar feature of the summer heat is, that it does not produce lassitude of the physical or mental energies. Such an unwelcome visitor as a genuine brown London fog is seldom if ever seen; neither, in the colonies, is there that continuous clouded gloom which distinguishes the atmosphere of England and its home dependencies: but, on the contrary, a cheerful sunshine prevails in those Southern latitudes for at least 280 days in the year. The pure delicious atmosphere is, moreover, so remarkably clear, that objects forty

miles away, appear to the eye as if but at half that distance.

The winter, although generally unattended with snow and ice, is nevertheless sufficiently cold to astonish persons recently arrived from England. I remember hearing one lady remark, during the month of June, in no measured terms, "Dear me! how provokingly ridiculous it was in my friends at home to persuade me against bringing out my nice comfortable sable muff and tippet. I wish from my heart those wiseacres who laughed at the mere idea, as they said, of taking such warm articles to a broiling climate, were freezing at my side just now." The white frosts are occasionally very severe; and there is almost as much demand for warm winter clothing, and as great a quantity of wood and coal consumed in Tasmania and Victoria, during the winter season, in proportion, as there is in the good old country.

The first-class pasture lands are generally composed of extensive open downs and beautiful park-like country. At the distance of ten miles from Geelong, the country westward presents a continuous, magnificent, and generally well grassed plain, nearly 100 miles in extent, by an average width of about 20 miles, the whole of which is now amply stocked. The sheep-walks, however, do not abound in the same succulent grasses or herbiferous pasturage, as is found in the prolific meadows of England. The average sward, even of the better class lands, is not more than equal



to the depasturing of one sheep per acre; whilst the second class may be rated at one sheep to every two acres—provided the animals be required to exceed common store condition. When the pasture lands are fenced and subdivided, they will, as a matter of course, maintain a greater proportion of stock, since a considerable amount of sward is annually destroyed by the daily driving out and home, and by the restless wanderings of the large flocks of sheep, which sometimes comprise as many as from 2000 to 3000, under one shepherd.

Graziers should not forget that the kangaroo grass, the most succulent of the Australian herbage, will soon be exterminated, and give place to a comparatively thin single-bladed spring grass, unless the lands are allowed to rest and yield seed of the former plant periodically, say, once in every three, or at the outside in every four years. Otherwise they should cultivate the vernal-leaved kangaroo grass in well-protected paddocks, for the seeding of the other portions of their stations. The lands of Tasmania, being longer settled, give ample evidence of the necessity for such a precaution. During my riding excursions in that colony, between the Lake River and Launceston, I have often been forcibly impressed with the necessity of thus renewing the native sward, from observing that the herbage in many places was literally eaten to the roots, and the face of the soil wore a mossy appearance from the meagre and diminutive spring grass. On one occasion, however, whilst quietly pursuing my journey

through Woolmers, the noble estate of Mr. Thomas Archer, and, amongst other things, musing upon the rich pasturage of early times, compared with the barren aspect of the sheep-walks at that moment, I was most agreeably surprised in beholding the novel sight of a spacious enclosure of waving kangaroo grass high and thick-standing as a good crop of oats, and evidently preserved for seed. Unless similar precautionary measures are adopted in Victoria, the number of acres required to maintain a flock of 1000 sheep will soon compel the squatters to admit the necessity of acting up to the above suggestion.

So remarkably luxuriant was the kangaroo grass at the first occupation of our stations at Lakes Colac and Korangamyte, that, in seeding time, the high stalks concealed our flocks, precisely as if they had penetrated into the midst of a field of tall wheat-plants. Such things, however, have passed away never to return, unless specially fostered by the wise and prudent foresight of the princely graziers.

The agricultural lands are, as a general rule, extremely good, and mainly composed of fine black, red, and rich alluvial soils. The development of their corn-producing powers, however, receives an irremediable check from the aridity of the climate, excepting in such counties as Heytesbury and Villiers at Port Fairy, which forms a serious drawback to farming pursuits, an evil, it is to be feared, that will increase in proportion as the lands become cultivated and depastured.

When the colony was first settled, great difficulty was experienced in riding over the country at any pace exceeding that known as the farmer's jog-trot. The untrodden sward, at that early period, during the winter season particularly, was literally comparable to a bed of sponge; our horses sank to the fetlock at almost every step. The soil upon the summits of the highest hills, also, was so remarkably "tender" throughout many months of the year, as to render fast riding over them absolutely dangerous, if not impracticable—as the bemired scarlet apparel of the bold hunter would frequently attest.

The dews of early morn, in those primitive days of Victoria, were so profuse that, to preserve the feet of our flocks—and, in truth, to prevent their losing them altogether from foot-rot—we were compelled to detain them in the folds in which they were yarded every night until nine and ten o'clock in the morning, throughout the summer months. One of the first duties imposed upon us, who were amongst the earliest sojourners in tents at Port Phillip, was, immediately upon rising from our stretcher-couches, to commence a universal shaking of top blankets, upon which the sparkling dew usually lodged during the nights, in the proportion of one crystal drop to every hair. No sooner had the rich native pastures been well fed down, and, as a consequence, every square inch of land continually impressed with the weight of thousands upon thousands of the sharp little hoofs of sheep, than the whole of the occupied country

in to assume a totally different aspect. A two
s' occupation, in most instances, rendered a
on so "firm," that horse-racing, kangaroo, emu,
dingo (native fox) hunting, with or without
ids, formed one of the principal sources of amuse-
t to the light-hearted squatters. So much had
climate changed, at last, that a heavy dew was
ed with special marks of delight; and the rain,
ead of being retained by the spongy earth, as of
passed away over the hardened ground in the
e of so much extra surface water. From this
e, the rivers were occasionally swollen to such a
ht and extent as had never been known before in
iginal recollections.

is unfortunately too true of the colony of
oria generally, that it is but indifferently supplied
a good water. This serious want, however, may
asily and effectually obviated by the retention of
ace water by dams and reservoirs. In many
ances where sinking has been resorted to, the
It has been an abundance of water, but either as
as pickling brine, or so brackish, as to be totally unfit
ny purpose. Another most remarkable peculiarity
he country along the southern shores of Australia
hat, where the beaches are bounded by slightly
ated banks or higher lands, good fresh water may,
e majority of cases, be obtained by digging to the
h of one foot, or a little more, immediately upon
bounds of high water-mark. A few hundred
ls distant from our first sheep-station, which we

named St. Leonard's, and in close proximity to the River Burwan, may be seen two deep and extensive natural reservoirs, always maintaining an abundant supply of water, and separated from each other only by a narrow green bank, twelve or fourteen feet wide at the top, and twenty feet wide at the base. The pond nearest to the river, about a hundred yards distant, produced fresh water of the most pure and delicious character, whilst, upon the shallow margin of its saline neighbour, during the hot summer months, might be gathered in considerable quantities bright, sparkling, snow-white salt.

The plains are everywhere studded with large, shallow, briny lagoons, the waters of which are annually converted into beautiful salt, by exposure to the sun.

I had almost forgotten to relate a singular fact in connection with the extensive plains of Victoria, and, I presume, of Australia generally, to which, however, I will now refer.

During the first few months of our sojourn in Victoria, when sometimes cantering over those beautiful downs upon a roasting hot day, upon our way home, or at the conclusion of an exciting emu-hunt, our eyes were frequently gratified with the sight, to all appearance, of a small lake containing fresh water, shining and waving in the distance. A mile and a half's ride sometimes brought us to the desired object, when we found, to our great annoyance, that the liquid was neither more nor less than a powerful

infusion of salt. Oftener, however, at the end of a long canter, from not finding either a lagoon or water of any description, we have concluded that we must have carelessly advanced towards the locality—notwithstanding that our course was marked by a distant tree or little hill—and thus lost sight of the lake we had so plainly seen and were desirous of reaching.

This occurred to us repeatedly, until, on one occasion, seeing a similar lake in the distance, we advanced towards it more rapidly than before. The plains being composed of undulating land, the object of our curiosity was occasionally hidden from our view. Taking Mount Gellibrand, however, as our beacon, we rode in a direct line for it; when, on ascending its banks and looking around us, we observed the apparent lagoon from half to three-quarters of a mile to our right. Determined to satisfy ourselves upon the mysterious point, we immediately galloped towards it, when, after another sharp canter of a mile and a quarter, to our great astonishment, instead of coming up to water, we became suddenly enveloped in a dense gaseous fluid, floating about our persons with a light rushing noise, and distinctly perceptible to the eye. To complete our surprise, ere one minute had elapsed, the fleeting vapour had passed away to the distance of nearly one hundred yards! Upon seeing this we arrived at the conclusion, that we had been in hot pursuit of a flying Mirage.

The great salt Lake Korangamyte, fifty-seven miles west of Geelong, is at least eighty miles in

circumference, is very shallow, and so excessively salt, that it is a question if fish could exist for a day in such a pickle-tub. Certainly, none had been seen during my time, excepting a species of white-bait, that were caught at the embouchures of the creek called the Pâring Yaloke, and other rivulets around its extensive shores. The evaporation of its wide-spread shallow waters, about Midsummer, is so great that, in many sections of its borders, the water recedes to the distance of at least a quarter of a mile, and gives to the parched salt sands and rocks, an appearance, similar to that of shallow sea-shores at ebb-tide. It is not until late in the winter months, therefore, that the waters of Korangamyte are replenished. The surplus quantity runs off by an insignificant outlet, forming in summer-time a continuous chain of various-sized ponds, called by the natives Wordy Yaloke.

I have frequently seen both cattle and sheep drink, though but sparingly, of the briny liquid; but I was always impressed with the idea, that they were prompted by instinct to do so medicinally. Salt as are its waters, the lake nevertheless teems with myriads of black swans, ducks, teal, pelicans, gray and snow-white cranes, and innumerable other kinds of waterfowl. These birds resort, principally, to the embouchures of the rivulets flowing into this extensive inland sea. Of the first named, I have frequently seen—in one flock—upwards of 3000.

Lake Colac, distant only four miles from Korangamyte, is a beautiful sheet of fresh water, representing an

oval about five miles long and two broad. It is remarkably shallow, not exceeding in its deepest parts seven or eight feet. Colac presents an exceedingly interesting appearance: its usually placid surface is always adorned with flocks of ducks, geese, and majestic black swans. The musical and plaintive notes of those swans add a peculiar charm to the quiet and picturesque scenery that surrounds the lake. I resided upon its pretty undulating banks some three or four years, in a state of unalloyed happiness never to be forgotten. I am not aware of its possessing any piscatory advantages over the salt lake. Considerable evaporation takes place in this lake also. During the years 1839 and 1840, great fears were entertained that beautiful Colac was doomed to dwindle into a chain of dirty duck-ponds. In after years, however, the rains fell plenteously, and again covered its original area. The outlet for the surplus water flowing into it from the surrounding hills is effected by the mere overflowing of its north-eastern extremity over the low marshy lands continuously from nine to ten miles until it reaches to the River Burwan.

During the summer months, a considerable trade is carried on in the collection and transport of salt, from the innumerable shallow lagoons to be found on the extensive plains of the western or Geelong district, to the seaport towns of Melbourne and Geelong. Hundreds upon hundreds of tons of the most pure and snow-white salt are annually procured from those natural sources, varying in kind, from that adapted to table

- uses to the fine clear crystallized sort, which has proved of great value in the preservation of beef and pork. The large boulders, of less pure quality, are seldom disturbed, although I have frequently seen a similar article imported from England for the use of sheep and cattle. The almost universal impregnation of the soil of Victoria with saline matter, so far at least as applies to its extensive plains and lowlands, affords much and interesting matter for geological inquiry.

Victoria displays unquestionable evidence of having been, at some period, subject to fearful volcanic eruptions. The beautiful sheep-walks of the plains, as well as almost every other part of the colony, are studded with conical-shaped hills, in each of which may be seen large craters, long extinct, representing a hollow inverted cone, from fifty to one hundred feet in depth, clothed with grass and copsewood. In the immediate vicinity of these—indeed I may say for miles around them—are to be found quantities of pumice and iron stone, the former being light as a sponge; each specimen, however, is perforated with holes, from having been at some time in a state of fusion. The Warrian Hills present an exceedingly remarkable illustration of volcanic action. They are situated in part between Lakes Colac and Korangamyte. On that portion of them, bounding the last-named lake, there are, several exhausted craters, within a circuit of five miles. The bottom of each forms a beautiful little salt lake, fringed with evergreen shrubs, and covered with an abundance of wild fowl, which, when viewed from the heights

CLIMATE, ASPECT, ETC.

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around appeared like their respective kinds in miniature. Each sheet of water is divided from its neighbour, by a lightly-timbered grassy bank, twenty or thirty feet wide at its summit, increasing to a proportionate width as it approaches the water line or level. While, therefore, the visitor is awed by these vestiges of past convulsions, he cannot but feel exquisite delight and admiration at the picturesque beauty of the scene.

Countless stony mounds and granite rocks prevail throughout the lowlands around the Warriar Hills, as well as for miles around the base of the dark frowning Mount, Parndon; which is situate on the southern boundary of Korangamyte. These bear witness to the fearful throes of Nature, when heaving up from the deep recesses, the giant masses of solid rock.* Mixed heaps of pumice, granite, and porous ironstone lie in confusion incredible, resembling the waves of a raging short cross-sea. Yet, there in the midst of all this ancient ruin, do stout-hearted men, with their wives and children, reside in thoughtless and happy serenity, not dreaming that the ban of Providence will ever again disturb those romantic scenes, or ordain a recurrence of such fearful visitations. Thus they confidently pursue the uneven tenor of their way, troubling their minds with no other thought, than the welfare of their flocks and herds, that daily traverse those densely-timbered and intricate mazes. The pasture generally, in the little

* Called the Stony Rises.

narrow passes between each mound of rock, is singularly rich and plentiful.

Mount Parndon, in the centre of which, as I am informed, there is an immense extinct crater, must be between 500 and 600 feet in height, is also densely wooded, and wears even in the midst of sunshine a grim and uninviting aspect. It is situate about seven miles from the south-western shore of Lake Korangamyte. I repent that, although it was within twelve or fourteen miles only of my station at Colac, I was never tempted by curiosity to visit that portentous-looking isolated mount. At its western base lies the deep and sequestered Lake Purrambete, which is about three to four miles in circumference, and ever wears an appearance of tranquil and romantic solemnity. Upon the margin of this fine fresh-water lake are situated the extensive stations of those estimable colonists, the Messrs. Manifold, who are the largest cattle-holders in Victoria. The last-named lake is, I should say, about five miles only from the bitter salt Korangamyte, into which, I believe, its surplus water is emptied.

How many things in our wondrous little world, when not required to meet the every-day wants, or calculated to add to the immediate comfort and convenience of man, are deemed insignificant! How often it surprises the unreflecting, that objects, apparently so useless, should ever have been created! Unassuming as they are, however, in certain cases, they become more precious than molten gold. Here is an illustration.

The dense growth of a small tree, bearing the native

appellation "Mallee," forms an almost impenetrable scrub, and always indicates regions barren and desolate in the extreme. The whole of the pastoral country in the rich western district of Victoria was speedily occupied, up to the very borders of the mallee forest, the nearest point of which was about 200 miles inland from Geelong. Upon that boundary the squatters were accustomed to look, much in the same light as at another great China Wall; as if it implied, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther." A spirited flock-master, however, whose station became included within the bounds of the settled districts—that is, Crown lands liable to be put up for sale at short notice—determined to pierce through the wilderness, with a view to exploring the country beyond it. Setting out, therefore, with his enduring pack-ox, accompanied by one European and one native, he marched for days together in prosecution of his laudable adventure, until he arrived in safety upon the margin of the celebrated barrier, the "mallee scrub."

Searching for the most eligible point, the little party boldly entered the dense forest, and, under the burning rays of a summer sun, they pursued their course for two whole days. Their little keg of water became exhausted, and, as they found neither springs nor water-holes, they became apprehensive and were about to retrace their steps.

"'Top a minnit, mâter," said the native; "me hear 'nudder one blackfella say, blendy water in dem drees." So saying; with his inseparable companion, the toma-

hawk, he quickly made a deep incision in the trunk of a mallee-tree, but without the desired result. Foiled at that point, he fell on his knees, and tracing the course of one of the largest roots soon laid it bare of soil for several feet. Upon striking into it close to the butt of the tree it was easily severed, and, from its curious porous texture, yielded a considerable quantity of fresh drinkable water—thus reviving the truth, that Providence is ever more thoughtful and bountiful in its provision for the wants of Man, than his graceless conduct merits! The waters of the mallee-tree, so auspiciously discovered, rendered the tour in search of new pastures, most successful.

The Victorian rivers are not numerous, but one at least, which might be called the Nile of Australia and is situate upon the northern boundaries of the colony, is evidently destined to become of vast importance in the development of wealth, which would otherwise have lain dormant for years in the heart of Australia. The River Murray has already ennobled its fame by the proof that it is navigable for small steam-packets to the extent of 1350 miles. It rises at the base of Mount Kosciuszko, the highest point of the Australian Alps, and falls into Lake Alexandrina, near Adelaide, after a course estimated at 1500 miles. The lake, however, scarcely exceeds four feet in its deepest parts, and is sealed against communication with the sea by a perpetual heavy surf and a shifting barrier of sand. There is hope, from the following extract, from an Adelaide paper, that the Darling also is navigable:—

“Captain Cadell, accompanied by his brother in office, has penetrated up the Darling to a considerable distance beyond what have hitherto been considered the navigable limits. They reached as far as Mount Murchison, which is one-third of the distance from the coast of South Australia to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Captain Cadell states that at this point the Darling is a wider river than lower down. The *Gemini* succeeded in steaming up 800 or 900 miles of the Darling and tributary streams.”

The River Yarra-Yarra constitutes a limited means of approach to Melbourne, by water, of nine miles in length.

The Murray, Goulbourn, Murrumbidgee, and Darling Rivers abound in a fine species of cod fish, varying in weight from twelve to sixty pounds. The rivers, generally, are miserably barren of sport to the devotees of Isaak Walton. The colonial fish-markets cannot boast of a superabundant supply, although the inland sea and bays of Port Phillip teem with fine whiting, bream, rock cod, and other kinds of edible fish. The two crowning specimens, however, of Victorian production are the snapper and the sand-mullet; the latter fish resembles in taste and appearance the sea-salmon, caught in the rivers on the northern coasts of France.

Of the feathered tribes in Victoria, to be classed under the head of game, there is a great paucity. The most numerous kind is the quail, of which there are three different species, namely, the brown or

partridge quail, the gray or field quail, and the painted quail. The snipe is nearly as large as the hen woodcock, and tolerably plentiful in season. Geese, ducks, and plover finish up the game list, unless we may stretch a point and include one of the finest edible birds in existence, known as the "turkey-bustard." They resemble the Nubian bustard, are extremely shy, and will not suffer a man on foot to approach within 150 yards of them. From having observed that I was less objectionable to the bustard when on horseback, I soon trained my steed to stand fire; and by this arrangement succeeded in shooting numbers of them. Some of the male birds have weighed, when plucked and prepared for roasting, as much as nineteen pounds. Its flesh bears a strong resemblance, both in taste and appearance, to blackcock and grouse. The exterior half of the breast is of a deep brown colour and full of rich flavour; whilst the under portion is beautifully white and delicate as that of a young pullet. Indeed, the bustard, when well kept and well cooked, forms an unrivalled dish, such as might tempt the most fastidious connoisseur. I cannot affirm that this noble bird is very numerous, nor can it be expected that it should be so, for it lays but one egg annually, and selects, as if purposely to court the destruction of its offspring, the most open and exposed situations on the plains to make its nest—if a shallow scratched hole, with two or three dry sticks, can be so termed.

The native mode of capturing the turkey-bustard is both clever and amusing. "Wah! Mitter Looyed!"

suddenly exclaimed my sable companion, Tooloom, to me one day, whilst standing together at my home station at Colac, pointing at the same instant to a fine bird strutting about within half a mile of us. "You lika tee dis blackfella ketchum? Eh?"

"Yes," I replied; "if Tooloom will catch him, I'll give plenty of sugar, bread, and a piece of tobacco."

Upon hearing that tempting promise, the native quickly gathered a number of small branches from a clump of young saplings, interwove them to form a large screen, about three feet square, and arranged the outside so as to resemble a natural bush. Proceeding to his "miam miam" close by, he returned with a light springy rod, eighteen or twenty feet long, at the end of which was a loop made of native flax grass; having struck down a poor little bird, he attached it to the rod about three inches in the rear of the loop. He now advanced, holding the screen towards his destined prey, who, with crouching head, had been stealthily sneaking away during the period expended in preparation. Every black stump and tree, dead log, or high tuft of grass, was taken advantage of, to aid in the advance of the cunning native hunter; who took especial care to conceal his black shining person behind the shield of green leaves. Arrived within sixty yards of the stupid unconscious bird, he performed a series of gymnastic feats, for the further propulsion of his lithe body, only to be described as in imitation of serpents, cats, and caterpillars—not omitting the difficult act of walking in a sitting

position; at the same time, carrying the screen in his strong white teeth, and the long light snaring-stick between his useful toes. When within thirty yards of the proud-strutting bustard, he launched the quivering rod through a small opening of the bushy screen; and imparting to it a singularly tremulous motion, caused the little dead bird to flutter its wings and feathers, apparently as if alive and in the act of struggling to effect its escape; in the same breath chirruping the note of distress peculiar to the poor victim wren. Every moment the scene became more and more exciting, and as I was but a quarter of a mile off, and furnished with a good telescope, I was enabled to witness every movement on the part of the hunter and his prey. Inch by inch, the native had now approached to within twenty feet of the unsuspecting bird, who, tempted beyond measure, could no longer resist the prospect of so tender a morsel as the little dead wren presented, and now began to approach in his turn, but with an exceedingly cautious bearing. At this stage of the proceedings, every hair of my head seemed to thrill with nervous excitement, and I felt, moreover, as if I dared not move for my very life, lest I should make a noise and spoil the whole affair. Nearer, nearer, and nearer, at each instant, came the stupid bustard, with outstretched head and neck, when, arrived within one little yard of the twittering bait, the stately bird became so much excited with the desire of devouring the lifeless wren, that in eager haste he made the fatal dart, unconscious of



the encircling loop, which, with a dexterous turn of the hands in something of the mop-rinsing style, was instantly tightened around his throat, and the fine turkey-bustard was speedily numbered amongst the slain.

The black swan is certainly not tempting as an article of food, as I learnt when kindly invited to dine with an old friend, upon a long-promised delicacy; a dish that few, beside his own cook, could serve up with *éclat*. The day and hour having arrived to enjoy the feast, half-a-dozen of us hungry souls placed our knees under the hospitable board. Our worthy host, after grace, remarked, with a dash of "my landlord's" pride, "Gentlemen, I have much pleasure in introducing to your notice as fine and delicious a bird as ever decked the table of either ancient or modern epicure—a black swan, quite young, termed in zoographical parlance a cygnet; shot by myself, too, in Korangamyte, now six days past." Having safely delivered himself of the aforesaid laudatory speech, the hospitable host proceeded to afford his dinner-loving guests an opportunity of confirming his enthusiastic representations; and suiting the action to the words, "Now then, my boys," with an air of confident success, he passed his best Sheffield carver along the dark brown, fleshy breast.

Horrible to relate, he effected, not a deep incision, but a nerve-exasperating sound, similar to that elicited from a pane of glass when played upon by the wetted finger of some wilful boy. As a wag of the party remarked, had railways existed in that locality, one

would have exclaimed, "Holla, boys, here comes the train!" Poor panic-struck host! The sheer steel blade, backed by the most persevering energy on his part, failed to dis sever the tough muscular fibres of the tempting brown breast. In despair he forthwith summoned the cook, and in a tone of emphatic indignation ordered him to boil the obdurate bird to shreds, and to send up oceans of mutton cutlets by express train. The meeting, however, after doing ample justice to the squatter's standard dish, mutton chops, resolved unanimously, that the noble aquatic bird known to ornithologists as the cygnet was a species of caoutchouc, was all outside show, and useful to woman-kind only for its soft white down. Verily, as I have before remarked, if tender-hearted ladies but knew the fearful ordeal passed by that poor harmless bird, to render its downy skin available for the manufacture of boas, tippets, &c., I suspect the far-famed "swan's down" would be alike unpopular with "swan's flesh."

The general character of the birds of Australia is now well known, and there are many living specimens of them to be seen at the Zoological Gardens in England and France. Gould gives a most comprehensive history and natural representation of them. I do not remember, however, to have seen any representation of the beautiful bronze-feathered ibis, that visits the vicinity of Colac periodically; it is in size and form similar to the curlew. The talagalla, or brush turkey, of other parts of Australia, is not of

the same form or habits with the turkey-bustard of Victoria.

There are but few animals indigenous to Victoria, or indeed to Australia generally. It may be inferred, therefore, that, since the natives of Port Phillip depended but in a slight degree upon fish as an article of food, the aboriginal population—as is the fact—was necessarily limited.

The reptile tribe resemble, in every particular, those of Tasmania; which I have briefly described.

It is matter of surprise that so much of the interior of Australia should have remained undiscovered for such a length of time. There was not, however, any lack of enterprise on the part of the people. The inhabitants of Sydney, headed by that talented and patriotic colonist, Mr. W. C. Wentworth, so far from being discouraged by the narrow-minded jealousy and condemnatory policy of the colonial authorities, determined, to fit out an expedition; to adopt plans for the discovery of new country beyond the settled districts; and, in fact, to complete the tour of the entire Australian continent, as suggested by that eminent traveller Dr. Liechardt. Readily acceding to the wishes of the colonists, he entered upon the interesting mission, and, after an absence of many months, returned to communicate much valuable and important information. In the course of his trip to Port Essington, amongst other things, in 1845 he discovered large herds of buffaloes, in about latitude 15°.

The Government, now shamed into acquiescence, countenanced and assisted the second expedition, under the management of the same talented leader; but from this he never returned. There is every reason to believe that he succeeded in penetrating through some 2000 miles of unknown regions, to a point near to the extremity of Cape York, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. Here, about two years after, were discovered the bleached bones of Europeans, supposed to be those of the unfortunate explorer and his devoted band. The knowledge of the country in that direction consequently expired with the lost travellers. The last intelligence on record of the lamented Dr. Liechardt and his enterprising companions, is their departure from the station of a Mr. Macpherson, known by the native appellation of Coogoon, bound for Swan River; which occurred in the month of March, 1848.

Conjecture can only assume, that they must have been surprised by the savages and mercilessly slain; or that, more probably, with an exhausted commissariat, they had penetrated far beyond the reach of human succour. Sad fate for so generous a patriot! I do not remember of any search having been instituted for him by the authorities. There is, however, an impression on my mind, that the memory at least of the adventurous traveller has received honour at the hands of his admiring brother-colonists, in the erection of a handsome monument.

Australian discovery owes much to Messrs. Oxley, Hume, Hovell, and Sir Thomas Mitchell (knighted in

consequence), but particularly to Captain Sturt, who in an early stage of the colony courageously explored and navigated the River Murray, almost from end to end. This gentleman, first in the list of Australian explorers, was the earliest discoverer of the vast and fiery desert region, situate in the centre of Australia, from whence, doubtless, originates the parching hot winds occasionally felt over almost every portion of the great island continent. Central Australia, at present, is but little known, but doubtless, ere many years shall have elapsed, its inmost regions will be penetrated by numbers of pioneering squatters, with their flocks and herds grazing around them in undisturbed security, and each comfortable homestead displaying an appearance of tranquillity and civilization, as if those hitherto unreclaimed regions had been inhabited from the earliest days of the colony.

CHAPTER XVI.

AUTHOR'S FIRST RESIDENCE IN PORT PHILLIP.

MY worthy naval uncle taught me the rustic art of Bush-farming at a very early age; but, as it pleased an overruling Providence to call him to his account ere he had completed his forty-second year, and after a short residence of three years in Tasmania, I was left a young and inexperienced farmer, to plough and sow for myself. This rural but non-paying occupation I diligently followed, until the auspicious re-discovery of Australia Felix (Victoria) in 1835. In the ensuing year, I, in common with numbers of my enterprising brother-colonists of Tasmania, was suddenly seized with the epidemic which prompted so many to emigrate to the new El Dorado. I therefore eagerly sold my farm of 800 acres with all its appurtenances, invested my little capital in sheep, and, in company with a brother and friends, soon found myself safely deposited upon the *terra firma* of Australia Felix, which, however, we did not think so particularly *firm*, for, within a few hours of landing, at the dark silent hour of midnight, we were nearly thrown out of our comfortable stretchers by the unmistakable shock of an earthquake. Our vessel

the schooner *Gem*, freighted with precious ewes, horses, and stores for a six months' supply, arrived off Geelong early in April, 1837, simultaneously with the ships of Messrs. Gray & Austin. Point Henry, our only landing-place, was not celebrated at that time for being the most convenient spot on the shores of Port Phillip, in the matter of wharfage accommodation; and, so far as we were concerned, whenever business was required to be done in the way of landing sheep or goods, by some unfortunate arrangement it was always low water. The sailors, therefore, and not unfrequently the adventurers, had the extreme felicity of shouldering their bags of flour, and trundling heavy casks of Irish pork, knee-deep in soft mud and water, for at least 150 yards; abounding, too, with that insidious and most dangerous fish, the spear-barbed stinging ray. The necessity of hoisting up the poor half-baked sheep from the steaming hold of a dirty stock-ship, and immersing them in cold salt water, was of serious injury to our future prospects, as it caused the death of hundreds of those invaluable animals. The difficulties encountered on first landing in a new country are necessarily very trying, but, so much hilarity existed in the minds of our enterprising party, that all obstacles were met in a true spirit of manliness and patient philosophy.

Often and most vividly do those primitive days, so replete with pleasure and delight, recur to my memory, when I made one at the daily festive board of those happy boon companions, with their merry faces and

hearts as light as ever met in Christendom. In the attempt to describe such scenes, I must ask the reader to picture to himself a sort of gipsy encampment, where each man might be seen firmly seated upon his bucket or iron pot, around the cheerful blazing Bush-fire, or at the little camp table, gladdened by a glorious blue ethereal sky, studded with myriads of twinkling stars for his roof; supping, with lordly independence, on his accustomed meal of dark brown double-mildewed biscuit, and a briny junk of prime mess Irish pork, which, as a rhymer of our party was wont to remark—when fired by the Muses—when seasoned with strong cups of milkless tea, always went down with great *éclat* and glee. I must here state, for the benefit of new colonists, that, during the early days of our sojourn in the strange land, we made a grand discovery in reference to prime mess pork; one too, that became extremely popular from the double fact that, whilst it rendered salt fat meat much more palatable, it effectually counteracted the scorbutic tendencies resulting from saline food. The prescription is not one of a complicated nature, and may be registered in few words, namely, to one junk—say four pounds—of mess pork, consume at least one pound of well-preserved raspberry jam, or red currant jelly; the former is preferable.

“What’s for dinner to-day, cook?” facetiously demanded his master, Mr. James Austin.

“Brown biscuit, pork, and raspberry jam, sir,” was the ready reply.

“Eh! What! Why we had that everlasting fare yesterday,” rejoined the hungry listeners.

“No, genelman, you’ll excuse me,” responded the rough-spun cook; “I waries it every day. Yesterday it was jam, pork, and biscuit; and to-morrow it’ll be quite wariegated—biscuit, jam, and pork.”

“Got nothing green, no foliage, John?” asked a worthy visitor, in the “sere and yellow leaf” of life.

“Ha, ha, ha! Oceans o’ that, sir,” replied the merry-hearted cook, casting a meaning look at his interrogator, “only it be going to seed, I fancy; too tough and stringy like, sir; take too much biling.”

“Jack,” I remarked, “it is quite evident that change of food is necessary, or we shall become pillars of salt. Suppose you and I walk over to the Moorabool River to-morrow morning, to go prospecting for wild ducks, eh?”

“With all my heart, sir; it’s a good idee.”

“Ay, John,” said his master, smiling, “and take a three-bushel sack with you, John, eh? Wild ducks, indeed! There’s no such luck for us poor salted mortals.”

At the first peep of day, we set out for a four or five mile walk, amply charged with hope and gun-powder, and fully determined to store our game-bag with fresh poultry—as the cook termed it—of some kind or other, as likely to afford an agreeable substitute for everlasting salt pig. No sooner had we reached the banks of the Moorabool, than a fine sparrow-hawk, in hot pursuit of a poor little quail,

came, swift as an arrow, across our path, and was just in the act of stooping upon his helpless prey when my little double-barrelled Manton effectually arrested his further progress.

“Zooks and bodelkins, master!” exclaimed Jack, running towards the fallen bird in great excitement, “but we’ll bag he, and no mistake.”

“Bag nonsense, man; you can’t eat a hawk.”

“Ha, ha, ha! No, sir, I can’t eat ’un,” responded the cook, “but zomebody else can, I guess: my word, sir, I’ll just pick and dress he up, put ’un in a pie, and call ’un a rattlin’ brunze-wing pijjin.”

During the time that was occupied in converting Master Hawk into so celebrated an edible bird, I was still more successful in bagging a fine large spur-winged plover and a poor little lark, which last extensive acquisition to the fresh meat department concluded our morning’s sport. Notwithstanding that we returned to our tented homestead minus ducks, our game-bag was eagerly examined, and received with special marks of approbation; and my particular friend, handling the metamorphosed bird, pronounced it to be one of the finest pigeons he had ever seen, and “he had shot a good many in his time.”

Although in our party of six persons there existed four distinct interests, yet, for sociability and common security, since all of us were pilgrims in a strange land, we pitched our tents, constructed our sheep-yards together, and messed at the same board for some

fourteen days, under the culinary arrangements of the facetious cook, John.

The dinner hour of the early-rising Bushmen was usually at the healthy period of noontide. The loud dining *cooë* was always most cheerfully responded to by the hungry adventurers. Upon the notable and special occasion to which I am about to allude, we assembled in redoubled haste, and, squatting ourselves on the several pots, buckets, and camp ovens placed around the table, each man smiled with delight at the prospect of once more treating his pickled palate with a luxurious pigeon-plover-and-lark pie, interlarded, of course, with slices of fat pork—an extra *gôût* to those juiceless birds.

“Mind the pigeon, sir,” said the smiling “Soyer,” in a confidential tone, as he placed the reeking pie before his shrewd master, Austin.

“Hush, Jack; what an intolerable blab you are!” replied the carver, in a half-whisper, and in the same breath, thrusting in his knife, he exclaimed, “By Jove! my worthy comrades, if the aroma produces so grateful a sensation to one’s olfactory nerves, what’ll the eating do, eh? Now then, Mr. Cook, don’t stand there grinning as if through a horse collar; come, hand the plates round! Pigeon for you, M——?”

“Yes, I believe you, my boy, please.”

“Lloyd, what for you?”

“Thank you, I’ll try the plover, as I’m rather fond of anything approaching to game.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the carver, giving me a significant look; “call plover a game bird, eh?” and then, sticking his fork into the mutilated remains of the “pigeon,” he knowingly remarked, “That’s what I call a game bird, if you like.”

Pretending to be amused at his ignorance with respect to game, and unable to command a stoical demeanour any longer, I burst into such a fit of laughter that I brought down upon myself the contemptuous remark from my unconscious companions, “What the mischief is there to laugh at in such a trivial expression?”

“Now then, C——,” continued Austin, “what for you?”

“Ah! Um! Well, I’ll pigeon too—but, stop, stop, man! Don’t give me all of it; you’ll leave none for yourself!”

“Oh, never mind me!” returned the carver; “I shall attack the other half of the plover; Lloyd’s not a bad judge of game.”

“I’m very much afeerd as how you’ll find them ’ere burds rayther toughish like,” chimed in the culprit cook, “but every genelman knows as burds ought to be hanged for a whole week afore they’re dressed up.”

“Not at all, not at all!” rejoined his master, looking obliquely, with elevated eyebrows, at the writer; declaring, in the same breath, “I never tasted a more delicious bird in my life; and ‘I’ve shot a good many in my time,’ as friend M—— remarked.”

“Umph!” simultaneously ejaculated the several pigeon eaters, who, by this time, had adopted the process canine as absolutely necessary in the matter of severing flesh and bone.

“Tasty enough, it is true,” said our friend M——, in a disappointed tone, “but, verily, it must have been one of the seven cock birds preserved from universal destruction, in Noah’s Ark, at the great Flood; look at those unravelled sinews, to wit; of a truth that drum-stick is a perfect representation of a cat o’ nine tails—fit provant only for sappers and miners. Alas, alas, for my poor aching jaws! If that’s your fresh meat, I’ll none of it.”

The risible tendencies of Mr. Austin and myself could no longer be controlled; but our merriment only added to the utter bewilderment of our pigeoned companions. At last the weighty president, who was seated on a large three-legged iron pot, lurched a point to leeward, drove one of the metal legs deep into the soft green sward, fell flat upon his broad back, and gave a finish to the fun, by accidentally sending the festive board, hot pannikins of tea, and the remains of the pie, flying, high into the air. Speedily re-arranging himself, however, more firmly in his metallic chair, he exclaimed, “Now then, Jack, take away, or rather pick up, the pieces, and let’s have the dessert.”

“Ay, ay, sur!” replied the cook, in a waggish tone; “salt stone Dutch cheese, vinegar, and good strong mustard; anything else, sur?”

"Why, yes," returned the other; "Noah's pigeon wants some brandy-sauce to digest it."

"'Od zooks! but I think you're right, sur; he wur main tough to be sure," rejoined the experimental Soyer.

"Come here, Jack," said his master, about ten minutes after dinner; "the pie is gone, and the gentlemen are in perfect good humour. Now pray tell them what sort of game that pigeon really was."

"I'm afeerd, sur," said the culprit.

"Nonsense, man, nonsense! I desire you to do so."

"Well, then, genelmen, I'm wery sorry; hope you'll not be offended with me, genelmen; but the real honest truth is, that it wur hawk game, and her wur such a plump fleshy chap, that I thought, as we wur short of fresh perwisions, it wur a pity to throw 'un away; so I plucked and dressed the burd at the river side. I've a eat crow, black magpie, and parrot pies often; but sartenly can't say as I ever made hawk pie afore: hang up the next for a week, sur," continued he, "and I'ze warrant he'll eat beautiful." The deluded individuals, thus enlightened, were constrained to join in the peals of laughter; and the speculative cook was rewarded with a tough and potent pannikin of hot grog.

Those were indeed times fraught with hope and pleasurable excitement.

The most serious evils against which we had to contend on first landing were, the danger of our flocks escaping from their brush-fenced enclosures whilst we slept, and becoming scattered and lost in the strange Bush; or of their meeting with water,

and drinking, uncontrolled, and in their fevered state to such excess, that certain death would be the result. And twenty times during the night were we aroused from our deep slumbers by the stentorian voice of some more wakeful companion vociferating, "The dogs! the dogs!" at which every man would spring from his warm lair, seize his gun, and, spurning in his excitement the mere thought of slippers or pantaloons, would rush through scrub and brier, to the scene of destruction that was going on in the yard.

The dingoes or native foxes found our mutton so palatable, and so easy a prey, that they stole into the folds at all hours of the night, levying black mail upon the golden-fleeced ewes. Two of those wretched marauders would sometimes destroy eight or nine sheep, in less than twenty minutes, by seizing and biting them severely in the loins.

In size and general appearance, the dingo bears a striking resemblance to the Scotch colley, excepting that it has pricked ears.

Upon the first introduction of sheep into Port Phillip, the dingoes flocked in alarming numbers from the interior to the squatting districts. In twelve months, however, with the assistance of a greyhound, two kangaroo-dogs, a hard-mouthed mastiff, and plenty of hard riding to boot, we succeeded in gracing the trunk of a lightwood tree, that was standing before our door, with forty-five fine brushes.

The squatter—with the double motive, of amusement, and destroying the common enemy—established several

packs of hounds, and hunted the dingoes with great success. Among twenty-three horsemen assembled in the field at break of day, I have seen as many as twelve or fourteen scarlet-coats; but, although great numbers of the sheep-stealers were killed in the chase, they increased so rapidly, and haunted the sheep-walks so perseveringly, that the colonists had recourse to strychnia for their more wholesale destruction. This was effected by dragging the dead carcass of a sheep across the station, to attract the ravenous animals to a certain locality. It was then poisoned and suspended to a branch of a tree, just low enough that by springing up they might obtain a mouthful. Seven or eight dingoes have been thus destroyed at an inland station, during a single night.

Whilst upon the subject of destroying the dingo with strychnia, I will mention a remarkable circumstance that took place under my own observation at Geelong, the particulars of which, shortly after my return to England, in 1853, on reading of several hounds having been accidentally killed from eating meat impregnated with that deadly poison, I communicated to one of the London journals. I fear, however, that from not having sent my card to the careful editor—as I afterwards found was necessary—the apparently incredible narrative was treated as a hoax, and consigned to the waste-basket. But as I conceive the publication of the story may be of some moment to the gentlemen of the medical profession, I take this opportunity of making it known. I was thirteen years

a resident of Geelong, and prided myself much upon the fruitfulness of my little garden. From its being the only secluded spot for some distance around, it necessarily became a favourite haunt for hosts of my neighbours' cats. The fences were continually being made, as we supposed, inaccessible to them, but all to no purpose; newly-sown beds of peas, spinach, &c., neatly trimmed off at night, were invariably scraped into conical-shaped mounds on the following morning; until at length, setting aside any further neighbourly scruples of conscience, I decided on adopting stronger measures to rid myself of the nuisance. With this determination I purchased a small quantity of strychnine, and, taking from the packet several grains of the poison on the point of my penknife, rubbed them, with some butter and sugar, into the bodies of five or six little trout fish, then distributed the fatal bait about the garden.

At breakfast the next morning, I mentioned, in confidence, to a young medical friend what I had done; and at the conclusion of the meal both agreed to repair to the scene of death, to see if any pet Tabby had paid the penalty; when to my great delight I perceived the most pertinacious trespasser of all, and the special antipathy of my little spaniel dog, cold and stretched out like a four-legged stool; but whilst we were chuckling over the result, and wondering what Mrs. — would say, the little dog Fancy had stolen into the garden, and was just in the act of swallowing the last morsel of one of the poisoned fish when my friend, who

was very fond of him, on looking round, exclaimed, "Halloo, Lloyd! here's another victim! It's all over with poor Fancy!" I confess, from the fact that Fancy was one of the most faithless of his species, I did not feel so much regret at the circumstance, as the doctor. "What's to be done? What's to be done?" he remarked in great excitement. "Done! my dear fellow," I replied; "why promise to give him decent burial at the foot of yonder fruit-tree, and we'll call the produce the Fancy quince." "Stop, Lloyd!" said the doctor; "we know the effect of cold water on prussic acid, &c., we'll try the remedy on Fancy." Upon this, quickly taking up the now stiffened and convulsed body of the dog, we ran with it to the back yard; and, half filling a washing-tub with cold water, immersed the body in it, holding his nose only above the surface.

All the members of the household, namely, my son, the doctor, two female servants, and myself, had assembled round the tub to witness the *finale* of Fancy. Scarcely three minutes had elapsed, however, when the doctor exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, "By Jove, Lloyd, he lives! Look; his eyes are becoming more natural; hold up his head; give the poor devil every chance!" then took the dog by the sides to support him; and in another half-minute the animal sat up in its natural posture, and made an effort to shake itself. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the doctor; "there's an important event from a small matter, eh, Lloyd?" "Yes, wonderful indeed, my friend," I replied; "but I'm inclined to think that no one will believe us in recount-

ing the story hereafter." "Not believe it, my dear fellow!" said the doctor; "ten minutes will serve to prove the assertion at any time."

At the expiration of about five minutes after its first immersion, the poisoned dog was himself again; and, although stupified to all appearance, and showing strong evidence of the fearful ordeal through which he had passed, he recovered; and, if I remember right, on my leaving in 1853, I gave him to the gentleman who had saved his life, my worthy friend Doctor Gunn, who is still resident at Geelong, and to whom I beg to refer the sceptical reader for the truth of the foregoing statement.

The dingoe was not the only destroyer of our ewes. The natives also discovered that the "piccaninny boulgnas merejig cogalla"—the little sheep were very good eating. A few months after the occupation of our stations at Lake Colac, they commenced their nocturnal depredations, by the ingenious method of throwing a lasso, or slip-knot, over the heads of our valuable ewes, from the outside of the hurdles; and, hauling in their easy prey, retired into their haunts and rocky fastnesses, to revel in unobserved security upon mutton steaks, cutlets, and "mernong," a saccharine root, baked in a roughly-constructed stone oven covered with turf and hot ashes. Whenever those sable robbers were detected and charged with the theft, their reply was, "Borac banyeke pilmallallee, bungilcarney coolie pilmallallee," which, being interpreted, signifies, "It was not I who stole; it was the blacks, our enemies."

And, from being well versed in the lesson inculcated by one or two thoughtless individuals, miscalled protectors, they gave us to understand in plain language, that, if we shot or hurt any of them, "Big white man gubbernur would"—passing their finger significantly up their necks—"klic! piccaninny ummageet dedac," viz. "hang little white man dead." The Government authorities, however—if it could be said that any such thing existed in the year 1837—were either so lax in their police arrangements, or, perhaps, as is nearer to the fact, were so utterly unable, from the limited force at their command, to afford the necessary protection to outside squatters, that, in self-defence, they were compelled to take the law into their own hands. In a few instances, however, I regret to say, that the retribution was far in excess of their offences; whereas an occasional charge of No. 5 shot, considerately and deservedly administered, was found by us, as a general rule, amply sufficient to dissipate the erroneous impression, that a native might indulge in our mutton cutlets with impunity.

But I must now return to the primitive encampment of my worthy brother-squatters and individual friends.

The residue of our respective flocks having arrived from Tasmania, and sufficiently recovered from the detrimental effects of the sea-voyage, it behoved us to be up and doing. Mr. James Austin and myself, being more practical stock-farmers and Bushmen than

the rest of the party, were deputed to proceed in search of rich pastures.

I cannot say, however, that the arrangement for our departure on so important a mission was hailed with that amount of excitement and delight which might have been expected. Stifled groans of approbation, accompanied by grim smiles—as in the case of hopeless sea-sickness—were all the encouragement my poor depressed companions could give; for the whole party—the cook and myself excepted—were now suffering from the ruthless effects of diarrhœa, caused by drinking the then brackish water of the River Burwan. From this wasting disorder I was unconsciously preserved by the remedy I adopted for a racking toothache. I kept up a constant supply of eau-de-vie to the hollow tooth, with a view to destroy the nerve, and must have imbibed more or less of that astringent spirit, and can thus speak practically, as to its beneficial effects in both cases. The facetious cook (if living) could doubtless confirm my statement, as, at the mention of the word Cognac, he frequently pricked his ears, and, declaring that he had the toothache also, was occasionally furnished with the remedy.

The sun again rose in autumnal splendour; and, ere a small segment of its vast circle had appeared o'er the distant and unexplored hills, our trusty valet, of hawk-pie notoriety, announced, “Horses and breakfast are ready, gentlemen.” Then crept from the tent five luckless wights, with bodies at right angles to

their tottering limbs, both hands tightly grasping their wretched aching stomachs, and, seating themselves at the table, went through the form of taking a meal, and again partook of brackish tea, the undetected cause of their agonising illness. Austin, although the greatest invalid of all, was ever cheerful. On his being safely pitched into the saddle by the sturdy cook, and finding himself too weak to sit erect, he remarked, "Well, of one thing we may be quite certain, my friends, viz. we're a suspicious-looking set—not A 1 by any means." "Why not?" demanded they. "Why not?" returned the other; "why, because we're anything but an upright party!" Saying this, he quietly rode off, leaning for support on the neck of his Arab-bred stock-horse. The shades of evening found us encamped on the banks of the Burwan, about eighteen miles from our tents, which were pitched within one mile of a spot then in a state of primitive nature, but destined afterwards to become the thriving town of Geelong.

To kindle a roaring fire, and construct a temporary shelter for the night, was but the work of a short half-hour, to notable Bushmen; and, while my sadly-griped fellow-explorer lay stretched at full length by the fire, my sporting propensities were again put into requisition to obtain some provant for our evening's repast. In twenty minutes I returned with a couple of young mallards. Oh! what a glorious feast we had that night—good fresh-water tea, tender ducks, and royal damper!—the administration of which good things, rapidly restored my worthy travelling companion to the

well-known upright position which he has ever since maintained.

During our excursions of the next morning, having discovered two extensive and well-grassed sheep-walks, we resorted to the Bushman's usual mode of drawing straws for first choice. The lots thus decided, were christened respectively, with the pleasing titles of Saint Leonard's and Roseneath.

On the third evening following, our tents were pitched, and our sheep, invalids, and general stock in trade, were all located upon the new-found pastures; and, by a recourse to the regimen—wild ducks and fresh water—as described, our other doubled-up companions were soon restored to vigorous health. All hands once more themselves, the exciting work of squatting was forthwith entered upon.

Like the waggoner who prayed to Jupiter, they soon learnt, that neither laggards nor individuals dependent on others for help in such situations, could possibly hope to live and thrive. Indeed, it is folly in the extreme, and sheer pusillanimity, that prompts Man, in similar positions, to plead inability to labour in the promotion of his individual interests. The old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," was never more practically illustrated than in the case of the earliest squatters. Those who possessed a right degree of manly courage, cheerfully put their hands to do every thing, and conformed to any circumstances so long as a good hope gleamed in the distance. The career of a helpless squatter was generally exceed-

ingly brief, as I have too often unhappily witnessed amongst my own personal friends. The reader, who has not experienced the incidents which inevitably occur in the course of the first settlement of new countries, will perhaps ask why the colonists should have lived upon such hard fare as salt pork and common ship-biscuit when they were professedly in the midst of abundance of mutton, their own property? Simply, then, because few or none but well-bred ewes were taken to the country; and then, main point of all, they cost so much money, that to kill one such invaluable animal would be to realize the fable of the goose and the golden egg.

At the expiration of the first month, the pork-cask evinced most serious symptoms of rapid consumption; and, as that article of food could not be had for love or money, it was necessary to find some other resource for our daily wants. An early morning's ride soon proved to us that we had fortunately located ourselves in a perfect Canaan—a land teeming with *veritable* pigeons, ducks, turkey-bustards, and kangaroo. So numerous were the ducks that, if, after a two hours' absence, my brother and self could not present the cook with from twelve to fourteen fine black mallards, it was thought that the supplies were falling off to an alarming extent.

Now that each party had repaired to his own station, the culinary operations were assumed by one of our party—now numbering four—in turn. In memory of the past, I must not omit one particularly delicious

“eatable-drinkable beverage,” the result of an inventive genius, and which, amongst the epicurean residents of our neighbourhood, was considered a masterpiece; and I can confidently recommend it to others placed in similar circumstances to our own. The dish bore the highly-sounding title of “Saint Leonard’s duck-mulligatawny and Lucknow-chutney soup.”

Under the impression that professors in the agreeable science of cookery may find it useful, I beg to introduce the following recipe:—“Carefully clean your five-gallon iron pot from the scales of dough-boys and salt sea-pie, dissect seven or eight fine wild ducks; then, with the giblets, put them *en masse* into the pot with slices of salt pork; add water in the proportion of one quart to each duck; add of mulligatawny half an ounce, and good Lucknow-chutney in quantity to suit your palate; cover the pot with a sheet of gum-tree bark; and let the whole simmer for three hours.”

Those luxurious compounds were invariably found amongst young emigrants from the sister-colony. The thoughtful mothers of busy and erratically-inclined sons generally furnished them with an abundance of such delicious powder and sauce. The above-named dish was considered equal to the dining of four hearty Bushmen, besides the shepherd and gentleman cook.

As to the kangaroos, we had been accustomed to catch them in the Tasmanian forests with fast dogs; but scarcely hoped or dreamt of effecting their capture by means of the speed and endurance of our horses alone.

Nil desperandum, however, was our adopted motto in all matters; and, having no dogs at the time, my brother and self determined on testing the running and capabilities of the horse *versus* the kangaroo. When, in addition to the glory and honour of the capture, by dint alone of hard riding through the densely timbered woods, we saw delicious gravy “steamers” * and the unrivalled “kangaroo-tail soup” looming and leaping in the distance, our Nimrod spirits were doubly fired. A delightful air and a bright blue sky ushered in the morn that we chose for the trial.

A ride of one mile brought us into the midst of a numerous flock of forest kangaroo. We commenced the chase in right good earnest. “Yoicks, yoicks, boys!” shouted both of us in the same breath, starting off at full speed. Away flew the horses, apparently with the same amount of excitement as if they also were prompted by their love of soup and steamers. After a severe run of three miles and a half, the poor boomah kangaroo, apparently concluding that our object must have been to arrive at some particular point before him, politely stopped short, and leapt off at another angle.

Poor noble panting creature! Such were the feelings uppermost in our hearts for him at that moment, that he would certainly have been permitted to escape but that our necessities were of too pressing a nature.

* Minced kangaroo, stewed in its own gravy, with bacon, &c..

to warrant us in showing mercy to anything so good to eat. With inconceivable rapidity, the excited and unflagging horses turned at sharp angles in pursuit. But another half mile, and the noble animal, in confusion and despair, backed himself against a large tree, and, raising his towering head to the height of six feet or more, fought with courage and desperation; charging, with open mouth and outstretched arms, either of us who had the temerity to advance towards him on foot. The odds, however, being considerably against the poor boomah, he was soon compelled to succumb to the fatal tap at the back of his ears.

The fore parts of the kangaroo are of little value unless for dogs. The fleshy hind quarters were, therefore, cut from the fore and firmly wrapped in the skin, ready for transport. To convey so awkward a parcel home was a matter of great difficulty. I can compare the ungainly package, when placed astride and in front of the saddle, to nothing more descriptive of its ungraceful appearance than a butcher's block with three unusually long legs. In this instance, however, one of the members happened to be a tail, worthy indeed to be called a tail, and bearing to all other tails the same proportion as a weaver's beam to a gentleman's cane. Let the reader picture to himself a kangaroo on horseback, with his tail measuring three feet three inches long, and thick at the butt as a stout man's thigh, and he will see the parcel.

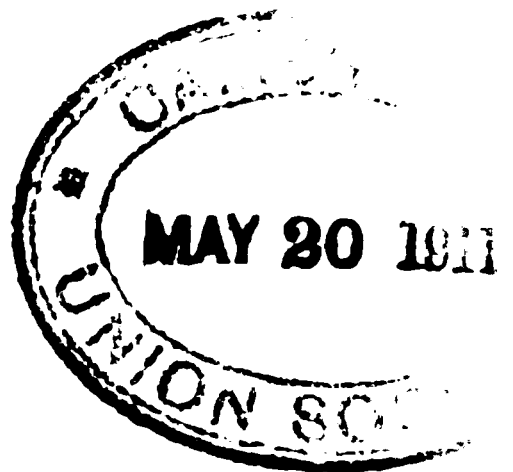
Thenceforth we looked upon the flocks of kangaroos

thereabouts as individual property; and prime Irish pork was reduced in value considerably below par. In quiet moments, we regarded such rides as bordering on insanity. Once in the saddle, however, the Bushman knows no fear; at full speed, through the thick timbered forest, over grass-hidden holes and high dead logs, he recklessly pursues the flying buck; and continually, during the heated chase, is compelled to adopt the varied and most approved attitudes of that renowned individual, Billy Button the tailor, lest, like Absalom, he might find his head caught in the branches of some wide-spreading wattle or she-oak tree; or, perchance, lop off one of his own stout branches by coming into contact with the trunk of a gum-tree.

After a few months' occupation of the station at Saint Leonard's, we again separated into two distinct interests; and, with our flocks, took up new and better-grassed country at Lake Colac, about thirty miles inland. Here, with stout hearts and willing hands, we speedily erected our snug, well-ventilated, rough slab-huts and woolsheds; effectually roofed and thatched them; made slab-doors, tables, stools, loop-hole windows, and roomy chimneys of stone and turf; washed and sheared our flocks; and drove our sturdy teams, well laden with the treasured fleeces, full fifty miles and more through the trackless Bush, to market at Geelong.

Thus, having amassed a little wealth, few knew better how to appreciate and farm it to the best advan-

tage than the early industrious squatter. Such a course as I have described, if steadily pursued, leads on to certain fortune, and affords an opportunity of acquiring independence that seldom occurs to man more than once during his life, unless he be favoured beyond his fellow-mortals.



114

114

114

114

114

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114

114



SPECULATION.

439

Imports and Exports for the year 1858.

Imports	£13,917,712
Exports	12,910,587
Balance against Victoria		<u>£1,007,125</u>

I adopt the census of 1858, because the colony made greater progress up to that period, than it has done since. For the population of 1861 *vide* Appendix.

If Australia Felix, or rather Victoria, rose to eminence as it were by enchantment, riches poured into the laps of enterprising colonists by the same process. Large fortunes have, literally speaking, been thrust into the pockets of numbers, gentle and simple, to the utter astonishment of themselves, and everybody around them. These resulted mainly from the unprecedented rise in the fictitious value of every description of property, before told. The reader will agree with me, that the following was not a bad investment. One half-acre allotment, measuring, say, 165 feet frontage, on Collins Street, by a depth of 145 feet, purchased in or about the year 1838 or 1839, for £200, was sold, early in the year 1852, at the rate of £200 per foot frontage—and thus realized the enormous sum of £33,000, or £66,000 per acre! This fact, incredible as it may appear, is nevertheless perfectly authentic.

To review those exciting times begets the impression, that every man of us must have been metamorphosed into an alchemist. The precious metal, too was found in such wonderful abundance, that some

men had the temerity to say that the day would come, when a pound of silver would be of more value than a pound of gold! Merchandise—stock—stations—labour—indeed, every vendible article from a wheelbarrow to a brass pin—was estimated to be worth its weight in gold. Where, however, one speculator came out of a venture unscathed, ten succumbed to hopeless insolvency.

Looking at the fallibility of human nature, it is not matter of surprise, that there, in Victoria, as in all other parts of the wide world, the severe and heart-rending lesson of to-day is invariably set at nought, or forgotten to-morrow. Most mercifully has Providence ordained that we should so soon override the miseries that are past, and, imbued with new-born courage, should still go on struggling for existence, and painting the future in the most alluring colours. Here, it must be recorded, in honourable testimony to the generous feeling evinced by colonial communities, that, where ruin had resulted from fair speculation combined with common honesty, the unfortunate invariably received the sympathy of the public, and their liberal support in any subsequent undertaking.

There existed, in those days of folly, a special *coterie* of reckless men, in whom speculation had become a cankering disease. Having experienced to so supreme a degree the delight of conceiving fallacious projects, they were like the wretched lover of strong drink, who imbibes "one bottle more," though fifty fits



of *delirium tremens* should stare him in the face, and they still dip into the lottery with a wilful blindness to their own mental admonitions. I have known, personally, many men of this unfortunate turn of mind; who, being endowed with an infinite amount of energy and enterprise, have made fortunes three times—but all to no purpose. Like the insatiable horse-leech, they were never satisfied with moderation, and insolvency was their normal condition.

Whilst upon the topic of unadvised speculation, I must remark, it was often matter of astonishment to me, that many squatters, possessing from 20,000 to 30,000 sheep each, should still persevere in the purchase and acquisition of additional stock and stations. No sooner did they find themselves with a handsome balance to the credit-side of their bank-book, than their hearts yearned to become leviathan growers of the golden fleece; notwithstanding the fatal lessons which have been so repeatedly read to sheep proprietors, by the occasional visits of those dreadful scourges “scab-drought” and “catarrh.” From the cost of cure, the deterioration of wool, and the unsaleableness of the carcass, the first disease entails a loss of one-third the value of each animal. The Scab Act, as it is termed, is justly very severe. Any person driving diseased sheep through the country, without giving due notice, is liable to a fine of £50; and should even one sheep escape, and join the flock of a squatter whose sheep are free from the disorder, and they, in consequence,

be infected, though it should be to the number of 30,000, the owner of the diseased animal would be compelled to defray every expense incurred in their entire cure. The "catarrh" is nothing more or less than a virulent affection of the influenza type. The symptoms are, considerable swelling of the head and ears, together with an extraordinary flow of mucus from the nostrils, similar to that from glanders in horses, and producing extreme prostration. When a flock is attacked with this fearful plague, there is scarcely a shadow of hope for the recovery of one out of its number. The poor sheep are, therefore, at once doomed to be slaughtered, and consigned to the melting-pot; from which process they yield a return of about 6s., net, per head; provided they are in good condition, and have a tolerable amount of wool upon the skin. It is singular that, hitherto, the disease has been confined to the districts bordering on the New South Wales territory, where droughts are also most severely felt. Thus, the otherwise fortune-making avocation of wool-growing, is one of the most precarious of all pursuits.

The reader will naturally ask, upon the strength of the foregoing illustrations touching unlimited investments in sheep, what course the writer would pursue as the wisest? The following:—When the bank-book displays a surplus of a few thousands, instead of casting the die of fortune upon one particular class of property, invest the spare funds in houses, lands, and

other substantial and immutable forms of wealth, that nothing short of the fate of a Pompeii, or wilful folly and imprudence, can wrest from the proprietor.

The few who, during my residence in Victoria, were wise enough to appropriate their surplus income in the latter way, have not only secured themselves against possible ruin from the decimation of their flocks, but have acquired a double fortune from the increased value of their landed estates. The possession of those freeholds also gave them privileges that have proved a saving clause to the general interests of the "squattocracy," in their admission to the Colonial Parliament.

To the emigrant capitalist, however, even in the face of such a picture as I have drawn—and although my statements as to the risks attending sheep-farming are founded on incontrovertible truths—I would still say, There are so many chances of success in that occupation, that, if I were about to begin the world again to-morrow, the life and calling of a squatter should be my choice.

The moral and social condition of colonial communities is so frequently and unpardonably misrepresented, and home views are consequently so replete with error and prejudice, that I must be excused for endeavouring to impart a more correct view of the subject. To hear the amusing commentaries occasionally indulged in on this head, amidst some circles of otherwise

sensible persons, one might infer that they were hermetically sealed against the receipt of reasonable impressions.

The colonists are free to admit, that their countries are signally infested with delinquents from the United Kingdom of Great Britain; but the most artful and practised rogue of all, the “arch-Fagan” who initiated those wretched satellites and first taught them to swerve from the paths of rectitude, remains—where?—in his native hot-bed, unscathed and undetected.

Australian communities are neither better nor worse, in their social and moral attributes, than those of any other country, unless, as I can testify, up to the year 1853, in the better observance of the Sabbath-day. Certainly, in that respect, the colonists excelled the inhabitants of Fatherland to admiration; doubtless because, in a great measure, a breach of good order committed or unnecessary labour performed on that day subjected the offender to a penalty, not unfrequently amounting to five pounds sterling.

The *élite* of the colonies, generally speaking, so far from being unguarded in the selection of their associates, as is asserted by some writers, are positively almost too aristocratic and exclusive. Individuals must be well charged with unexceptionable introductions, tried, and proved, before they can command a desirable position in the better classes of society. There is scarcely a family of distinction in Great Britain unrepresented by one or other of its respec-

tive members, who have wisely cast their lot, in the beautiful colony of Victoria.

Many useful residents there, members of the squatting community in particular, whilst busied with their flocks and herds in the very heart of Australia, leading a life of freedom and moral happiness scarcely possible amidst the temptations of the mother-country, have received the startling intimation of having suddenly become "My Lords," "My Ladies," "Sirs," and "Honourable Gentlemen." One amiable and industrious lady, a model housekeeper, whilst in the act of putting up and moulding pounds of her famed fresh butter, was most agreeably surprised by her squatter-husband's early return from town. He announced the melancholy fact, that some dear and estimable relative had passed away from all sublunary things, whereby the humble sheep-farmer and his butter-making wife were now no other than the Earl and Countess of ——!

Want of educational advantages, in Australia, is frequently urged as another monstrous item in the list of social evils incurred there. How utterly fallacious do such ideas appear to men of ordinary reflection! Does it not occur to most sensible minds, that the literary profession in old countries, where men of classic lore and general attainments, necessarily abound to profusion, is, of all others, as a general rule, the least remunerative that a gentleman could possibly follow? And, if this be admitted, does

it not also occur that no better field for enterprise, no brighter prospect of gaining an independent position in the world, could present itself, than that associated with the glorious countries of the far South; over-teeming as they are with riches in every possible form. Hundreds of university and other learned gentlemen, Bachelors and Masters of Arts, LL.D.'s, &c., &c., who had been hopelessly stumbling, for long long years through the unsympathizing mazes of their more prosperous countrymen, amongst whom they merely vegetated, in comparison even with the merchant and banker's clerk, learned only in compound interest, addition, and multiplication. Stimulated by an instinctive foresight, and in obedience to the providential order of things that are to be, they were wise and fortunate enough, in the very earliest days, to bid a long and unregretful farewell to their native land, for the happier prospects presented to them in the newly-founded colonies of the Antipodes. There their talents were gratefully appreciated, and, most handsomely rewarded. Thus was the standard of education grounded upon the same enlightened principles as those in which the collegiate master had himself been trained.

The colony has much reason to be proud of men, whose fathers, availing themselves of the opportunity, bestowed upon their offspring that most lasting of all earthly inheritances, a solid and refined education. The same argument applies to the educational advantages offered to the daughters of Australia, in reference to whom I must repeat, for the thousandth time,

that there are few ladies of Australian or Tasmanian birth, who have been properly trained, but could take a proud position in the best society in the world.

In the shape of a postscript, then, to the foregoing remarks, let it be known far and wide, that by special order of our most gracious Queen, scholastic honours in the colleges at the Antipodes are of equal rank with those of Oxford and Cambridge, as per following extract from the *Home News* :—

“MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.—The Queen has been graciously pleased to direct that letters patent be passed under the Great Seal granting and declaring that the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Medicine, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Laws, Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Music, and Doctor of Music, already granted or conferred, or hereafter to be granted or conferred, by the University of Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria, shall be recognized as academic distinctions and rewards of merit, and be entitled to rank, precedence, and consideration in the United Kingdom, and in the colonies and possessions of the Crown throughout the world, as fully as if the said degrees had been granted by any university of the United Kingdom.”

As to the local colleges being unsuccessful and unpatronized, prejudice, I fear, will ever triumph over sounder judgment, and prompt men to send their sons to England for education. Things are valued precisely in proportion to the difficulties presented in obtaining them.

In a recent valuable work on Australia and Tasmania, the clever author, in speaking, with much truth,

of the unintellectual and half-civilized state of a very large proportion of the Victorian community, at the period of his visit—I presume during the years 1852, 1853, and 1854—adds, that the majority of the well-informed class had but recently arrived. Doubtless, to any one moving only amidst the maddened and bewildered throng in Melbourne and Geelong, at those dates, such would appear, in the general confusion of things, to be the fact. Had the author, however, been brought into contact with the majority of the squatting community, he could scarcely have arrived at the conclusion that, until recently, few persons of mind and character had ventured to Port Phillip. The immense influx of labour-immigration to that country, in the years above named, necessarily placed the intellectual section of society in a considerable minority, as he admits. But the original “Merchants and Squatters” are still tenants of the soil, and no doubt, unless vastly changed in character for the worse, since I left the colony in 1853, continue to deserve the meed of praise always awarded to them, namely, that they were nearly all “gentlemen of good birth and education.”

I fancy that neither the “old colonists” themselves nor their generally intellectual offspring, will feel much gratification at the sweeping remark of the author in question, viz. that they formed a class of the community for the most part, illiterate and ignorant. So observing a traveller could hardly have written thus from personal knowledge. The mistake evidently lies in the words “old colonists.” The term “old colonists” applies to the original “Merchants and Settlers,” whose enter-

prise early led them to the colonies ; six-tenths of whom were composed of officers of the army and navy, and others ; gentlemen of talent and high character. Ticket-of-leave farmers, emancipists, and such section of the people, do not rank under the above heading.

I must not, therefore, quietly permit my brother-colonists of Tasmania to suffer under so unmerited an opprobrium. The "old colonists" of the Macquarie and Lake rivers are of themselves enough to dispel it, every individual being known to myself more or less personally. As nearly as I can remember, the resident proprietors thereabouts, up to the latest dates, bore a relative position to each other as follows. The better class and the educated, amounted to forty-six ; whilst the other section, generally of excellent character, and though not well educated, yet naturally intelligent, numbered but thirty-one. Such a proportion is, most probably, the rule, rather than the exception.

Victoria now rejoices in an Upper and Lower House of Representatives, the majority of whom are elected by the people ; the other section being composed of the head officers and nominees of the Government. The members of the Upper House are entitled to the local appellation of "Honourable," and are invested with powers similar to those of the House of Lords, in the approval or disapproval of bills submitted for their consideration, by the Lower House.

The Chief Officer of a Government has two hard

and exacting masters: the Home Minister, by whose patronage he holds an honourable and lucrative office, upon condition of special obedience to his superior's commands; and a free-spirited and talented community, many of whom have risen to riches and eminence, hand-in-hand with their adopted country; and are, consequently, no shallow theorists as to the wisest course to be pursued for colonial interests.

The prosperity of the Australian colonies has received frequent checks, and suffered much, from the occasional issue of some *ukase* from oblivious Home officials, totally inapplicable to the necessities of the times. Those gentlemen, however well intentioned, often proved themselves utterly incapable of keeping pace, in their legislative character, with the progress of countries intrusted to their charge, at the Antipodes. In thus gently criticising arrangements, which are too frequently made in comparative ignorance of their just applicability to infant colonies, I will instance as a proof, the extreme fallacy, and indeed cruelty, of calling a worthy and highly-honoured admiral from his comparatively plain sailing life, and appointing him to a most difficult and unenviable position—Governor of such a Babel as Victoria presented in 1854, when Sir Charles Hotham assumed the reins of government.

It may be urged, however, as some extenuation of the erroneous views of that unfortunate Governor, that his instalment into office took place during one of the most unpropitious epochs for the Government, that has ever occurred in the course of colonial events. His unenviable career was commenced in the face of a

phalanx of clever, but almost maddened, politicians, and amid a whirlwind of social and political derangement. Like all Governors before him, he arrived well charged with erroneous Home ideas, to the carrying out of which he expected implicit quarter-deck obedience, and to which he so rigidly adhered, in obstinate opposition to the opinions of the truly honourable and upright ministers of his own selection—men whose local experience fitted them to be his standing counsel and best advisers, rather than his yielding, subservient, placemen—that they were compelled, from conscientious motives, to resign. That circumstance proved, in its literal sense, a fatal one for poor Sir Charles. Unequal to the jading strife of politics, and suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, he was so fretted and overwhelmed with feelings of bitter disappointment, and despair of carrying out his own vague plans and well-meant Downing Street instructions, that his official jurisdiction was cut short by an untimely death; whereas, had the appointment been bestowed upon one of the many astute politicians ever to be found in the ranks of British statesmen, most probably Admiral Sir Charles Hotham might still have been numbered amongst living heroes. The unprecedented eminence of Victoria demands a firm, deep-thinking, statesman; who, whilst he is willing to pay due regard to the wishes of the people, is competent to impart his own quota of valuable counsel in return. In the present state of that colony, no other Governor will be tolerated, respected, or enabled to maintain his position.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

WE have already observed, that wherever the foot of civilized man is once firmly planted, there begins from that moment the gradual, but certain extinction of the negro type. This result, however, is not attributable alone to the cruelty of the European intruder, but would appear to be in accordance with the Divine order of things. Take, for example, the thousands of warlike American Indians who were wont, some two centuries past, boldly to dispute with the white man the possession of now important and settled states. Where now is to be found a noble Mohican patriarch or his agile son?

How lamentable the reflection, that so few of the descendants of Ham emerge from a state of mental darkness,—that, for one favoured individual of that unhappy race, placed in joyful communion with his Creator, so many myriads should vegetate and die, like the animals upon whom they subsist. These are not the speculative remarks of a mere bystander, but are unmistakably corroborated by the self-sacrificing Missionaries.

As an auxiliary towards improving the temporal

and spiritual condition of the Aborigines of Victoria, large tracts of land were reserved and appropriated for the exclusive benefit of the several tribes in the settled districts; and many thousands of pounds were expended in forming establishments upon them for the moral and religious instruction of the native youth. They were well clothed and lodged, and amply furnished with wholesome food, tea, sugar, and the minor comforts of civilized beings; whilst the missionaries and their devoted wives laboured with assiduity and earnestness to enlighten them; but the result was, a sad and painful failure. It was, indeed, literally casting good seed upon the barren rock. The curse of mental darkness seemed to cling hopelessly to their obtuse and sensual natures. The worthy instructors were baffled at every point, and after nearly nine years of ardent efforts in the Christian cause, they were compelled to abandon the field in despair.

Strange and inconsistent as the following assertion may appear to theorists, it is nevertheless incontestible, that, to establish a missionary station for the regeneration of savages, in the midst of a community professedly Christian, is to encounter one of the greatest impediments possible to be conceived. To illustrate in the most forcible manner the grounds upon which I make such assertion, I must briefly describe the routine of life, and peculiar duties imposed upon the sable communities by their godly and persevering masters, at Buntingdale, the Burwan Missionary Institution, situate within twelve to fourteen miles of my sheep-

station at Lake Colac, and founded by the Rev. Messrs Tuckfield and Hurst, in 1839 or 1840. First, then, as cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, came the necessary and, to them, highly amusing process at early morn, of performing their ablutions—a proceeding always attended with a considerable amount of sneezing, laughter, smarting, and rubbing of eyes, from their previous non-acquaintance with soap. They were then summoned to prayers, and instructed to sing Psalms and Hymns. After breakfast, the men were distributed about the farm, some to dig, some to assist in erecting fences around the fields and garden, and others to learn the manner of holding the plough, which they carried out to the letter, for, although the terrified oxen, alarmed at the dark aspect of their new masters, would occasionally take fright, and gallop off at full speed, still, the native ploughman held on in great glee until pitched off by a violent jerk. Nothing could exceed the earnestness of the missionaries and the regularity displayed throughout all their arrangements, but they soon learnt that any attempt to impart religious impressions, to poor adult savages at least, was vanity and vexation of spirit; and also, that manual labour was not consonant with the feelings of the aboriginal “gentlemen.” Ere fifteen months had elapsed, the natives became fat, lazy, and disobedient, and declared most emphatically, that “too much blendy hard work was no good for blackfella; ’im only good for whitefella, ’cos he blendy like it.” Not all the luxuries in Christendom would have induced those wretched beings

to remain longer in a state of domestic thralldom. They ever sighed for the freedom of their native hills, the pleasing excitement of the chase, and their long-cherished erratic habits and customs, untrammelled by the unceasing slavery that appeared to them to be connected with civilized life.

Their utter aversion to labour and restraint was at last visibly displayed ; for one day's work at spade or plough, twenty were devoted to hunting, or visiting the sheep-stations in the vicinity of the Mission land-reserve, around which, unfortunately for the success of the cause, were located a sprinkling of thoughtless men, both masters and servants, who, knowing their dark visitors were under the especial care and guidance of the Methodist parsons, as they designated the worthy missionaries, invariably sought an hour's recreation by calling into practice the buffoonery and mimic powers, which several members of the sable community possessed in an eminent degree.

" Well, Monsieur Barney ! Good morning, Monsieur Barney ! " said a thoughtless friend of mine, one morning, on the poor black's arrival at his homestead ; " you know it good song like it, Mr. T., now, eh ? "

" Yett, tir, me blendy know 'im now, " responded the grinning savage.

" Very well ; you sing 'im, I give you 'bacca. "

On this, the poor unconscious wretch would assume the accustomed grave demeanour, and show at least that nature had endowed him with a singularly correct ear for music, and with the art of mimicry to a

wonderful degree. By his ludicrous grimaces, pronunciation, and gestures he would frequently elicit from the sacrilegious audience peals of convulsive laughter; and, thus encouraged and delighted at his apparent success, he became still more extravagant in his blind mockery.

In this manner were the poor wretched natives irretrievably weaned from common respect for their spiritual Mentors. And as the thoughtless pleasantry I have related forms the rule, I presume it will be obvious to all who may read it that establishments for purposes of humanising should be as far removed as possible from the prejudicial influence of the irreverent and more erring white man. Yes; far away into the most remote localities of the country, even beyond the last dépôt established by the good missionaries in the midst of the dense mallee scrub, called Ebenezer, surrounded as it is by sheep-stations.

With reference to the aboriginal depopulation of Victoria, I would briefly call the attention of the reader to the following facts. When I first landed in Geelong, in 1837, the Barrabool Hill tribe numbered upwards of 300 sleek and healthy-looking blacks. A few months previously to my leaving that town, in May, 1853, on casually strolling up to a couple of miam-miams, or native huts, that were erected upon the banks of the Burwan river, I observed seated therein nine loobras (women) and one sickly child. Seeing so few natives, I was induced to ask after numbers of my old dark friends of early days—Ballyyang, the chief of

the Barrabool tribe, the great Jagajaga, Panigerong, and many others, when I received the following pathetic reply: "Aha, Mitter Looyed, Ballyyang dedac [dead]; Jagajaga dedac; Panigerong dedac," &c., naming many others, and, continuing their sorrowful tale, in which all now joined, they chanted in minor and funereal tones, in their own soft language, to the following effect:—

"The stranger white man came in his great swimming corong [vessel], and landed at Corayio with his dedabul boulganass [large animals], and his anaki boulganass [little animals]. He came with his boom-booms [double guns], his white miam-miams [tents], blankets, and tomahawks; and the dedabul ummageet [great white stranger] took away the long-inherited hunting-grounds of the poor Barrabool coolies and their children," &c., &c. Having worked themselves into a fit of passionate and excited grief, weeping, shaking their heads, and holding up their hands in bitter sorrow, they exclaimed, in wild and frenzied tones, "Coolie! coolie! where are our coolies now? Where are our fathers—mothers—brothers—and sisters? Dead! all gone! dead!" Then, in broken English, they said, "Neber mind, Mitter Looyed, tir, by-'n'-by, all dem blackfella come back whitefella, like it you." Such is the belief of the poor Aborigines of Victoria. Hence we may fairly infer that they possess a latent spark of hope in their minds as to another and a better world.

Then, with outstretched fingers, they showed me

the unhappy state of the aboriginal population. From their statement it appeared that there existed of the tribe at that moment only nine women, seven men, and one child! Their rapid diminution in numbers may be traced to a variety of causes. First, the chances of obtaining their natural food were considerably lessened by the entire occupation of the best-grassed portions of the country, which originally abounded in kangaroo and other animals, upon which they subsisted. The greater number of those valuable creatures, as an inevitable consequence, retired into the wild uninhabitable countries, far from the haunts of the white man and his destructive dogs. Having refused the aid of the Government and the Missionary Society's establishments at the River Burwan and Mount Rouse, the natives were, to a serious extent, deprived of animal food, so essential to a people who were ever exposed to the inclemencies of winter, and the exhausting heats of summer. Influenza was one of the greatest scourges under which they suffered. Then, amongst other evils attending their association with the colonists, the brandy, rum, and tobacco, told fearfully upon their already weakened constitutions.

There was another cause for the premature disappearance of the blacks. Each tribe regarded the others with implacable enmity, and intrusion on its hunting-ground was the signal for a deep revenge. Superstition reigned supreme. If a member of any tribe fell sick and died, the death was attributed to the evil influence of some unfortunate individual of the neigh-

bouring tribe. A council of war was held, and the most formidable male relative of the deceased would sharpen his barbed spear, tomahawk, and boomerang, and, adorning his well-greased person with the red war-paint, would depart with a solemn determination never to return until he had killed either the presumed offender, or some other innocent member of his tribe, whether man, woman, or child. For weeks and months would the warrior relative of the last slain devotedly watch for a favourable opportunity of revenge, in which he never failed.

A remarkable illustration of this occurred at Geelong in 1850. Whilst seated by my comfortable fireside, at about eleven o'clock on a fearful night, the rain falling in torrents, the wind "blowing great guns," and literally tearing up trees by the roots, I was suddenly aroused by the furious screaming and barking of my terrified pointer. Seizing the poker, I rushed into the yard to ascertain the cause. But I could see nothing. All around me was perfect chaos. The dog, however, in speaking tones, continued his importunity, whilst I continued to search with great energy and caution every nook and corner of the yard. Piles of fire-wood, water-casks, and outhouses, all were poked and examined to no purpose. At length, during a temporary cessation of the hurricane, a most unearthly guttural moan, proceeding, as it were, from under the soles of my feet, caused every hair of my head to feel like porcupine's quills. "Holloa! what the devil is that?" said I, calling loudly to the cook to bring the

bull's-eye lantern, when, on casting its rays around, I discovered an undefinable, but animated mass of begrimed matter lying in the centre of the yard. My astonishment will easily be conceived when I state that the wretched object was no other than one of the earliest of my sable friends, to whom I was introduced on my first arrival at Geelong in 1837. The poor fellow was so desperately injured with spear and boomerang wounds, and so wofully beaten about the head and body with waddies, that it was with the utmost difficulty my cook and myself could succeed in placing him under shelter. Having liberally plied the wretched savage with smoking-hot wine and water, tea, and other restoratives, we wrapped him up in horse-rugs, &c., until the morning. Poor Tarmeenia told me, in a tone of wild excitement, "Aha! aha! Mitter Looyed! you know 'um lake 'yondabreakea-wata; my piccaninny make it miam-miam, an' go catch toowan fur 'im fader, cos 'e blendy werry bad. By-'n'-by, bungilcarney coolie [an enemy from another tribe] come an' stan' 'fore it fire; me blendy frighten. Blackfella look an' say, 'Wah! what for your piccaninny kill it my loobra [wife]? Me kill 'im fader!' Den trow it big 'pear in 'ere," pointing to his wounded side, "and blendy beat all ober; by-'n'-by, piccaninny cum back, tak' 'im fader up, bring 'um 'ere an' leab 'um."

The son was the tallest and most athletic savage of the Barrabool tribe, and had actually carried his helpless old parent a distance of at least four miles and

a half upon his shoulders, and safely deposited him on my premises. Early in the morning I sent for the assistant colonial surgeon, Dr. Clarke, who found poor Tarmeenia with three broken ribs, and otherwise fearfully mangled. My trusty foreman and myself having presently erected a snug miam-miam close to my dwelling-house, transported our dark patient thither in a wheelbarrow, made him a good fire, and left him comfortably lodged, with instructions to the cook to administer to his reasonable wants.

My interest in the fine old grateful black induced me to visit him sometimes thrice during the day. He invariably complained with rueful face of the "too much bad water" the doctor made him drink. And at every visit he earnestly implored that I would tell "mitter carman big one kunstable" to come often in the night, and bring his gun, "'cos same bungilcarney cum agin, an' dis time, too much kill 'im Tarmeenia." Upon this point, however, I entertained no shadow of fear, from the fact, that his miam-miam was within fifty yards of my house in the town.

Nearly three weeks had now elapsed, and the patient was fast recovering, when, at a very early hour one morning, I was aroused by a hurried tap at the bedroom window. I lifted the blind. "Make haste, sir, make haste," said my friend in great agitation; "I'm afraid the poor black fellow has been burned to death."

Dressing myself quickly, I proceeded to the scene of disaster, and there found to my great regret, that the object of so much solicitude to myself and all the

household, my poor black friend Tarmeenia, had no longer a place amongst the living. Having observed, however, upon a strict examination of the dry grass about his feet, that no appearance of ignition existed, I immediately suspected foul play, and examined the body more carefully. Upon turning it over, I perceived a fatal spear-wound near to the heart, and a deep incision in the right loin, evidently for the customary purpose of extracting the fat from around the kidneys, with which the avenged warrior besmears himself, as a mark of triumph equivalent to the bloody trophy of the grizzly Mohican scalp.

Singular to say, the son never once visited the father, during his long illness. Indeed, it is the invariable rule with the savage communities of Australia, when there is but little hope of the recovery either of husband, wife, or child, to provide them with food and firing, sufficient for two or three days, and then to leave them to their fate.

As to the natives of Geelong, the births among the Barrabool tribe (numbering as I have said 300) did not exceed twenty-four in a period of nearly seventeen years; whereas, when I first had the pleasure of their unsophisticated acquaintance, the rude encampments were much enlivened, by the merry laugh and innocent prattle, of the interesting little naked creatures; who, harmless and unsinching children, did not yet merit the harsh term of "savages," and then numbered upwards of thirty, male and female.

There were also many gray-headed, venerable-looking men, who appeared to have reached the three-score years and ten. Such, however, was not the reality: but rather, from continual exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, particularly to the chilling winter months, June and July, with nothing but the damp treacherous earth for their nightly couches, and too frequently debarred the common necessities of life, did they become prematurely old. According to my estimate, the days of their earthly pilgrimage, seldom or never exceeded forty-five years.

The following graphic stanza was sent to me with a request to place it in these records:—

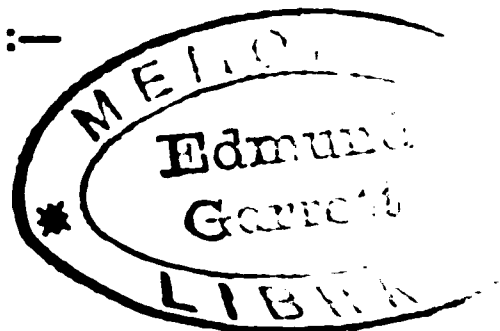
BLACK-EYED ZITELLA SAT WEEPING ALONE.

(Words by James Grassie. Set to Music by David Stanhope, Melbourne.)

BLACK-EYED Zitella sat weeping alone,
Her love had departed, her brothers were gone,
The last of the race of Wimmeira was she,
And the Queen of a tribe once happy and free ;
Now homeless and friendless on Talbot's gray stone,
Black-eyed Zitella sat weeping alone.

For the stranger invaded in merciless bands,
And reft from her father her forefathers' lands,
And scattered his heroes like chaff in the wind,
When the tempest comes howling down dark Warracind :
Far away, far away ! to the hunting clouds gone,
And dark-eyed Zitella sat weeping alone.

And the white men were greedy as Orcus's waves,
And barely accorded them ground for their graves,
And the beasts of the chase and the birds of the air
Fled from their guns with a scream of despair :—
And nearer to sunset the luan had flown,
And dark-eyed Zitella sat weeping alone.



And the great Kuremdurem, her brother, was slain,
And laughing Zooleca lay cold on the plain ;
And the graves of her tribe are like waves on the sea,
When tempests are swelling on black Oomalee ;
And the visions of childhood had vanished and gone,
And dark-eyed Zitella sat weeping alone.

The land's rightful owners, now wretched and poor,
Beg their morsels of food at their white brother's door :—
Those hunters who carolled so blithely at morn,
Now wander dejected, rejected, forlorn—
To their fathers the best and the bravest have gone,—
And dark-eyed Zitella sits weeping alone.
And dark-eyed Zitella sits weeping alone !!

Whilst upon the subject of the Australian Aborigines, I must not omit to describe the very original *modus operandi* of the indigenous *sage femme*. The unhappy loobra retired with her wise woman into some lone secluded dell, abounding with light sea sand. A fire was kindled, and the wretched miam-miam speedily constructed. Then came the slender repast, comprising a spare morsel of kangaroo or other meat, supplied with a sparing hand by her stoical coolie, grilled, and graced with the tendrils of green opiate cow-thistles, or the succulent roots of the bulbous herb, “mernong.” The sable attendant soon entered upon her interesting duties. One of the first was, to light a second fire over a quantity of prepared sand, that had been carefully divested of all fibrous roots, pebbles, or coarser matter. The burning coals and faggots were removed from thence, upon some nice calculation, as to the period of the unfortunate little nigger's arrival. When the minia-

ture representative of his sable father beheld the light of day, a hole was scratched in the heated sand, and the wee russet-brown thing safely deposited therein, in a state of perfect nudity, and buried to the very chin; so effectually covered up as to render any objectionable movement on his or her part utterly impossible. So far as any infantine ebullitions of feeling were concerned, the learned *sages femmes* appeared to have a thorough knowledge as to the world-wide method of treating the mewling puking importunities of unreasoning nurselings. They knew well that a two hours' sojourn in the desert sand, warm as it might be, would do much to cool the new-comer, and temper it into compliance. At the expiration of that time, having acquired so much knowledge of earthly troubles, the well-baked juvenile was considered to be thoroughly done, and thereupon introduced to his delighted loobra mamma.

The Victoria natives, like those of Tasmania, are very low in the scale of humanity. In the natural state, with trifling exceptions, all their acts, habits, and feelings are directed by the instinctive laws that govern the more sagacious of the brute creation. A few children, however, who have been reared and taught by Christian societies have amply illustrated that the aboriginal mind is capable of being at least moderately cultivated.

The men sometimes attempt to delineate with a piece of charcoal, on a sheet of bark, horses, carts, and other things. They are clever, as I have remarked,

in the art of mimicry, and in tastily tattooing their kangaroo-skin rugs; also in making buckets and drinking cups, from the gnarled excrescences of stunted gum-trees, though such vessels are of an exceedingly rude form. Neither the Barrabool Hill, Colac, nor Buninyong tribes ever constructed canoes; which would go far to demonstrate that there were never any fish to be found in the several lakes I have named, as situate in their districts.

There was one native, however, of the first-named tribe, who must have been regarded as another Confucius. When the spirit of eloquence moved him, he would rise in a state of wild excitement, and, with distended nostrils and outstretched arms, recount the warlike deeds of his ancestors, when placed in mortal combat with their hereditary foes, the bungil-carney colagians (natives of Colac), the Buninyong and Great Yarra-Yarra coolies, of which latter tribe Buckley was so many years a happy member. He would also tell how the giant warriors had overcome that dreaded monster, the bunyip, which inhabited the larger lakes and rivers in times past, and frequently seizing their loobras and children, plunged headlong with its prey into the deep deep waters of Purram-bete. To stamp his narrative with the authority of an eye-witness, he would draw for their edification the figure of the formidable bunyip, which, from his showing, resembled the fabulous mermaid upon a gigantic scale—the whole of the body, however, being covered with strong scales, overlapped like armour plates, with

the head and neck of a giraffe; having also a thick flowing mane, and two short powerful fore-legs, each armed with four immense talons. Large fossil remains have been discovered upon the banks of a shallow salt lagoon, called Timboon, by Mr. Adeney, a squatter, of an inquiring mind and somewhat learned in such matters, which he has transmitted to the British Museum. Some have been found of the kangaroo, proving its height to have been sixteen feet; there are, however, no vestiges of any animal answering to the bunyip.

The women manufacture both a small and large sort of grass-plaited baskets; the latter is a generally useful article, employed in season for catching small fish, resembling whitebait, at the openings of weirs, which are constructed of bushes across the embouchures of rivulets. When not required for that purpose, it is applied to the doubly-convenient use of carrying the piccaninny and the family outfit. The women show their ingenuity also in tattooing and sewing their kangaroo and opossum skin rugs with the fine sinews of the brush and wallabee kangaroo tails, stringing the graceful feathers of the emu into modest apron-bands, and making necklaces of pearly shells to wear on state occasions. The lank-haired Malay and the curly-headed Negro may be seen in one tribe exhibiting different shades or degrees of colour. The men are, on an average, short, and, to appearance, very muscular, though really not strong. The following comparison of the physical power possessed by different

nations is, from observations made by Monsieur Peron with the dynamometer, upon 12 natives of Van Diemen's Land, 17 of New Holland, 56 of the Island of Timor, 17 Frenchmen, and 14 Englishmen, in the colony of New South Wales:—

	Strength of the Arms. Kilogrammes.	Strength of Loins. Kilogrammes.
Van Diemen's Land	50·6	10·0
New Holland	50·8	10·2
Timor	58·7	11·6
France	69·2	15·2
England	71·4	16·3

The women are taller in proportion than the men; but at the age of about six or seven and twenty they present the most hideous appearance imaginable; they are mere outlines of humanity. Their loathsome appearance is, in time of mourning, increased by the custom of tearing off the skin of their cheeks, and liberally besmearing their black foreheads with white pipeclay. Their hands and feet are, however, singularly small and well formed.

The tribes used occasionally to declare war and meet in hostile front; but they were generally so dexterous in warding off the quivering spears, and the treacherous revolving boomerang, that seldom did any harm result to either party.

The only instance I ever witnessed of corporal punishment being inflicted—evidently, too, by some legal process—was upon the person of a fine sleek young black, who, having finished his morning's re-

past, rose in a dignified manner, and casting his rug from his shoulders, strode with Mohican stoicism to the appointed spot, divested of his shield, waddy, or other means of defence; nor, when once placed, did he utter one word nor move a muscle of his graceful well-moulded person, but with folded arms and defiant attitude awaited the fatal ordeal. A few minutes only elapsed when two equally agile savages, each armed with two spears and a boomerang, marched, with stately gait, to within sixty yards of the culprit. One weapon after another was hurled at the victim savage with apparently fatal precision, but his quick eye and wonderful activity set them all at defiance, with the exception of the very last cast of a boomerang, which, taking an unusual course, severed a piece of flesh from the shoulder-blade, equal in size to a crown-piece, as if sliced with a razor, and thus finished the affair.

One of the most singular facts in connection with the Aborigines of the Victoria territory is, that although the neighbouring tribes can to a certain extent understand each other, yet, in most points, their languages differ, particularly in the names of animals, birds, and trees.

There can be little doubt that the peopling of the great island continent of Australia has taken place *viâ* the islands of Malacca, Sumatra, and other Polynesian islands; and finally from the coast of Papua or New Guinea, the nearest land to Cape York, the extreme northerly point of New Holland. These countries are separated by Torres Straits, and are not

over ninety or one hundred miles distant from each other, with many little coral rocks and islands intervening. How else that vast country could have been peopled, it seems difficult if not impossible to explain. The word "coolie," as applied to the males of most Australian tribes, affords matter for speculation, from its apparent Indian derivation.

Never, until very recently, having conceived the slightest intention of committing my recollections to paper, I cannot, therefore, remember more than a few words in the language of the Colac tribe of natives; possibly, however, there may be many words of the Barrabool tribe in the following memorandum.

Aha, <i>yes.</i>	Calara-nuke, <i>to lie down.</i>
Anaki, <i>little.</i>	Carra-nuke, <i>a covering.</i>
Balaga-larnuke, <i>to run.</i>	Calada, <i>last night.</i>
Bangyeen, <i>you.</i>	Calada-wa, <i>yesterday.</i>
Bangyeek, <i>I, me.</i>	Calarga-nuke, <i>to sleep.</i>
Barrabool, <i>an oyster.</i>	Cogalla, <i>to eat.</i>
Barrat-car-loon, <i>to awake.</i>	Corra, <i>a kangaroo.</i>
Barang-mal, <i>an emu.</i>	Corong, <i>a boat—or vessel.</i>
Bee-rin, <i>the wind.</i>	Dedabul, <i>large.</i>
Borac, <i>no.</i>	Dedac, <i>dead.</i>
Borac-wah, <i>enough, or that</i> <i>will do.</i>	Deering-ne-dular-nuke, <i>whistle.</i>
Boorde-nuke, <i>plenty.</i>	Goangannon, <i>give to me.</i>
Boorana, <i>this night.</i>	Kardinea, <i>daylight.</i>
Bung-al-la-lee, <i>don't under-</i> <i>stand.</i>	Lugid-eded, <i>a knife.</i>
Bungilcarney, <i>enemy.</i>	Maree, <i>the sea.</i>
Corayio, <i>proper name of</i> <i>country about Geelong.</i>	Mearnook, <i>to raise up.</i>
Corange-lun-dun, <i>to bring.</i>	Merejig, <i>very good.</i>
Carte-doon-garnook, <i>too</i> <i>much.</i>	Moorabool, <i>a mussel.</i>
	Murrong, <i>to rain.</i>
	Mywun, <i>long distance.</i>
	Na-arremaluke, <i>to go on.</i>

Narlanga-tarawart, *mid-day.*

Na, *the sun.*

Ne-jular-nook, *to see.*

•Onun-burri-nuke, *to tell.*

Panigerong, a gum leaf.

Peet-car-nook, *to kill.*

Peerin, cold.

Pat-gar-nook, *to sit down.*

Poa-jong, an egg.

Ponairee, *sun-set.*

Pud-car-nook, *to catch.*

Put-murri-nook, to die.

Tarrecarnuke, *to stop.*

Tara-wa-luke, immediately.

Tarala, *presently.*

Tooloom, a duck.

Toong, smoke.

Ugo, *quick.*

Ummageet, *stranger.*

Weeri-muklin, *hot.*

Wolli-gar-nuke, to drink.

Warre-turra, take care.

Wur-cum-bara-nuke, *to work.*

Wahart-car-nuke, to hear.

Yaloke, a creek.

Yan-gan-note, go away (Colac).

Yangalli, go away (*Barrabool*).

Yarreyan, to come.

Yan-yar-nuke, to walk.

Yon-warra-gang, *sun-rise*

Yoon-durrin-nuke, to be

angry.

CHAPTER XIX.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG—GEOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA—
THE SQUATTERS.

WITHOUT living witnesses, or authentic records, none would believe that the now opulent city of Melbourne, with its fine wide macadamized streets, its noble warehouses, its imposing public edifices, its plate-glassed and gas-lighted shops, could be the peaceful locality of the year 1837. Up to that period, however, the site upon which the magic city is erected, was, with trifling exceptions, in a state of nature. The exceptions consisted in a few little rude turf and paling huts, strewn about, amongst the tall trees, in happy confusion, with the gipsy fires and miam-miams of the astonished tribes of Aborigines. So widely dispersed were those rustic domiciles, that there was positively as much difficulty in finding the whereabouts of your enterprising friend, in his humble mud cabin, as would have been experienced in the attempt to discover him, were he the tenant of a sky-attic in London. Early days as those were, the embryo city could boast of a tolerably respectable four-roomed paling-walled house, bearing the attractive appellation of the "Lamb Inn." Never was a sign more inappropriately assumed; instead of its affording rest and

shelter to the weary traveller, the orgies that were kept up day after day, and night after night, within its walls, converted it into a perfect den of drunkenness and vice.

Let us now turn to the Liverpool of Victoria, the beautifully-situated corporate town of Geelong, with its noble and commodious harbour, capable of containing thousands of ships in equal safety as if in the London Docks. Geelong also can boast of its fine stone edifices, public and private, its wide and well-metalled streets, gas-lighted shops, and convenient wharfage for large vessels. A continuous line of railway from the Grand Terminus to the extreme point of the new Government wharf, is now in full operation. Nor should we omit, in common justice to Geelong, to make special mention of the peculiar rich arable and pasture land with which it is immediately surrounded. Its English-like farms of the Barrabool and Bellerine Hills, its highly-cultivated vineyards, and its well-stocked market-gardens, are all composed of the richest and most productive soil. Neither do the members of its spirited community show want of energy in catering for the general progress of Victoria. Importance must necessarily be attached to Geelong, on the knowledge that the pastures and mines of its surrounding counties produce a greater proportion of wool, fat stock, and gold, than any other districts of the same extent, throughout Australia.

Fronted by the noble Bay of Corio upon its northern boundary, and having the sea within ten miles of the southern lines, it naturally, as far excels Melbourne in

climate as Tasmania does Geelong. Had, therefore, its magnificent site, which is almost unrivalled for health and convenience, been selected for the capital, it would, doubtless, have surpassed its proud sister, Melbourne, in a two-fold degree.

Geelong also enjoys a peculiar advantage over Melbourne in the matter of postal communication with Great Britain and other countries, being close to the Heads of Port Phillip—the last point of departure of sea-going vessels.

There is a marked spirit of rivalry and jealousy existing between the people of the two towns. The philosophical view, however, is, that Geelong is a considerable gainer from the circumstance, inasmuch as it inspirits the worthy Corayians to persevere in progressive measures, which might otherwise remain in listless abeyance.

“There is now a channel with eighteen feet at low water leading from the Outer into the Inner Harbour of Geelong. The channel is short, and perfectly straight, and although only one chain wide, is available for the admission of the largest class of merchantmen frequenting that port. The dredges will be continued at work until the channel shall be two chains wide, but, so far as regards the present requirements of commerce, the work is completed, and there is now *no obstacle to the initiation of a direct trade in first-class ships* between England and the port of Geelong, now, unquestionably, the finest in Victoria, and which gives access to markets second only to that of the metropolis. The traders of Ballarat and the other western and north-western centres of trade, will, upon the opening of the railway, be enabled

GEELONG.



to have their goods hoisted from the ship's hold and passed into the trucks that are to carry them by the shortest line of land carriage, to the nearest point to their own door. One important result of the opening of this deep channel into the inner harbour is, that a safe harbour of refuge has thereby been provided for a merchant fleet in time of war. The inner anchorage is a basin with an area of about twenty square miles, while the narrowness of the entrance will render it almost inaccessible to an enemy.

"And," says the *Geelong Advertiser*, under the head of "Exploration,"—"While Mr. Burke and Mr. Stuart are conducting their respective parties into the far north and the far west, and we are looking forward in some anxiety for particulars of their discoveries of new pasturages and water-courses, or new deserts and parched-up gullies, as the case may be, a more humble but very useful spirit of enterprise in this particular walk has manifested itself nearer our own doors. Although Cape Otway, with its background of steep ranges and dense forests, is only seventy miles from Geelong, and only half that distance from Colac, yet very little is known of the resources and capabilities of the district. Indeed, the *terra incognita* may be said to lie just outside our doorsteps, for, although the Cape itself is seventy miles off, the Cape Otway country commences within twenty miles of our town, while Colac is almost within its very border. What we do know of the productions of this very considerable stretch of territory, warrants us in believing that it is extremely rich in mineral productions. Coal has been found in thick beds on various parts of the coast, as well as on the banks of the Barwon and its tributary, and although no actual rush or diggings have been established within its bounds, evidences of the existence of gold in several localities have been repeatedly furnished. It is with a view to institute a thorough prospecting search into the mineral wealth of the district that the exploring

spirit has been at work in Geelong, Colac, and Winchelsea. Several meetings have been held, committees have been established, former explorers consulted with, and all the preliminaries of a successful movement have been set in action. The final arrangements remain to be made, but we can speak as confidently now of the start of a well-equipped exploring and prospecting party into the Cape Otway district as twelve months ago we spoke of the arrangements for the departure of the greater exploring party beyond the bounds of colonization.

“Whatever may be the result of the prospecting enterprise, there can be no doubt of the riches of the territory in coal and timber. These are to be found in abundance within twenty-five miles of Geelong, on the tributaries of the Upper Barwon, and even in these dull times there are men who can muster courage enough to assert that the carrying of a tramway into the coal and timber country is an undertaking that should be set about at once. The Upper Barwon presents many advantages for affording a water supply, and there is a probability that the two objects will be attained by one and the same effort.”

The celebrated Ballarat gold-fields lie comparatively at the door of Geelong, and direct railway communication with them having been decided on, the harbour being now available to large ships, it seems scarcely in the power of man to prevent a “good time” from “coming” to the second town in Victoria.

The sea-port towns of Portland, Port Fairy, and Alberton, in Gipp’s Land, also send out their ships laden with the precious golden fleeces and other staple commodities, and are rapidly acquiring eminence by the perseverance of their respective communities.

In speaking of countries, towns, and other places, almost the first question a listener puts to the narrator is, "What is the distance of so-and-so from such a town?" etc. From Melbourne to Geelong, overland, is 48 miles; by water, 56 miles. To Port Fairy, 110 miles by land; and 135 by water. To Portland, 150 miles by land; and 175 miles by water. To Alberton, at Corner Inlet, or Gipp's Land, 120 miles by land; and 200 by water.

There are several important inland towns also, bearing the names of Ballarat, Castlemaine, at Mount Alexander; Kyneton, Kilmore, Sandhurst, Maryborough, and the Ovens, the second about 70 miles from the capital; Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, is distant from Sydney, by the overland route, 600 miles. It is estimated, in seafaring phraseology, by water, at 600 knots, 17 of which are equal to about 19 miles on *terra firma*.

Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania, lies to the southward of Victoria; the respective shores of which colonies, divided by Bass's Straits, are, on an average, about 180 miles apart. The town of Launceston is distant from Melbourne somewhere about 280 miles.

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, is as nearly as possible the same distance from Melbourne, by the overland and sea route, as Sydney.

The capitals of New South Wales and South Australia, distant from each other 1200 miles, are now placed in telegraphic communication, *viâ* Melbourne.

The new colony of Queensland (Moreton Bay) is distant from Sydney, by sea-route, about 600 miles.

King George's Sound, from Melbourne, by sea, the only route, about 2100 miles.

Swan River, from Melbourne, about 2600.

It will, perhaps, be of some interest to the general reader also to record here, the computed distance from England to Australia. By a reference to the valuable map attached it will be seen, that from London to Melbourne, by the overland route, is 11,773 miles; by the long sea-route, 13,913 miles. But, presuming miles in such calculation to mean "knots," then about 1384 miles, land measure, may be added to the first number, which makes the distance 13,157 miles. And, by the same rule, estimating 17 knots as about equal to 19 miles, the latter-named route will be increased 1636 miles, making the actual distance 15,549 miles.

The term "squatter," which so often excites the risible faculties of the inquirer, is thus derived:—A flock-master settling in Australia could drive his stock to—and occupy—any tract of country, which, from its extent and pastoral capabilities, might meet his comprehensive views; always provided, that such lands had not already been appropriated. On this point, explanations were simple and immediate. Any settled occupant, upon being requested to show his boundary lines, would comply by a polite invitation to accompany him to the summit of some commanding mount. Here, the visitor would soon be enlightened as to the fact that his entertainer was, in truth, monarch of all he surveyed. The squatters of early

days were eminently remarkable for a spirit of enterprise; nor were they less distinguished for elasticity of conscience in the land-way. The members of that highly respectable class commenced life with flocks of ewes, varying from 500 to 2000; valued, when at Port Phillip, at 45s. per head. Early flock-masters were always confirmed in their selection of lands, according to the quantity of stock they possessed. Sheep-stations, however, seldom comprised less than eight or ten thousand acres; but rather, in the majority of cases, exceeded that number, upon a graduated scale, until reaching to the princely holding of sixty—and, in many cases, one hundred—thousand acres; the greater portion of which was composed of magnificent downs, and fine open park lands. Not the least advantage was, that the licensed proprietor enjoyed possession of those extensive domains for years, upon paying the nominal sum of £10 sterling per annum, together with a trifling assessment of one penny per head for every grown sheep, threepence per head for cattle, and sixpence for every horse. These charges are now considerably increased; but not beyond what the owners can well afford to pay, nor perhaps, as much as they ought to contribute to the colonial revenue, for the enjoyment of such valuable privileges. The Victorian squatter who can number but five or six thousand sheep, is held to be a man of small account, in the estimation of the princely wool-growers of the present day. Those only, who can command the shearing of, from ten to forty thou-

sand fleeces annually, are estimated as worthy of any note.

The profits of the sheep-growers—as I have already shown—are highly remunerative; and, although their interests were very seriously affected at the time, by the gold discoveries, yet, from the large influx of digging emigrants, they were considerable gainers, from the increased demand for their fat mutton and beef, which would otherwise have been consigned to the melting-pot. Shepherds, bullock-drivers, and other servants were seized with the desire to turn diggers of gold, in common with others; and the cost of maintaining a sheep-station, was apparently increased to an alarming degree; but the result affected the flock-master as it did the employers of labour generally. For instance, your conscientious butcher is occasionally very sorry indeed, truly sorry, but as all his operatives have struck for higher wages, he is reluctantly compelled to raise the price of his mutton and beef, one farthing per pound; which farthing yields to him, as consolation money, a sum, tenfold exceeding his advance in wages.

During a short series of years, the great source of difficulty for the squatter was the finding of a market for his surplus fat stock. Thousands of noble wethers, and hundreds of prize oxen, wandered about the overstocked stations, comparatively valueless. Thus, did matters continue for three or four years in succession, and threatened utter ruin to the squatting interests, until 1843, when a desperate remedy was discovered in the



wholesale conversion of those choice animals into tallow. This immediately stamped the value of sheep at six shillings per head, and that of fat cattle at from four pounds ten shillings to five pounds per head.

The process of melting was simple enough. Three large vats, made of two-and-a-half-inch deal, five feet high, by four feet six inches square, iron bound, and placed on a stone or brick stand, were capable of containing 150 sheep, if well chopped up. An iron grating, one foot from the bottom, preserved a space for the receipt of the tallow. Upon this grating was laid the first layer of mutton, about twelve to fourteen inches thick, and so on, to the top of the vat. The strong iron-bound lid—in which was fixed a safety-valve—was then screwed down, and the steam turned on at the bottom, by means of iron pipes, leading from the boiler into each vat. On the opposite side, were inserted three taps, at certain heights; one for drawing off the water or essence of rich mutton broth, as it should rather be called, and the others for carefully running off the tallow. Eight or ten hours' steaming, thoroughly eradicated every particle of grease from either mutton or beef, and bleached the bones into snowy whiteness. The pure clean broth, and the fibrous meat, were appropriated to the feeding of pigs. The rounds of beef, together with thousands of legs of mutton, were salted, and the latter dried for use, as mutton hams. The last article, however, was so little valued, that, although the foreman of our melting establishment, at Geelong, was authorized to

sell them, fresh or salt, at sixpence per leg, weighing eight or nine pounds each, no sale could be effected to any extent. The fat forced swine, unfitted from this rich feeding for the butcher's shambles, were also melted down and converted into hog's lard, which, together with the general tallow, was refined by the process of reboiling in large iron pots; then casked up and shipped for London.

The extraordinary number of emigrants, however, who flocked to the golden shores of Victoria, in 1853, soon raised the value of fat wethers and oxen beyond melting price: and thus, for the future, set at rest the fears of the squatters as to a market for their edible produce.

CHAPTER XX.

LOSS OF MR. GELLIBRAND.

IN a previous section of this book I slightly alluded to the sad loss of that spirited colonist and eminent barrister, Mr. Joseph Tice Gellibrand. Of him it might be said, that nature had endowed him with a more than ordinary share of energy and enterprise; and, although enjoying the honourable and lucrative appointment of Attorney-General of Tasmania, added to an extensive practice, he was of too active and speculative a turn of mind to rest contented under the restraint of office. He therefore resigned, and, amongst other of his many ventures, placed himself in earnest co-operation with Mr. Batman, with a view to the re-colonization of Port Phillip.

His was a laudable ambition to be one in the foremost rank of the founders of that magnificent country; and great were the hopes of the people, that his well-known acuteness and moral influence would be highly advantageous to its general progress—and so, to their individual welfare.

Never was the old adage, “Man proposes but God disposes,” more truly verified than in his case. It was ordained by an overruling Providence, that his

personal sojourn in the new El Dorado of the South should be of but brief duration. His unhappy fate was shared, too, by his almost equally lamented companion, Mr. Hesse—a gentleman of estimable character, and first-class attainments in his profession as a solicitor; and who, during his short but successful career in Tasmania, had earned from his many friends, the title of “the honest lawyer.” Both were men in the prime of life, in full vigour of mind and body. Their last sad story is briefly told.

Early in the year 1837, Mr. Gellibrand, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Hesse, crossed the straits from Tasmania to Port Phillip, for the second time, on a tour of business and pleasure combined. After remaining a short period at Melbourne, they proceeded to Geelong, and there decided on paying a visit to a worthy old ship-master of Van Diemen’s Land, Captain Pollock; whose sheep-station was situate on the Burwan river, about eleven miles from the Bay of Corio. Having rested and refreshed themselves and their steeds for the night at his hospitable homestead, and being desirous of exploring the country still higher up the river, they departed thence at an early hour of the next morning, in company with a guide, named Robert Acres, who was then shepherding at the above-named station. I should mention that, after a few days’ sojourn at Geelong, the destination of the travellers was again Melbourne, fifty-eight miles from Pollock’s. This town, from Cowie and Stead’s station on the Moorabool,

their contemplated quarters for that night, they hoped to reach on the evening of the following day. With the prospect, therefore, of so short a day's journey before them, they considered it unnecessary to provide themselves with food, beyond a couple of ship-biscuits.

After travelling along the open plain country on the northern banks of the Burwan, for about fifteen miles, the guide, who was on foot, expressed his unwillingness to proceed any farther in the same direction wanting the ordinary supply of provisions; observing, that there was not an inch of country occupied beyond his master's station. At this last objection of the guide the infatuated barrister was highly amused; and, pointing to the conical-shaped mount of the Warriars, at Lake Korangamyte, under the impression that he saw the Vilumnati, or Station Peak Hills, "My good fellow," he remarked, "Behold! look for yourself. Yonder is Station Peak, right before your very eyes."

"Station Peak, sir!" exclaimed Acres; "no, no, sir; you must excuse me. That mount is at least fifty miles from Station Peak."

"Tut, tut! nonsense, man!" quickly retorted the other; "any one with a grain of common sense ought to know better."

"I'm sorry to contradict you, sir," replied the guide; "Vilumnati Hills are quite in the opposite direction."

"Stay! listen, my dear friend Gellibrand," rejoined his doubting friend; "there is common sense in this, at

least. Acres declares that, if we'll only ride to those two little hills* on the plain, he will show us not only the very peak in question, but the Bay of Geelong at its base; think you it would not be the wiser course to adopt, in order more certainly to ascertain our true position?"

"No, Hesse; most distinctly no! A useless labour. Yon hill is Station Peak, yes, and no other; 'tis the beacon marked and named by Flinders, for mariners to steer by, and it shall be our good pilot also; surely a better landmark no traveller could desire. Pray trust in me; rest assured I've not travelled the Bush so many years, and so many hundred miles, for nothing. In a word, then, if Master Bob Acres' heart does fail him—if he really fears to accompany us farther on our route—we'll show him that our instinctive knowledge of localities is very considerably in advance of his."

"On my word and honour, sir, you're wrong! You are indeed, sir!" emphatically rejoined the guide. "Pardon me, sir; I think you seem determined to leave your bones in some lone place, never to be discovered by mortal man. Don't go in that direction through an unknown country, without compass, arms, or provisions! Pray don't, sir; it's certain death to do so."

"Tut, nonsense, my good fellow; talk to the winds, you're certainly demented. I shall travel the banks of this river yet some few miles, and then shape my

* Called, from that circumstance, Mounts Gellibrand and Hesse.

course for that hill. Cowie and Stead's homestead is assuredly situate on this side of the Peak."

"Really, Gellibrand," resumed his perplexed and more nervous companion, "I confess I am much alarmed, and quite at a loss what line to pursue between the two opinions; but I am afraid I must find for the defendant Acres, since I feel it strongly impressed on my mind, that he is right; we ought, at least, to return to Pollock's station, and lay in a stock of provant, before we undertake such doubtful projects. And then the prudent guide says he will accompany us, go where we may. Come, Gellibrand, you see the majority is against you, therefore, I say, yield, surrender; it's only a matter of half a day later, and we shall be amply repaid by the reflection that we have adopted a wise precaution."

"Hesse!—my dear and estimable friend Hesse!—have you no confidence whatever in me? Would you also show the white feather—rebel against and desert me in such a moment, with this glorious park-like country before your very eyes? Can I believe my own senses?" emphatically continued the excited barrister; "think you that I value my life at so little price, as to risk its loss by an act of voluntary and unpardonable folly? You hurt my Bushman pride. Hesse, you, of all others, should know me better. Come, courage, my boy, courage; and let's face the dreadful bugbear!" Then, throwing himself into the saddle, and breaking a biscuit in half, he addressed the astounded guide in a confident and patronising tone, saying, "Acres, you're

a truant pilot; you've a long walk before you; but, since you're determined to go no farther, here, you renegade I divide my last biscuit with you, and thank you also for your good intentions and efficient services, so far."

"No, sir; no, indeed, I will not take it!" replied the man, shaking his head in unfeigned regret; and (as he afterwards related to me, scarcely believing the poor gentleman to be in earnest) he added, "Never should I forgive myself if I took one single crumb of it. Too soon, I fear, you'll feel the want of biscuit, and every other necessary of life; be very sparing of it, sir; three or four hours will see me safe at home, whereas, persist in taking that route, and depend on it, that biscuit will be the last you'll ever break in this world."

"Acres," replied the barrister, "you preach so well that, when I've a living to give away, I'll think of the truant guide."

"Although no coward," again remarked poor Mr. Hesse, shrugging his shoulders in doubtful mood, "an ominous presentiment pervades my mind, that tells me, if we proceed far into this unknown unsettled country, the prophetic words of our plain-speaking guide, will be most sorrowfully verified. Come, think again, dear Gellibrand; shall we go back, eh? Come, say the word."

"No, Hesse! no, my very worthy—but I fear white chicken-hearted—friend!" exclaimed Mr. Gellibrand; "return, if you will, but 'Advance' is the word with me. So now farewell, Bob Acres!" Then, putting spurs to his horse, the doomed determined man rode off,

and was immediately—but with marked reluctance—followed by his dispirited and doubting companion.

Acres, in a state of dumb astonishment, remained at the place of departure, watching in sorrowful contemplation the receding figures of his gentlemen friends, until they were lost in the distance—and to the eye of man, as he mentally exclaimed, “for ever!” A few days only had passed since they bade that last farewell to the guide, when I arrived at Pollock’s station; I found the worthy host, and Mr. Thomas Armytage, Buckley (the giant companion of the Yarra-Yarra natives), Acres, and several others, all in a state of gloom and consternation, preparing to set out in search of the missing travellers, of whom nothing had been heard for ten days. Both of the unfortunate gentlemen being personal and much-esteemed friends of my own, I also was deeply interested in the success of the expedition, contributed my mite to its despatch, and so became acquainted with the details of the calamity.

The mounted party was speedily equipped, and, on their arriving at the spot where the gentlemen were last seen by Acres, the tracks of their horses—deeply impressed in the soft sward—were easily discovered, and most anxiously and assiduously followed up for three days, along the upward course of the River Burwan. At last all traces were lost in the dense scrub and grass-tree valleys. Through these, however, they perseveringly penetrated, occasionally firing off their guns, and making the dark, thick, heathered glens to resound, at frequent intervals, with the shrill,

piercing *cooë*. Resolved to leave no chance untried, they ascended the lofty pinnacles of the highest hills met with in their route, and there lit fires and created clouds of curling smoke, as a signal that might, perchance, catch the eye of the lost and starving travellers. Alas, there was no response!

The baffled party, almost bereft of hope now returned to Rickett's Marsh; and from thence proceeded to the fated Warriar Hills, every part of which they carefully searched, together with the surrounding country, for seven successive days, but without the desired result. At the expiration of the tenth day, they gave up the search in sorrow and despair, and returned on the following morning to Pollock's station.

Anxious, if possible, to ascertain the fate of her husband and his faithful friend Mr. Hesse, Mrs. Gellibrand despatched another party from Hobart Town, but they also returned after a three weeks' unavailing search. About four years after the melancholy loss of the travellers, by a singular coincidence, the skulls of two Europeans, together with fragments of clothing and pieces of a broken watch were discovered—if I remember right—within twenty or thirty miles of Port Fairy, by Mr. Allan, a stockholder. The skulls, from their similarity to the heads of the lost gentlemen, in many important particulars, combined with the air of truthfulness attending the following statement of the natives, left no room for doubt as to their identity.

Two white men on foot, in a dreadful state of ex-

haustion, had come tottering up to their miam-miams late on one evening, and, in imploring attitudes, and with various signs, told them they had travelled a long long way, and that they were very ill, and starving. The natives, who had been in communication with the whalers at Port Fairy, assisted them to their fire, and endeavoured to administer to their wants by giving them some black fish to eat. The stouter man, Mr. Gellibrand, was described as having partaken thereof, but the other was far too weak and exhausted either to eat, speak, or, once down, to raise himself up from his recumbent position.

Notwithstanding the kindness and attention of the good sable Samaritans, the unfortunate travellers never rallied.

From the natives' account it would appear that one, "the darkest," which must have been poor Mr. Hesse, expired on the second day; and the other, Mr. Gellibrand, on the third day after their arrival at the camp of the Aborigines.

Thus was lost to Victoria, in Mr. Joseph Tice Gellibrand, one of its most talented and enterprising promoters, together with his estimable but too confiding friend, Mr. Hesse. Most of my brother-colonists of Tasmania, to whom those gentlemen were known, will, doubtless, coincide in the following tribute of respect to their memory: "They were alike pre-eminent for their usefulness, their virtues, and the high standing they had acquired for themselves, in the estimation of all ranks and classes of society."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD AND THE NEW HOME.

As a concluding chapter, I am tempted briefly to record my observations of men and things of the old world in comparison with those of the new. Not only are the natural productions of the colonies at the extreme of difference from those of all countries heretofore discovered, but it seems Divinely ordained that the man who migrates to those beautiful countries should present an utter contrast to his former self. Not only does he experience a complete renewal of constitution, but he glows with a spirit of self-reliance to which he has hitherto been a stranger. That instant when he sets foot upon the coveted land, he is impressed with the conviction that he must cast aside the stale budget of time-worn prejudices—the perpetual heirloom of his worthy forefathers. Like the golden insect when emerging from the chrysalis, he re-exists with new ideas, and has become a happy member of a new creation. He is divested of all that reserved and frigid deportment which so eminently distinguishes the majority of his untravelled fellow-countrymen. He feels that he breathes the pure atmosphere of good fellowship alike with his brother-adventurers. He practically tests

the axiom, that the happiness and welfare of every honest and right-minded man, are inseparably identified with those of his neighbours. Where, indeed, dwells the man who, though possessed of the wealth of a Croesus, can progress through every-day life without the aid and the sympathies of his fellow-creatures? Unreserved and mutual dependence, therefore, calls into life sentiments that have hitherto lain dormant, for want of an Australian sun to warm them into life.

The mind, however, is ever yearning to grasp some *ignis fatuus*. Notwithstanding that the fortunate colonist has succeeded, by enterprise and energy, in acquiring a state of luxurious independence, and is, moreover, surrounded by every comfort that could possibly conduce to his worldly contentment, yet, amidst all this, how often does his heart recur and cling to the memory of scenes connected with his early home! "He dreams of his once valued friends, and their happy firesides," as of things only wanting to complete his future happiness in life. His every energy is thus directed to the one point (as he then feels and affirms), to "go home a wealthy man, to astonish and create a sensation, and to receive homage among his relatives, friends, and fellow-townsmen."

Alas! how sparingly has Dame Nature dealt out to the sons of men those essential ingredients of a common-sense life, "contentment and calm reflection"! The fortunate denizen of the newly-inhabited world forgets, or only half sees the fact, that, in his new sphere he has formed a circle of friends and acquaintances, has

founded for himself new associations and individual interests, which, in reality, constitute the true basis of man's earthly happiness and moral influence. True, however, to his long-cherished and overweening desire, at the expiration of fifteen or twenty years, we find him alienating, or letting to strangers, those princely lands and flocks; that noble mansion, with its model homestead and park-like grounds, whereon he was wont to look with just and honest pride—a lasting monument of individual courage and industry. We see him, as he would fain believe, “homeward bound,” soon to be reunited with those dear friends, from whom he has been so long and so painfully separated.

Arrived, however, at his native place after so many years' absence, what does he find? Of his own kindred, the kind old folks are gone and forgotten; their place is known no more on earth. The friends and boon companions of his happy and youthful days, are either dead, or scattered over fields of distant enterprise—*where*, few in reality either know or care. Others, again, entered into wedded life, are absorbed in their own little world of happiness with its round of cares present and future, and have lost all recollection, that the now rich and returned colonist had ever vegetated in their town or village. And, for his country, the march of time and events has so transformed the rustic haunts of his boyish days, that he vainly strives to recognise some early much-loved scene, to light up one solitary ray of joy in his blank and lonely heart. This picture,

although, perhaps, a little overdrawn, is nevertheless too often verified: doubtless for reasons fraught with Inscrutable Wisdom.

But let us further review the home-sick colonist, who long ere this has learnt the utter fallacy of his proud and visionary hopes; who has been taught by stern reality that the true philosophy of life is largely comprehended in the word "Contentment." He who had once possessed a princely manor, who allied himself to a wide circle of esteemed friends and took to his heart and home some happy Australian or Tasmanian maiden, whose frugal habits and moral influence helped him to build up a name, famed, loved, and respected by an extensive community of brother-adventurers, now sees and feels, how egregiously he has duped himself into the delusion, that, on his returning to his dear little native hamlet, all knees would bow to their "great and wealthy squire and countryman."

But, the light breaks in; and the veil that obscured his better reason is at last withdrawn. The rustic hamlet has long given place to a noble town; and he moves amidst the teeming host of his fellow-men, "a lonesome blank," unknowing and to all unknown. Of those who—filled with patriotic fire—revisit their native land after many long years' absence, seven out of every ten meet with disappointment, and hasten back to their adopted country. As a matter of course, those who return to the land of their birth with a view to extend their mercantile pursuits, are not included in this observation. There is, however, a very important

section of the colonial community who, with a few exceptions, are wisely content to remain, in preference seeking the famed, but overcrowded and overtaxed, land of their forefathers. I speak of the native-born population, of European descent, who, blessed with a genial climate, healthy and profitable occupations, together with every luxury that wealth can command, thus prove themselves to be staunch patriots.

APPENDIX.

THE FOLLOWING STATISTICAL INFORMATION ON VICTORIA IS
EXTRACTED FROM OFFICIAL RETURNS,* BY
MR. ARCHER.

POPULATION.

THE estimated population of Victoria between the 31st December, 1859, and the 31st December, 1860, is shown as follows :—

TABLE I.—VICTORIA.—*Population at the end of each quarter, from 31st December, 1859, to 31st December, 1860.*

Date.	Males.	Females.	Total.	No. of Females to every 100 Males.
31st December . 1859	335,708	194,554	530,262	58·0
31st March . . 1860	337,213	196,792	534,005	58·4
30th June . . . 1860	339,035	199,297	538,332	58·8
30th September 1860	341,628	203,049	544,677	59·4
31st December . 1860	342,765	205,647	548,412	60·0

NOTES.—The emigration, that for some time past has taken place among the Chinese, to the neighbouring colonies overland, has not been officially recognised, and the figures here given are therefore probably a few thousands in excess, so far as regards adult males.†

* Agricultural and live stock statistics of Victoria, for the year ending 31st March, 1860; with preliminary statistical notes on the progress of Victoria to the 31st December, 1860. By the REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF VICTORIA.

† While the proof sheets of these pages were passing through the press, the rough totals of the census of the 7th April, 1861, were made up, and the following is the result :—Males, 328,651; females, 211,671; total, 540,322. The usual quarterly approximation was likewise calculated to the 31st March, 1861, and the estimate of the population arrived at was, males, 343,318; females, 207,361; total, 550,679. The excess of females, as shown by the census result, may partly be accounted for by unregistered births over the period of four years from the census of 1857 to that of 1861; but the deficiency in the number of males is no doubt mainly due to Chinese and other adults going over the border of Victoria to neighbouring colonies.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

TABLE II.—VICTORIA.—*The Immigration, assisted and unassisted; the Emigration, and the excess of the former over the latter; also the Number of Females to every 100 Males of Immigrants, Emigrants, and excess in 1860.*

Year 1860.	Males.	Females.	Total.	No. of Females to every 100 Males.
Assisted Immigrants . . .	185	1,551	1,736	838·4
Unassisted Immigrants . . .	19,381	7,920	27,301	40·9
Total Immigration . . .	19,566	9,471	29,037	48·4
„ Emigration . . .	17,220	4,469	21,689	25·9
Excess of Immigration over } Emigration }	2,346	5,002	7,348	213·2

While 1736 persons only were introduced under the auspices of Government, 27,301 found their way here by private efforts. On the other hand, 21,689 persons quitted the colony, leaving only 7348 as the net increase by immigration, which is a smaller result than has taken place since 1848. As regards the sexes, however, it is satisfactory to remark, that although females arrived in the colony at the rate only of 48½ to 100 males, they left it in no greater proportion than 26 to 100 males, so that after deducting the emigration from the immigration, rather more than 213 females remained to every 100 males of the residue, which is a higher proportion of females than has obtained in any year since the foundation of the colony—the nearest to it (but far behind) being in 1859, when nearly 140 females remained to every 100 males of the excess of arrivals over departures.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

TABLE III.—VICTORIA.—*The Births and Deaths during 1860 ; the Increase of Births over Deaths during the same Period ; the Number of Females to every 100 Males who were Born and who Died ; and also the Number of Females to 100 Males in the Increase by the excess of the former over the latter.*

Year 1860.	Males.	Females.	Total.	No. of Females to every 100 Males.
Number of Births . . .	11,845	11,018	22,863	93·0
Do. Deaths . . .	7,134	4,927	12,061	69·1
Increase by Births over Deaths . . . }	4,711	6,091	10,802	129·3
Increase by Immigration over Emigration }	2,346	5,002	7,348	213·2
Total Increase	7,057	11,093	18,150	157·2

Of the children born in the colony in 1860 the proportion was 93 females to every 100 males, but of the persons who died it was no more than 69 females to every 100 males ; so that, in the increase by births over deaths, there were above 129 females to every 100 males. It has been already stated that in the net increase by immigration, the females numbered 213 to every 100 males ; in the increase from all causes the proportion of females to every 100 males was 157.

LIVE STOCK.

TABLE IV.—*Showing the Number of Live Stock in Victoria in the month of March, 1860, distinguishing the quantity on Alienated Land from that on Crown Land; and exhibiting the Stock on Stations, inclusive of Alienated Land connected therewith, as well as the Stock on Alienated Land, exclusive of that connected with Stations.*

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.	DESCRIPTION OF STOCK.			
	Horses.	Cattle.	Pigs.	Sheep.
Alienated Land . . .	52,101	295,689	46,718	674,897
Crown Land . . .	17,187	387,845	5,119,230
Alienated Land uncon- nected with Stations }	42,874	188,244	46,788	167,311
Crown & Alienated Land connected with Stations }	26,414	495,290	4,177	5,626,816
Total of Colony .	69,288	683,534	50,965	5,794,127

TABLE V.—*VICTORIA.—Exports of Wool, Tallow, Hides, and Skins, for 1859 and 1860.*

YEAR.	WOOL.		TALLOW.		HIDES & SKINS.
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.	Value.
	lbs.	£	lbs.	£	£
1859	21,660,295	1,756,950	548,352	10,354	172,446
1860	24,273,910	2,025,066	788,144	18,269	144,236
Increase . . .	2,613,615	268,116	239,792	7,915	...
Decrease	28,310
Totals, from 1837 to 1860 (both inclusive)	290,804,287	18,805,704	52,567,016	740,980	811,622

The approximate number of acres occupied by squatters in 1856, and the number of licences issued during each of the last three years are given in the following table, by which it will be observed that, in spite of the quantity of Crown land sold, the number of pastoral occupiers continues to increase from year to year.

TABLE VI.—VICTORIA.—*The approximate area of Squatting Runs as ascertained in 1856, and the number of Pastoral Licences issued during the last three years in each Crown Land Commissioner's district, and in the total of the Colony.*

DISTRICTS.	Aggregate extent of Runs in each District estimated in 1856.	Number of Licences issued.		
		1858.	1859.	1860.
Bourke and Grant . . .	117,980	15	15	16
Gipps Land	1,845,232	89	92	112
Murray	6,132,726	174	179	185
Portland Bay	7,103,306	351	355	359
Settled Districts . . .	858,652	142	141	125
Western Port	6,909,723	246	244	245
Wimmera	9,358,849	162	166	181
Total	32,326,468	1,179	1,192	1,223

PURCHASE OF LAND.

On the 18th day of September, 1860, an Act passed the Victorian Legislature (24 Vic. No. 117), for regulating the Sale of Crown lands, with a view "to afford greater facilities than have hitherto existed, to persons desirous of engaging in agricultural pursuits." The 1st of November, 1860, was the day fixed for the new law to come into operation, and this date must consequently be recognised as the starting point of a new era of observation. I have, therefore, in the ensuing tables, relating to the purchase of land, brought the figures up to the 31st October, 1860, or the day preceding that when the new Land Act came into play.

The squatters, up to the end of the year 1859, had availed themselves of their privilege of purchasing land by pre-emptive right to the extent of 277,724 acres, for which they had paid £286,792 12s. 7d., or about £1 0s. 8d. per acre. In the next ten months they purchased, under the same privilege, 41,533 acres, for the sum of £42,673 14s. 1d., being at the rate of about £1 0s. 9d. per acre. The total quantity of land, therefore, that passed from the Crown in this fashion, from the commencement of the colony to the 31st October, 1860, was 319,257 acres (Table VII.). How far they are holders of land purchased at public auction, has yet to be determined.

TABLE VII.—VICTORIA.—Land Sold to Squatters under Pre-emptive Right, Amount Realised, and Average Price per Acre, in each County and Pastoral District, from the 1st of January to the 31st of October, 1860.

COUNTY.	Extent.	Amount.	Average Price per Acre.
COUNTIES.	A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Anglesey	2,880 0 0	2,880 11 3	1 0 0
Bourke	643 0 0	643 0 0	1 0 0
Dalhousie	4,320 0 0	4,325 13 8	1 0 0½
Dundas	320 0 0	320 0 0	1 0 0
Evelyn	640 0 0	640 0 0	1 0 0
Follett	160 0 0	160 0 0	1 0 0
Grant	640 0 0	640 0 0	1 0 0
Grenville	640 0 0	640 0 0	1 0 0
Hampden	1,280 0 0	1,280 0 0	1 0 0
Heytesbury	960 0 0	960 0 0	1 0 0
Mornington	160 0 0	200 0 0	1 5 0
Normanby	640 0 0	640 0 0	1 0 0
Polwarth	2,240 0 0	2,240 0 0	1 0 0
Ripon	2,400 0 0	3,360 0 0	1 8 0
Talbot	8,640 0 0	8,690 19 10	1 0 1
Villiers	2,560 0 0	2,560 0 0	1 0 0
	12,410 0 0	12,493 9 4	1 0 2
PASTORAL DISTRICTS.*			
Gipps Land	41,533 0 0	42,673 14 1	1 0 9
The Loddon	277,724 1 10	286,792 12 7	1 0 8
The Murray			
Rodney			
The Wimmera			
Total			
Sold previous to the year 1860			
Total sold, amount realised, and average price, to 31st October, 1860	319,257 1 10	329,466 6 8	1 0 8

During the year ending 31st December, 1859, there were 459,081 acres 1 rood and 38 perches of Crown land alienated, or upwards of 81,000 acres more than the average of the previous two years.

* These comprise the "unnamed districts" of the Table published in the first part of *Statistical Notes*.

TABLE VIII.—VICTORIA.—The Amounts Realised for, and Average Prices per Acre of Town, Suburban, and Country Lands from the 1st January to 31st October, 1860.

APPENDIX.

COUNTIES.	TOWN.		SUBURBAN.		COUNTRY.		TOTAL.	
	Amount.	Average Price per Acre.	Amount.	Average Price per Acre.	Amount.	Average Price per Acre.	Amount.	Average Price per Acre.
Anglesey	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
Bourke... ..	8,327	49 12 6	49 19 6	2 3 3	3,483 7 3	1 0 0	3,533 6 9	1 0 2
Dalhousie	3,812 8 3	44 13 8	9,670 8 9	7 19 2	19,634 6 10	2 1 10	37,632 2 4	8 9 11
Dundas... ..	1,394 8 9	50 15 9	1,679 9 8	5 11 9	15,841 8 11	1 9 9	21,333 1 10	1 18 8
Evelyn	228 5 0	15 18 8	1,778 1 9	3 13 4	25,478 4 0	1 2 11	26,872 12 9	1 4 1
Follett	11,718 19 0	1 19 4	13,725 17 9	2 2 6
Grant	2,689 4 0	79 1 0	4,956 3 8	1 0 0	4,956 3 8	1 0 0
Grenville	5,242 12 0	211 11 4	242 5 5	3 1 8	74,369 11 6	1 10 7	77,301 0 11	1 11 9
Hampden	340 7 9	18 5 10	1,572 13 4	4 19 9	81,748 11 9	1 1 3	88,563 17 1	1 2 11
Heytesbury	18 15 0	2 10 0	23,713 5 7	1 1 0	24,072 8 4	1 1 5
Mornington	806 3 10	10 17 8	1,807 12 7	1 0 0	2,613 16 5	1 7 9
Normandy	2,120 18 0	50 3 6	1,462 14 4	3 5 10	26,541 1 5	1 4 2	30,124 13 9	1 7 0
Polwarth	124 2 0	8 0 0	171 3 10	5 10 10	53,189 13 6	1 11 9	53,484 19 4	1 11 10
Ripon	54 5 0	21 14 0	54 5 0	21 14 0
Talbot	1,560 4 6	24 12 0	238 5 3	4 1 11	30,518 9 11	1 1 0	32,316 19 8	1 2 1
Villers... ..	6,210 7 2	52 18 3	3,081 9 3	13 4 5	25,007 9 4	1 15 1	34,299 5 9	2 7 0
Unnamed	619 7 0	19 5 11	1,927 9 8	5 17 6	34,733 3 4	1 2 2	37,180 0 0	1 3 6
	7,360 14 0	28 13 1	5,567 10 9	4 18 9	108,654 12 1	1 1 8	121,582 16 10	1 3 11
Total	40,084 10 2	44 8 4	28,167 2 4	5 19 10	541,395 15 8	1 4 9	609,647 8 2	1 7 6
Amounts realised previous to 1st January 1860	2,016,955 14 8	196 3 7	1,239,513 4 10	6 7 3	5,193,014 17 7	1 11 5	8,439,493 17 1	2 8 2
Total amounts and Average Prices up to 31st October, 1860	2,057,040 4 10	183 18 8	1,267,680 7 2	6 7 1	5,724,410 13 3	1 10 8	9,049,131 5 3	2 5 11

BLE IX.—VICTORIA.—The Counties and Districts of the whole Colony, their area in square miles and statute acres; the total Country and Suburban Lands Sold up to the end of 1859; the extent of Land in Occupation and of that under Cultivation on 31st March, 1860; the proportions per cent. of the Land in Occupation and of that under Cultivation on 31st March, 1860, to the Country and Suburban Lands Sold up to the 31st December, 1859; and the proportion per cent. of the Land under Cultivation on 31st March, 1860, to that in Occupation at the same period.

COUNTIES.	Area in square miles.	Area in statute acres.	Country and Suburban Lands Sold up to 31st December, 1859.			Land in Occupation on 31st March, 1860.			Land under Cultivation on 31st March, 1860.			Proportions per cent. of Land in Occupation to Country and Suburban Lands sold.		Proportions per cent. of Land under Cultivation to Suburban and Country Lands sold.		Proportions per cent. of Land under Cultivation to that in Occupation.	
			A.	M.	P.	A.	M.	P.	A.	R.	P.	...	84.41	8.56	11.24	6.88	18.31
Anglesey	1,780	1,139,200	15,332	2	16	19,091	2	0	1,312	3	0	...	84.41	8.56	11.24	6.88	18.31
Bourke ...	1,530	979,200	738,881	0	15	623,657	1	0	83,028	2	0	84.41	84.41	11.24	11.24	18.31	18.31
Dalhousie	1,185	758,400	177,858	3	8	145,211	3	0	34,888	1	0	81.64	81.64	19.62	19.62	24.03	24.03
Dundas...	2,000	1,280,000	54,557	3	3	46,651	3	0	1,593	0	0	85.51	85.51	2.92	2.92	3.41	3.41
Evelyn ...	1,030	659,200	61,555	0	26	68,849	1	0	5,821	0	0	9.46	9.46	8.45	8.45
Follett ...	1,040	665,600	7,105	0	20	8,641	0	0	161	2	0	2.27	2.27	1.87	1.87
Grant ...	1,700	1,088,000	585,393	2	9	461,889	0	0	62,984	2	0	78.90	78.90	10.76	10.76	13.64	13.64
Grenville	1,470	940,800	208,196	1	23	183,323	0	0	9,649	1	0	88.05	88.05	4.63	4.63	5.26	5.26
Hampden	1,420	908,800	192,041	1	29	153,050	0	0	2,516	0	0	79.70	79.70	1.31	1.31	1.64	1.64
Heytesbury	1,160	742,400	27,555	1	25	39,628	0	0	2,785	2	0	10.11	10.11	7.03	7.03
Mornington	1,800	1,152,000	180,695	1	12	139,860	2	0	7,959	1	0	77.24	77.24	4.40	4.40	5.70	5.70
Normanby	1,920	1,228,800	120,661	1	9	102,704	1	0	6,033	1	0	90.92	90.92	5.00	5.00	8.50	8.50
Polwarth	1,276	816,640	56,308	0	15	89,791	3	0	4,759	2	0	8.45	8.45	5.30	5.30
Ripon ...	1,825	1,168,000	98,560	0	17	93,696	3	0	14,016	1	0	95.07	95.07	18.89	18.89	10.87	10.87
Talbot ...	1,194	764,160	269,227	0	11	250,297	1	0	44,896	1	0	92.97	92.97	16.49	16.49	17.74	17.74
Villiers...	1,660	1,062,400	202,539	3	28	211,291	2	0	29,154	0	0	14.39	14.39	12.80	12.80
Unnamed	62,811	40,218,240	494,845	2	25	371,272	3	0	43,008	3	20	75.03	75.03	8.70	8.70	11.60	11.60
Total	80,831	55,571,840	3,491,314	3	11	3,015,607	1	0	365,727	2	20	86.37	86.37	10.37	10.37	11.89	11.89

BREAD—ITS DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

TABLE X.—VICTORIA.—The Estimated Mean Population constantly living throughout each year; the Quantity of Wheat grown available for each year's consumption, the Excess of Imports over Exports of Wheat, Flour, and Bread; and, the Total Residue of Wheat grown and imported, and of Imports of Flour and Bread available for consumption during each year after deducting Exports of the same article; also the number of Bushels of Wheat available for each Individual, living in the Colony; and the Proportions per cent. of Wheat grown, to the Total Quantity of Wheat, Flour, and Bread available for consumption throughout the years 1859 and 1860, together with the increase or decrease of each item in the latter year:—

YEARS.	Mean Estimated Population constantly living in the Colony during each year.	Quantity of Wheat grown in Victoria available for consumption during each year.	Residue of Imports of Wheat, Flour, and Bread left for consumption during each year, after deducting Exports of the same articles.	Total Residue of Wheat grown and imported and of Imports of Flour and Bread left for consumption during each year, after deducting Exports of the same articles.	Number of Bushels of Wheat available for each Individual throughout each year.	Proportion per cent. of Wheat grown in Victoria to the Total Quantity of Wheat, Flour, and Bread available for consumption during each year.
1859	517,226	1,564,792	Bush. lbs. 1,954,300 39	Bush. lbs. 3,518,992 39	9.80	44.45
1860	529,237	2,298,157	1,505,300 17	3,801,083 17	7.16	59.46
Increase	22,111	733,365	342,670 23	.36	15.01
Decrease	388,094 22

The quantity of wheat available for the consumption of each individual of the population during the year 1860 (7·16 bushels) was somewhat greater than that available for the same purpose during each of the two previous years (1858 and 1859), in neither of which did it come up to 7 bushels per head, but in two years preceding those (1856 and 1857), the quantity amounted to nearly 9 bushels per head. In all these cases, however, the Chinese were included in the first instance in the total population, and the same quantity of bread was allowed for a Chinaman, to whom rice is the staff of life, as for one of the other colonists, who uses much less rice and very much more bread. These facts and the proper corrections were pointed out in the *Statistical Notes*, Part 1 ; and to follow out the process there indicated, it becomes necessary to form an estimate of the mean number of Chinese in the colony throughout 1860, which has been arrived at as follows.

On the 31st December, 1859, the number of resident Chinese was estimated at 43,385, but in this estimate no allowance was made for deaths, which since the census of 1857 probably amounted up to that period to 1500 ; these being deducted, would leave 41,885 as the number of Chinese in the colony at the beginning of 1860. During 1860* it is estimated that 500 more deaths occurred ; and the excess of the departures over the arrivals of Chinese during the year was recorded at 3204, which together would reduce the number in the colony to 38,181. It is, however, also estimated that about 11,000 Chinese, of whom no official cognizance was taken, migrated over the border to New South Wales, thereby reducing the number in the colony, at the end of 1860, to 27,181, the mean between which and 41,885, the estimated number resident at the beginning of the year, would give 34,533, or in round numbers 35,000, as the mean number of Chinese living in Victoria throughout the year.

This estimate of the mean Chinese population being deducted from the total mean population of the colony (539,337), leaves 504,337 as the mean population exclusive of Chinese, and by using this number as a divisor the following result is obtained :—

* The total number of deaths of Chinese registered in the four years, 1857—1860, amounted to 1551 ; there is, however, very little doubt that, owing to this people's ignorance of our laws, and from other causes, a considerable number escaped registration during that period, and that the Chinese deaths which actually occurred during the four years did not fall short of 2000, which is the estimate here given.

Mean population
exclusive of Chinese.

504,337

Number of Bushels of
wheat available
to each individual.

7·66

In the same manner the quantity of wheat available for each individual of the Caucasian or greater bread-consuming portion of the population was shown by the *Statistical Notes*, Part 1, to have been 7·40 bushels in 1859, 7·38 bushels in 1858, and 9·54 bushels in 1857. A remarkable uniformity is thus apparent in the results of the last three years.

The number of pounds of rice per head available for the consumption of the Chinese in the colony during the year 1860, is arrived at in the following Table, after the deduction of 6·3 lbs. per head (for the European population) from the total excess of imports over exports, as the probable consumption of rice by that portion of the community. This quantity was the estimated individual average for each of the five years prior to the influx of the Chinese in 1853, and was made the basis of similar calculations in Table LIII. of the *Statistical Notes*, Part 1.

TABLE XI.—VICTORIA.—*The estimated mean number of Chinese in the Colony; the excess of Imports and Exports of Rice; the quantity of Rice required for the consumption of the European and other Colonists, exclusive of the Chinese; the Residue of Rice available for each individual Chinese in the Colony throughout the year 1860.*

Estimated mean number of Chinese in the Colony throughout the year 1860.	Excess of Imports over Exports of Rice during the year.	Quantity of Rice required for the consumption of European and other colonists, exclusive of Chinese, throughout the year.	Residue of Rice left for consumption of the Chinese throughout the year.	Number of pounds of Rice available for each Chinese in the colony throughout the year.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
35,000	20,148,016	3,177,323	16,970,693	484·87

The quantity of rice available for the daily consumption of the Chinese was, for the year under review, 1·32 lbs. per man, which is just 1 lb. less than the previous year (1859), during which 2·32 lbs. on the average, were available for the daily supply of each individual Chinese; this quantity was, however, in all probability, in excess of actual requirements, as 1·14 lbs per head was a quantity sufficient for 1858, and 1·72 lbs for 1857.

PRINCIPAL CROPS—1859-1860.

TABLE XII.—VICTORIA.—The Total Extent of Land under Cultivation, the Number of Acres under each of the Principal Crops, the Gross Produce of each Crop, the Proportion per cent. that the Acreage under each Crop bore to the Total Cultivation, and the Average Produce per Acre of each Description of Crop during the years ending 31st March, 1859 and 1860; also the Increase or Decrease of each of the Principal Crops in 1860, and the Average of each Description of Crop during the Two Years.

YEAR ENDING 31st MARCH.		Total Extent of Land under Cultivation.	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per Cent. of total Cultivation.	Average Produce per acre.
1859	acres. 298,950½	78,234	bushels. 1,584,792½	26·9	bushels. 20·0
1860	358,727½	107,092½	2,298,157	28·8	21·4
Increase in 1860	59,767½	28,858½	731,364½	3·6	1·4
Decrease in 1860
Average of two years	...	328,843½	92,663½	1,930,474½	28·0	20·7

YEAR ENDING 31st MARCH.		OATS.				BARLEY.			
		Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.	Average Produce per acre.	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.	Average Produce per Acre.
1859	77,520½	bushels. 2,160,957½	25·9	bushels. 27·9	5,322	bushels. 118,939	1·8	bushels. 21·7
1860	90,167½	2,553,637	25·1	28·3	4,101½	98,438	1·2	24·0
Increase in 1860	12,640½	393,270½	...	·4	2·3
Decrease in 1860	·8	...	1,220½	15,506	·0	...
Average of two years	...	83,840½	2,356,007½	25·5	28·1	4,711½	100,180	1·5	23·0

PRINCIPAL CROPS—1859-1860 (*continued*).

YEAR ENDING 31st MARCH.	POTATOES.				HAY.			
	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.	Average Produce per Acre.	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.	Average Produce per Acre.
1859	30,026½	tons. 108,466½	10·0	tons. 3·6	86,162½	tons. 113,542½	28·9	tons. 1·4
1860	27,622	48,987	7·7	1·8	98,570½	135,643	27·5	1·4
Increase in 1860	12,407½	22,100½
Decrease in 1860	2,404½	59,409½	2·3	1·8	1·4
Average of two years...	28,824½	78,716½	8·9	2·7	92,366½	124,592½	28·2	1·4

YEAR ENDING 31st MARCH.	GREEN FORAGE.			MINOR CROPS.		
	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.	Acres under Crop.	Gross Produce.	Per cent. of total Cultivation.
1859	7,409	2·5	14,279½	4·7
1860	10,350½	2·9	20,823½	5·8
Increase in 1860	2,941½	·4	6,543½	1·1
Decrease in 1860
Average of two years...	8,879½	2·7	17,551½	5·3

The culture of the vine is steadily and rapidly increasing. In the year under review the number of acres of vineyards augmented from 547½ to 811, or about 48 per cent., and the number of vines in about the same ratio. The quantity of wine manufactured increased from 7740 galls. to 13,966 galls., or about 82 per cent.; and that of brandy from 72 to 150 galls., or about 108 per cent. The quantity of grapes sold also increased by 894 cwt., being an augmentation of 25 per cent. It must be remarked, however, that all the figures respecting vines must be received with some degree of caution, as confusion has sometimes been made in the returns between the crops of the year in which the collection is made and those of the year preceding it, in consequence of the instructions contained in the latter part of clause 1 in my "Circular Letter to Collectors of Agricultural Statistics" not being generally observed. This inattention would cause the returns for some part of the colony to be given for one year, and in other parts for another. There is very little doubt, however, that the figures given are rather over than under the mark.

LAND TENURE.

It is thus found that, of the total quantity specified, which may probably be considered as a fair average for the colony, the freehold farmers were in the proportion of nearly 72 per cent., and the squatter landholders, who may also be considered as freeholders, at less than 5 per cent., making together about 76 per cent.; the balance of 24 per cent., or not a fourth, being leaseholders. With reference to the land in occupation, that connected with squatting runs bore to the total specified the largest proportion, or about 44 per cent., the freehold farmers coming next, having over 39 per cent., together with the squatting holders occupying nearly 84 per cent. or about five-sixths, the remaining sixth, or 16·4 per cent., being in the occupation of the leaseholders. Reviewing the land in cultivation, the proportions again change, the freehold farmers cultivating 66·4 per cent. of the total specified; the leaseholders next, cultivating 28·1 per cent., and the occupiers of stations holding purchased land, cultivating only 5½ per cent., or, collectively with the freehold farmers, cultivating 72 per cent. of the total quantity specified.

APPENDIX.

TABLE XIII.—VICTORIA.—The Number of Holders, and the Number of Acres of Land Occupied and Cultivated; whether held in Freehold, Leasehold, or connected with Squatting Runs; and the proportions per cent. that each bore to the total quantity specified on the 31st March, 1860.

DESCRIPTION OF TENURE.	OCCUPIERS.		LAND IN OCCUPATION.		LAND IN CULTIVATION.	
	Number.	Proportion per cent. to the total specified.	Number of Acres.	Proportion per cent. to the total specified.	Number of Acres.	Proportion per cent. to the total specified.
Freehold	8,439	71.7	1,144,083½	39.4	210,597½	66.4
Leasehold	2,791	23.7	475,424½	16.4	92,861½	28.1
Connected with Squatting Runs	535	4.6	1,285,394	44.2	18,346½	5.5
Total { Specified ...	11,765	100 0	2,004,902	100.0	330,805½	100.0
	1,410	110,705½	27,922½
Grand Total	13,175	3,015,607½	358,727½

NOTE.—It is believed that, except in a few instances, the land held in connection with squatting runs is freehold.

MISCELLANEOUS RETURNS.

TABLE XIV.—VICTORIA.—*The number of Poultry of all kinds; the weight of Stock slaughtered for home consumption; the quantity of Milk obtained, of Butter and Cheese manufactured; and the number of Acres of crop reaped by machinery on farms and stations, during the year ending 31st March, 1860.*

Poultry of all kinds.	Stock Slaughtered for home consumption.	Milk obtained.	Butter made.	Cheese made.	Extent of Land reaped by Machinery.
Number.	cwt.	gallons.	lbs.	lbs.	acres.
402,821	126,053	5,258,493	1,434,902	79,491	14,270

NOTE.—The numbers of poultry kept, the stock slaughtered, and the milk, butter, and cheese obtained and made in towns and villages, by occupiers of allotments of purchased land of smaller extent than one acre, and by squatters having no purchased land connected with their stations, are not included in the above return.

TABLE XV.—VICTORIA.—The Quantity of Gold Exported, exclusive of that taken from the Colony by private hand, during the year 1860, prior to that year, and from the commencement of the gold discoveries up to the end of that year; its value by Customs returns, and at 80s. per oz

PERIOD.	Gold Exported from Victoria which passed through the Customs, and exclusive of that which was taken from the Colony by private hand.*			
	Quantity.	Value.		
		Per Customs Returns.	At 84 per ounce.	
Year 1860	oz. dwts. gr. 2,158,660 12 0	£ 8,624,860	£ 9,036,642	
Prior to 1860	21,761,319 10 6	84,396,158	87,045,276	
Grand Total	† 23,917,980 2 ■	92,921,018	96,071,918	

* There is very little doubt that a considerable quantity of gold has, from time to time, been taken from the colony by private hand, in order to evade the export duty of 2s. 6d. per ounce, which came into operation in May, 1855. By the estimate of one of the Melbourne gold brokers that quantity, up to the end of 1859, amounted to 597,224 oz., and supposing that estimate to be correct and to be brought on by proportion to the end of 1860, the quantity of unrecorded gold exported from the colony would amount up to that date to 1,728,217 oz., which added to the quantity which passed through the Customs, would give a total of 25,646,797 oz., amounting, at 80s. per ounce, to a value of £102,587,188.

† This return is exclusive not only of the gold taken from the colony by private hand, but also of that lying in the Treasury, gold offices, and banks at the end of 1860. It, therefore, does not represent the total produce of the Victorian gold fields, but only as much of it as passed through the Customs up to that period.

TABLE XVI.—VICTORIA.—The Number of Gold Miners, whether Europeans or Chinese, and whether employed in Quartz or Alluvial Mining, on the 31st of December of each of the two years 1859 and 1860; also the increase or decrease of either race or class at the latter period.

DATE.	QUARTZ MINERS.			ALLUVIAL MINERS.			TOTAL.		
	Europeans.	Chinese.	Total.	Europeans.	Chinese.	Total.	Europeans.	Chinese.	Total.
31st December, 1859	15,342	24	15,366	85,249	25,149	110,398	100,591	25,173	125,764
31st December, 1860	18,268	28	18,296	69,724	20,542	90,266	87,992	20,570	108,562
Increase ...	2,926	4	2,930
Decrease	15,525	4,607	20,132	12,599	4,603	17,202

NOTE.—For the purpose of this return, all races except the Chinese are considered as Europeans.

TABLE XVII.—VICTORIA.—The Number of Steam Engines, and their aggregate Horse-power, whether employed in Quartz or Alluvial Mining, on the 31st December of the two years 1859 and 1860, and the increase at the latter period.

DATE.	QUARTZ MINING.		ALLUVIAL MINING.		TOTAL.	
	No. of Steam Engines.	Aggregate Horse-power.	No. of Steam Engines.	Aggregate Horse-power.	No. of Steam Engines.	Aggregate Horse-power.
31st December, 1859	296	4,357½	285	3,821	581	8,178½
31st December, 1860	417	6,045	294	4,137	711	10,782
Increase in 1860	121	2,287½	0	310	130	2,603½

APPENDIX.

515

The approximate value of mining plant on the gold fields for the two years 1859 and 1860 was as follows :—

	£
31st December, 1859 . . .	1,155,923
„ 1860 . . .	1,299,303
Increase in 1860 . . .	<u>£143,380</u>

TABLE XVIII.—VICTORIA.—*The Numbers of each Description of Plant exclusive of steam engines) used upon the Gold fields, in both Quartz and Alluvial Mining, on the 31st December of each of the two years 1859 and 1860.*

Description of Plant.	Quartz Mining.		Alluvial Mining.		Total.	
	1859.	1860.	1859.	1860.	1859.	1860.
Horse Puddling Machines	3982	3958	3982	3958
Whims and Pulleys ...	69	161	396	354	465	515
Whips ...	4	26	113	134	117	160
Horse Pumps	1	19	37	19	38
Sluices and Toms	168	623	168	623
Water Wheels	5	101	138	101	143
Hydraulic Hoses	19	...	19
Water and Horse-power						
Crushing Machines ...	15	41	15	41
Hand Machines	3	...	3	...
Pumps Worked by Water						
power	8	...	8	...
Windmill ...	1	1	...

THE END.



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